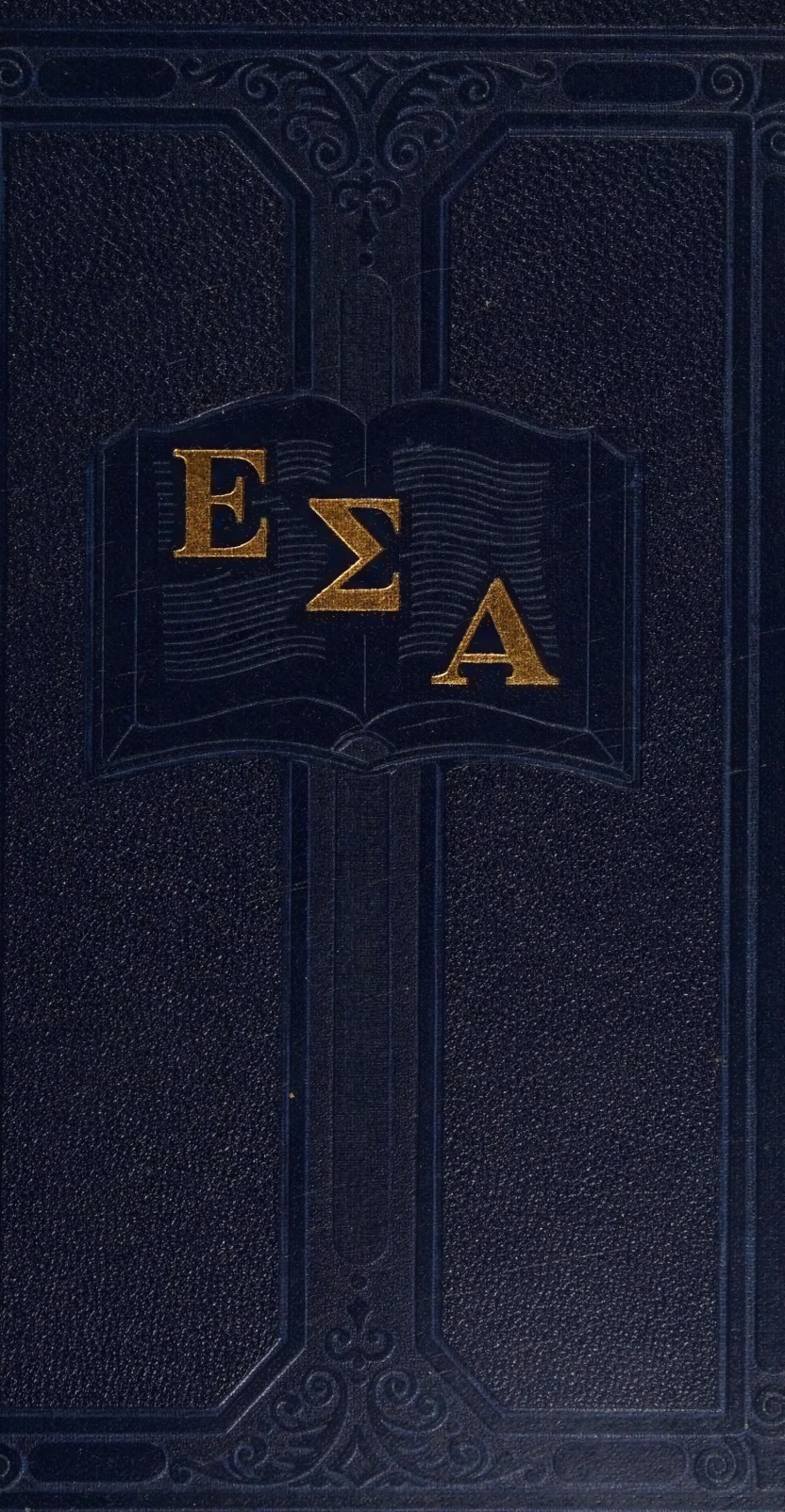
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INDIES
DONN P. CRANE

THE
WRITINGS OF MANKIND

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ILE DE LA CITÉ, PARIS

THE MOST ANCIENT PART OF THE CITY. ON IT ARE THE TWO FINEST SACRED EDIFICES IN PARIS—THE SAINTE-CHAPELLE AND NOTRE DAME.

THE WRITINGS OF MANKIND

Selections from the Writings of All Ages, with Extensive Historical Notes, Comment and Criticism, Giving the Customs, Habits, Characters; the Arts, Philosophies and Religions, of Those Nations That Have Contributed Most to Civilization

BY

CHARLES H. SYLVESTER

AUTHOR OF "ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE"
"JOURNEYS THROUGH BOOKLAND", ETC.

TWENTY VOLUMES
Illustrated

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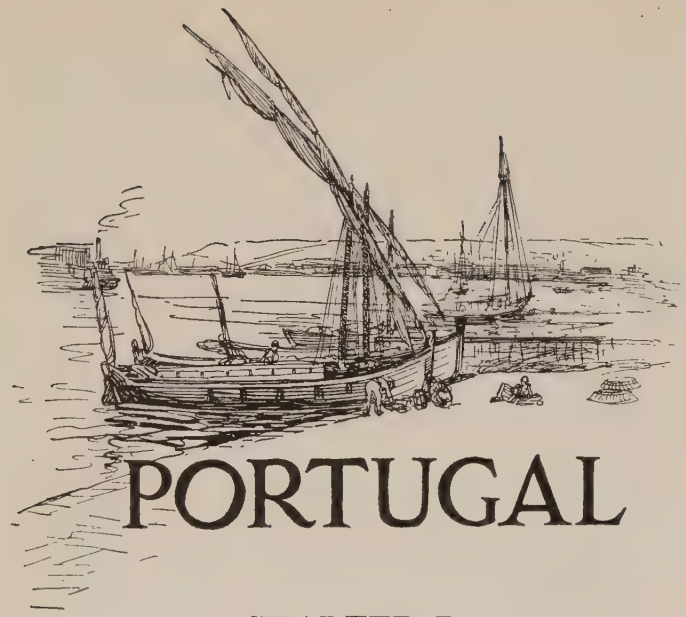
PORTUGAL



PORTUGAL

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

GEOGRAPHY. Portugal, the western part of the Iberian peninsula, extends along the Atlantic from the Straits of Gibraltar north about three hundred fifty miles. Its average width is about one hundred miles, and its total area is a little more than that of Maine; but its island dependencies, the Azores and Madeiras, add about fifteen hundred square miles more to the Republic, and its colonial possessions are still more than twenty times as large as Portugal herself.

It has numerous harbors; in fact, its coast line is estimated at nearly five hundred miles,

and the inlets at the south are deep and capacious. A large part of the interior is mountainous, especially in the north, but the eastern boundary is almost coincident with the interior limit of the rains that come in from the Atlantic, so its soil is fertile and productive, in strong distinction from the adjacent arid parts of Spain. Its capital and principal city is Lisbon, in the broad estuary of the Tagus, while Oporto on the Douro and other important towns have almost equal facilities for commerce.

The principal rivers, with one exception, rise in Spain, and a number of them are navigable almost to the Spanish frontier.

The temperature varies materially in different parts of the country, but is high only in the southern part. The natural flora and fauna are identical with those of Spain, and the natural products are similar.

II. History. The history of Portugal, after the Visigothic and Moorish dominations, is that of Spain until the latter part of the eleventh century (1095), when Alfonso VI of Spain, in order to obtain assistance in repelling the rapacities of the Moors, invited aid from the French. Among those who came was Count Henry of Burgundy, who married a daughter of Alfonso and was given some of the western provinces, with the title of the Count of Portugal. Alfonso Henriques, the son of Count Henry, having been victorious over the Moors, assumed in 1145 the title of King of Portugal.

PALACE OF MONSERRATE

CINTRA, PORTUGAL

OF MOORISH AND CHRISTIAN ARCHITECTURE, ANCIENTLY OCCUPIED BY THE MOORISH KINGS, LATER A FAVORITE RESIDENCE OF THE CHRISTIAN MONARCHS.

After a long and brilliant reign, in which he widened the borders of his kingdom and made great progress against the Moors, he was followed by a succession of princes of his own house, who continued to reign until near the close of the fourteenth century. Under Denis (Diniz) Portugal began a career of progress and development scarcely equaled in Europe, and commenced those commercial enterprises which brought vast wealth and greatness.

His son, Alfonzo IV, followed in his footsteps and further strengthened his kingdom by defeating decisively (assisted by Castile) the Moors at Salado in 1340. He weakened the aspirations of his dynasty, however, by his attitude with regard to the affair of his son Pedro and the fair Ines de Castro (referred to later). In fact, this attitude was disastrous.

Fernando, son of Pedro, consumed in unworthy passion the ambitions of his house and Portugal, having incurred the enmity of Spain, was on the brink of ruin, when John, Master of the Knights of Aviz, organized the national resistance and appealed to England. In a decisive battle at Aljubarrota, on August 14, 1385, Portugal, chiefly through the aid of English archers, was victor. The news that John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, was on his way from England with further aid clinched the matter. Henceforth, Portugal and England were to be close allies, and the election of John as King of the Portuguese marks a new era of government.

John I, king by virtue of a successful revolution, for fifty years continued one of the most noteworthy reigns in Portuguese history. Not only was he successful in defending himself against the Castilians and extending the boundaries of Portugal, but by a strong and intelligent administration he established his throne upon the soundest of principles.

John's title to fame, however, rests more, perhaps, upon the remarkable activities of his accomplished son, Prince Henry the Navigator; in fact, the history of Portugal as a naval and commercial power begins with this enlightened Prince, called the "Portuguese Scipio," although it must be clearly recognized that the basis therefor was laid in the previous reign, with its advance toward more democratic government, its motto "Duty," rather than "Divine right." He had received during his boyhood the best of training from his father, who not only recognized the mathematical genius of his son, but took every means to cultivate it to the utmost. The principle which actuated the Portuguese in their conquests and which lay at the root of even Prince Henry's activities was partly a desire to extinguish Mohammedism and to propagate the Gospel, partly chivalrous impulse and partly a desire to gain some of the treasure of the mysterious East.

It was a time when the Crusades had begun to show their effect upon commerce, when the Hansa Towns had united to protect their

trade from the piracies of the Baltic, and lucrative land routes of traffic had been opened to Egypt and the Indies. Nevertheless, the whole of Europe remained in dense ignorance, and few attempts had been made in maritime exploration. Gradually official assent for the first expedition, an attack on Ceuta, was obtained. Eventually a great armada sailed for Africa, and on August 20, 1415, the Moorish city was captured and made a Portuguese possession.

Prince Henry, however, familiar as he was with the geography and science of his day, studied with unwearied pertinacity until he acquired the correct idea of the structure of the globe, suggested the use of the mariner's compass, and demonstrated how latitude and longitude might be ascertained by astronomical observations. Later he established the great nautical school at Sagres, which signalized the real beginning of a scientific study of navigation. Having thus prepared the way in a scientific manner, he began to fit out expeditions to sail along the coast of Europe, if possible to discover a way to the Indies, a proceeding looked upon at the time as a sign of madness.

It should be remembered that the beginning of his real career as a patron of navigation was nearly seventy-five years before the discovery of America by Columbus. At the time he fitted out his first expedition, Cape Bojador, a projection from the west coast of Africa not

far from the present southern boundary of Morocco, was considered the utmost point of navigation, because it extended some distance out into the sea and the currents washed strongly against it. No one had thought that it might be possible to sail out in the ocean and thus round it in safety. In 1418 Zarco and Vaz, attempting to round this cape after the manner indicated, discovered the Madeira Islands, the first reward of the enterprises of Prince Henry. It was twelve years later, however, before any one rounded Bojador, but when this was once accomplished the exploration of the African coast was rapid, and in the year 1447 at least thirty ships were engaged in commerce with the islands and the countries south, far beyond Cape Verde.

When Prince Henry died in 1463, at the age of sixty-seven, he had seen his projects so far successful that Portugal, after setbacks such as the ill-fated attack on Tangier in 1437, enjoyed undisputed superiority over the Moors and its trade was vastly increased and established upon a solid basis. To him should be given the credit for whatever advantages have ever come from the discovery of the greater part of the African coast and the East and West Indies.

Meanwhile, the affairs of state were subjected to the conflicting ambitions of different members of the royal family and of the aristocratic party. King Duarte proved a feeble ruler; Prince Pedor, a man of philosophic

character, ruled well, but was made unpopular by his restraint of the nobles. Eventually, after events of which some were tragic (and from which Prince Henry, absorbed in dreams of colonial discovery, held aloof) John II came to the throne and raised Portugal to its highest position. The tragedy was that the ambitious plans of the House of Aviz were too vast for a small nation, which may explain the later collapse, and on the other hand, that John refused support to Columbus, when the latter formed at Lisbon his plans for his voyage and sought backing. The fruits of his voyages might have been secured for Portugal.

For more than twenty years after the death of Prince Henry exploration languished in Portugal, but in 1486 Bartholomew Diaz discovered the promontory which lies at the southern end of Africa. So bad was the weather at the time that he named the headland the Cape of Storms, a name which, however, was changed by the King to the Cape of Good Hope, because John felt that the difficulties of the water route to the Indies had at last been overcome. The preparations of King John for the discovery of India, however, were concluded by his death, but his cousin Emmanuel, who followed him upon the throne, carried out his designs and in 1497 Vasco da Gama, with three ships, sailed from the Tagus on the successful voyage, of which we shall hear much more as we proceed with this work.

This expedition was the beginning of great

Portuguese activity which did not terminate until India was practically in her hands, and Brazil and other portions of the Western continent were tributaries to her. The apparent height of Portuguese greatness occurred during the reign of John II, who was ranked as one of the most powerful of European monarchs; Lisbon was a great commercial city.

The decay of Portugal began when it seemed most flourishing, and was as sudden as its dramatic rise. As to the reasons therefor, which naturally intrigue us of a later day, historians disagree. Some ascribe this to the exhaustion produced by the efforts of a very small people, not well founded in nationhood, in gigantic enterprises of commerce and colonization. But this is not a general law—is, in fact, disapproved by the history of certain other peoples. Others attribute it to the impediment of endeavoring primarily to serve a religious purpose rather than to conduct these enterprises as business propositions. Perhaps the real reason, after all, although these were unquestionably very important factors in the situation, was faulty leadership, a very significant lesson for all nations to-day. Certainly, Portugal's wonderful bid for empire was due to men like Prince Henry. The rulers after John II, of poorer caliber, were unable to settle either domestic or foreign problems. The nobility failed completely in national duty. It was only at a much later date (1865) when real leaders were trained that progress began.

Thus a few years after the era of expansion and glory, with its natural concomitant, the age of Camoens, Portugal's ruler was outmaneuvered by Philip II of Spain and for sixty years (until 1640) Portugal was subject to her powerful rival.

Aided by Richelieu, for reasons of policy, a Portuguese revolution in 1640 was successful, and John, Duke of Braganza, heir to the throne, became John IV of his newly regained kingdom. Later, under the necessity of continued Spanish attack, the ancient alliance with England was revived, though at the instigation of France, which was bound by treaty not to attack Spain; Charles II of England married Catherine of Braganza, and once more the Portuguese monarchy secured a new lease of life.

The eighteenth century was marked principally by the energetic attempts of Pombal to secure reforms, which might probably have regenerated the country and incidentally have saved the monarchy. Pombal, as ambassador to England, studied carefully the English system of government and the reasons for England's prosperity. Then, as virtual head of the state, he introduced countless reforms into his native country. But interested parties, chiefly that of the nobility, nullified his work after his death, and thus it left no permanent results.

During the Napoleonic era, Portugal was of course swept into that titanic struggle, and afterward faced the usual reaction with its usual

financial condition. In fact, it has apparently taken Portugal an infinitely long time to learn the essentials of successful government.

Modern Portugal, with its apparently good prospects of at last establishing a government broad based on the popular will, really dates from 1865, with the foundation of a few gifted *litterateurs* of the famous "Coimbra School." At first concerned only with literary theories, it turned gradually to political matters and made republicanism its chief doctrine. The pioneers, Antero de Quental and Guerro Junqueiro, were followed by the familiar names of Dr. Theophilo Braga, Dr. Bernardino Machado and Oliveira Martins, and constantly the popular movement grew. Meantime, we must note the fine hand of German intrigue, attracted by the rich colonies of Portugal. Whether by the far-reaching designs of German preparation or not, Maria II had married a prince of the German house of Saxe-Cobourg-Gotha. Apparently this might have been taken as a token of German support for the monarchy; but it was more to German interests that a weakened Portugal should allow its colonial empire to fall into disruption. At any rate, this is exactly what did happen under the successor of Maria. Brazil declared its independence, and British and German claims in Africa were satisfied. An intensified absolutist rule could not hope to survive such events. Republicans and monarchists drew nearer and nearer to open conflict, assassination and re-

pression added bitterness, and on October 5, 1910, after very little fighting and the pusillanimous flight of King Manuel, Portugal became a republic.

German intrigue continued more than ever, and although the majority wished to espouse at once the cause of the Allies on the outbreak of the World War, it was not for some time that the popular will prevailed; and even then, after a succession of political maneuvers in which the power of German strength was shown, it was Germany which declared war, on March 9, 1916.

By its stand in the decisive moment of civilization and by its final establishment of democratic government, which was determined, it is significant to note, by leaders trained in its greatest university, Portugal seems at length to be on the right path of national development. It is true that it is too early to judge results. It is also true that it has to face tremendous problems, and again, as formerly, in the exhausting years following a great war. Nevertheless, there is good reason to hope that this nation, with its interesting history, delightful country, attractive people now with adequate leadership, which educational reforms can keep ever replenished, may once more revive its ancient glories.

III. The Language. Portuguese bears a strong resemblance to Spanish, which it possibly antedates, though the more extended use of the latter language has caused the former

to be considered more of an offshoot. However, it is distinct in form and spirit and possesses so excellent a literature of its own that it deserves the rank it is given among the Romance languages of Southern Europe. It is in many ways the most like late Latin of any modern tongue, while borrowings from the Moorish, Indian, Brazilian, Chinese and English afford significant evidence of its history.

The very similarity of Spanish and Portuguese made the survival of the latter difficult, and in the thirteenth century, when the Spaniards adopted the Castilian dialect as their literary medium, many Portuguese followed in their wake. Spanish was the official language for about a century and a half, but remained always an alien tongue. However, as Portugal became more powerful and rose to influence in European affairs, its inhabitants took more pride in their national tongue and preserved it from contamination. It will be noted that most of the Portuguese writers have used the languages interchangeably, and some have written entirely in Spanish; in fact, the literature of the country is much less important than that of France, Spain and Italy, because it has been so largely imitative and so much under the influence of Spain and France. However, there is much original work in Portuguese, and at least one composition of worldwide fame.

CHAPTER II

PERIOD OF PREPARATION
1200–1521

PROVENÇAL INFLUENCE. We have specimens of Portuguese poetry dating back to the time of the origin of the monarchy, and it is probable that there are remains of a still earlier epoch, but for many years French influence was so strong in the Portuguese court that there was little that could be called original. French poets followed the French counts and brought with them the songs of Provence. During the reign of King Diniz (1279–1325) the troubadours, whom he preferred to the trouvères of his father's court, reached the height of popularity. Denis himself was the greatest of them all, and at least one hundred forty poems out of a total of some two thousand coming from that epoch are from the pen of the monarch himself. These poems were collected into *cancioneros,* or *collections,* of

which several are in existence, and Portuguese was developed into a beautiful literary language. However, they are so similar to the productions of the French in the same epoch that we need not trouble the reader with specimens.

The best of Portuguese poetry is lyrical, with frequent excellent examples of the idyllic and bucolic types.

Most of the prose of this early epoch was written in Latin, though it is claimed by some that the famous old chivalric romance, *Amadis de Gaul,* was composed first in Portuguese and that the earliest copy which we possess, the Spanish version, is merely a translation. The reader is referred to this subject in the discussion of Spanish literature.

II. Period of Transition. From 1385 to 1521 was a period of transition, during which there was an increased interest in the ancient classics, and the Renaissance, which began in Italy, made itself felt among Portuguese writers. The best of the poets turned away from the models of Provence and followed in the path made by the illustrious Dante. Most of the poetry of this period, and practically all of the best, was produced by the Court Poets (*Poetas Palacianos*), one of whom, Garcia de Resende, collected and published in 1516 the verses of his numerous compatriots. Three of these are worthy of special mention:

1. *Gil Vicente.* Famous as was this leader of the court lyricists, his real position in Portu-

guese literature has been established by his dramas, which belong rather to the succeeding period than to the present, and a discussion of his writings will appear a little farther on.

2. *Christovam Falcao.* This author's idyl, *Trovas de Chris. Fal.*, was the first poem of the kind, and one of the greatest favorites in Portuguese literature. In a large degree it records the author's own unhappy love experiences.

3. *Bernardim Ribeiro.* One of the earliest and best poets of Portugal, Ribeiro received as complete an education as the time afforded, and after fitting himself for the practice of law entered into the service of his King, the great Don Emmanuel. Here he conceived a violent passion for one of the ladies of the court; the outpourings of his love constitute the bulk of his exquisite verse. It was necessary to conceal his love for his lady, and it appears that he spent whole nights wandering about in groves and along solitary streams, bewailing his melancholy fate and singing the praises of his loved one in beautiful verse.

Most of Ribeiro's best poems are eclogues written in *redondilhas,* verses consisting of four trochees and in a stanza of nine or ten lines. The eclogue is divided into two parts, one of which is an introductory dialogue and the other a more polished lyric, sung by a shepherd. In this Ribeiro followed the models of the Italian poets and paved the way for a school of imitators among the Portuguese.

But he was a true poet, with a sincere love for nature and gifted with originality and power. The following is a version of a passage in the third eclogue:

Oh, wretched lover! whither flee?
What refuge from the ills I bear?
None to console me, or to free,
And none with whom my griefs to share!
Sad, to the wild waves of the sea
I tell the tale of my despair
In broken accents, passion fraught,
As wandering by some rocky steep,
I teach the echoes how to weep
In dying strains, strains dying love hath taught.

There is not one of all I loved
But fail'd me in my suffering hour,
And saw my silent tears unmoved.
Soon may these throbbing griefs o'erpower
Both life and love, so Heaven approved!
For she hath bade me hope no more.
I would not wish her such a doom:
Not though she break this bruised heart,
I could not wish her so to part
From all she loved, to seek, like me, the tomb.

How long these wretched days appear,
Consumed in vain and weak desires;
Imagined joys that end in fear,
And baffled hopes and wild love's fires.
At last then, let me cease to bear
The lot my sorrowing spirit tires!
For length of days fresh sorrow brings:
I meet the coming hours with grief—
Hours that can bring me no relief,
But deeper anguish on their silent wings.

In one of Ribeiro's songs he contrasts in a somewhat sportive vein the passion which he entertained toward his mistress with the fidelity due to his wife:

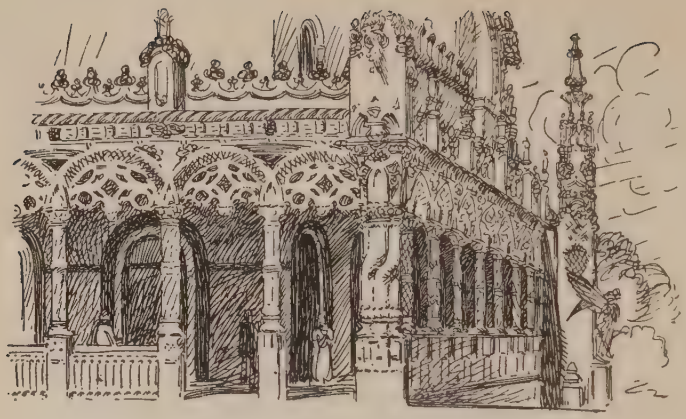
I am not wed. No, lady, no;
Though with my hand I seal'd the vow,
My heart, unmarried, fondly turns to you.

Ere yet I gazed upon your face,
Unconscious that I err'd, I gave
One trifling hand, nor cared to save
Its freedom, keeping in its place
Both eyes and heart, where you may trace,
Lady, how much they are your own;
Oh, freely yours! and yours alone.

They say, Love's union, to be blest
On either part, should meet with free,
Unfetter'd souls; and you may see,
My thoughts, my liberty, my rest,
Are all shrin'd in one gentle breast;
Glad that though one poor hand I lost,
You still my heart and soul and love may boast.

The poet tried his hand at prose, and has left us a singular romance which is entitled *Tristezas,* remarkable as being the first real literary prose in the Portuguese language.

THRESHING IN PORTUGAL



CHAPTER III

THE PERIOD OF GLORY
1521–1580

SA DE MIRANDA. The reign of the great Emmanuel was followed by that of John III, a ruler who failed to rise to the height of his predecessor and who by his narrow-mindedness and fanaticism paved the way for the downfall of his country under his immediate successors. Nevertheless, he had an ardent taste for letters and afforded a patronage which contributed largely to the glorious literary period that marked his reign.

Sa de Miranda, who wrote delightfully in Castilian as well as in Portuguese, was born about the year 1495. Of noble birth, he had every advantage in the way of education; though he intended to follow the law, as his

father desired, his taste for literature was so powerful that at the death of his father he visited Spain and Italy, in which latter country he studied Renaissance literature, subsequently returning to the Portuguese court to begin his work of reforming poetry. He gave Portugal a number of new *genres:* the sonnet, the *canzone,* the elegy, the *capitulo,* the *epitalamio,* the *epigram,* etc.; and tried unweariedly to teach the best lessons of the Italian Renaissance without in any sense failing to be a native poet. Generally of a pleasing character, he was nevertheless subject to periods of deep melancholy, which not only made his own life unhappy but communicated its wretchedness to his friends. Having quarreled with an influential courtier, he was obliged to retire to his private estate, but he was married happily and in his retirement preserved the respect and admiration of his many friends. Though a skillful writer in the Castilian tongue, he preserved a strong loyalty to his own language and country (which he warned of its dangers), and most of his best poetry is written in Portuguese. An excellent specimen of his style may be seen in the following sonnet:

I know not, lady, by what nameless charm
Those looks, that voice, that smile, have each the power
Of kindling loftier thoughts, and feelings more
Resolved and high. Even in your silence, warm
Soft accents seem my sorrows to disarm;
And when with tears your absence I deplore,
Where'er I turn, your influence, as before,

Pursues me, in your voice, your eye, your form.
Whence are those mild and mournful sounds I hear,
Through every land, and on the pathless sea?
Is it some spirit of air or fire, from thee,
Subject to laws I move by and revere;
Which, lighted by thy glance, can ne'er decay—
But what I know not, why attempt to say?

The following sonnet gives a beautiful picture of a sunset, and is worthy of the praise that has been bestowed upon it:

As now the sun glows broader in the West,
Birds cease to sing, and cooler breezes blow,
And from yon rocky heights hoarse waters flow,
Whose music wild chases the thoughts of rest;
With mournful fancies and deep cares oppress'd,
I gaze upon this fleeting worldly show,
Whose vain and empty pomps like shadows go,
Or swift as light sails o'er the ocean's breast.
Day after day, hope after hope, expires!
Here once I wander'd, 'mid these shades and flowers,
Along these winding banks and green-wood bowers,
Fill'd with the wild-bird's song, that never tires.
Now all seems mute—all fled! But these shall live,
And bloom again: alone unchanged, I grieve.

His greatest distinction, however, comes from his eclogues and pastorals, a large number of the earlier ones being written in Castilian. To him, too, may be credited the introduction of poetical epistles to the Portuguese, and in his letters we can see not only the poet and lover of rural scenes, but also the courtier and man of the world. The following stanza we have selected to reprint from the first epistle:

The man of single soul, in all
Consistent, one in faith, in face,
Who cannot stoop, though he may fall,
Will fearless go wherever Fate may call,
Except to court, to pension, and to place.

Recognizing the deteriorating influence of Portugal's relations with the East and elsewhere, he writes as follows, predicting what came to pass only too soon:

So rude were our forefathers in the lore
Of letters, that they scarce knew how to read;
Though valiant all and virtuous: not the more
I praise their ignorance; but I would plead
For the grave manners by our sires of yore
Observed, which now their sons no longer heed.
Whence springs the change? From letters? No; from gay
And frivolous customs of the modern day.

I fear for thee, my country; and I sigh
To see thee ape the slavish climes of Ind;
To see thee lose in feeble sloth the high
Proud name thou ownest; like that conqueror blind
And madly weak, who triumph'd but to die;
He whom Rome's proudest generals could not bind,
Nor Trebia, Thrasimene, nor Cannae tame,
To Capua's vices yielded up his fame.

He also wrote, with Italian successes in mind, two plays, but as he saw the weaknesses of the plays of the Gil Vicente type, he was not able to compose successful dramas according to the newer (Italian) ideas.

II. Ferreira. At the time when Miranda was introducing the new taste and style into Portuguese literature, Montemayor, a Portu-

guese by birth, began his career, but as he wrote almost entirely in Spanish, his works are treated among those of the latter nation. The spirit of his writings, however, is Portuguese.

Antonio Ferreira was born in the year 1528, and though his brief career was cut short by the plague in the year 1569, he did so much to develop the poetry of his own language that he merits the title often given him, "The Horace of Portugal." Ferreira declined to compete in the popular contests in Latin verse, and devoted his genius to his native tongue, availing himself, however, of all the qualities he could acquire from Latin models, and particularly from Horace. Highly educated, professor in a Portuguese university, and afterwards a distinguished member of the royal court, he began his brilliant career with all circumstances in his favor. His endeavors to improve the national literature, however, led him so far from public taste and approval that he has been regarded, perhaps, more highly by foreigners than by those of his own nationality.

Although he observed all established classical canons of taste and beauty, he yet lacked the power of bringing his vivid creations before the eyes of his readers and of stirring the heart with tenderness or passion. Moreover, he was overburdened by fanatic beliefs, and thus failed to become the ideal poet. Some of his sonnets are exquisite in structure, and most of them were written before he left the university, but although he produced a number of

songs and eclogues of surpassing beauty his fame rests chiefly upon a drama which he created from the tragic national story of Ines de Castro, the first classic tragedy in Portuguese.

III. "INES DE CASTRO." Ines de Castro was the beautiful object of the unwavering love of Don Pedro, son of King Alfonzo IV. Pedro's legal wife, chosen for reasons of state, was a Spanish princess. On the latter's death the King and nobility, with the erroneous *idée fixe,* always characteristic of their policy, were thoroughly bent on another Spanish princess for the heir-apparent, when it was discovered that Pedro had married Ines. In only one way could this obstacle be overcome. Assassins were hired to murder the beautiful girl whose only crime was love. Pedro, in the South when this terrible event took place, sprang to arms. But the Queen, Beatrice of Castile, interposed, and father and son, although mortal enemies, agreed never to meet, and not to come to combat.

When Pedro came to the throne with character saddened and made stern by this tragic experience, the murderers whom he could seize were tortured to death, and later, on April 24, 1361, he had the body of Ines disinterred, crowned and reburied in the convent of Alçobaça, where it is even yet visited by sympathizing admirers of a wonderful love romance.

This in outline is the immortal story, which Ferreira, founding his work on that of the

great classic writers, molded into what remains the outstanding dramatic achievement of his race, to appreciate which it is only necessary to examine the numerous other treatments of the theme.

Near the beginning of the third act (to examine certain outstanding passages) Ines tells her nurse a terrible dream which gives a presentiment of approaching evil. The lines are full of poetic beauty and the spirit of pathetic fear touches the very heart of the reader, as in the following:

Ines. Oh, bright and glorious sun! how pleasant art thou
To eyes that close in fear, lest never more
They meet thy beams upon the morrow! Night!
O fearful night! how heavy hast thou been,
How full of phantoms of strange grief and terror!
Methought, so hateful were my dreams, the object
Of my soul's love for ever disappear'd
From these fond eyes. Methought I left for ever.
And you, my babes, in whose sweet countenances
I see the eyes and features of your father,
Here you remain'd, abandon'd by your mother.
Oh, fatal dream, how hast thou mov'd my soul!
Even yet I tremble at the direful vision,
And lowly thus beseech the pitying Heavens
To turn such portents from me.

The dangers portended by this dream are announced to Ines by the chorus:

Chorus. Too piteous tidings,
Tidings of death and woe, alas! we bring;
Too cruel to be heard, unhappy Ines.
Thou hast not merited the dreadful fate
Which surely waits thee now.

Nurse. What say you?—Speak!
Chorus. Tears choke my words.
Ines. Why? wherefore should you weep?
Chorus. To gaze upon that face—those eyes—
Ines. Alas!
Wretch that I am! what woes, what greater woes
Await me now? Oh, speak.
Chorus. It is thy death!
Ines. Ye gracious powers! my lord, my husband's dead.

When she is undeceived and learns that the victim is herself, the impassioned grief in which she had indulged when she feared it was her husband's death that was plotted by the King gives way to trembling and mournful thoughts of what she is about to leave. Her consideration for others partially vanquishes her fears:

Fly, fly, dear nurse!
Far from the vengeance that pursues me; here,
Here will I wait alone, with innocence
Mine only shield, nor other arms I crave.
Come, Death! but take me an unspotted victim.
In you, sweet pledges of our mutual troth,
In you I still shall live; though now they tear you
From my fond heart, and Heaven alone can help me.
Yet haste to succor, haste, ye pitying virgins!
All noble-hearted men who aid the innocent!
Weep, weep no more, my boys! 'Tis I should grieve
For you; but yet, while you can call me mother,
Love me, cling to me, wretchedest of mothers;
Be near me, every friend; surround and shield me
From dreaded death that even now approaches.

The beautiful choruses intervene to rest the spectator and relieve him from the terror of the tragic scenes and encourage him to see in

philosophy the method of triumphing over the vicissitudes of life.

At the opening of the fourth act Ines comes before the King, who has with him two confidential advisers, Coelho and Pacheco. The scene is filled with pathos, eloquence and an exhibition of chivalric manners. Having appealed to the justice, compassion and generosity of the monarch for her offspring, whom she presents to the King, he replies:

> Alas! whate'er my sins,
> None dare accuse my loyalty to thee,
> Most gracious prince! My sins towards God are many:
> Yet doth not Heaven hear the repentant voice
> That sues for pity? God is just, but merciful,
> And pardons oft where he might punish; oft
> Long suffering, reprieves the wretch, who lives;
> For Heaven is watchful still to pardon sinners,
> And such th' example once you gave your subjects;
> Nor change your generous nature now to me!

Coelho tells her that she is already condemned and that she must prepare her soul for the terrible transition, and Ines replies with an appeal to their knightly honor and ancestral chivalry:

> Have I no friend? where are my friends? who else
> Should now appease the anger of the King?
> Implore him for me; help to win his pity!
> And ye, true knights, who succor the oppress'd,
> Let not the innocent thus unjustly suffer:
> If you can see me die, the world will say,
> 'Twas you who bade me suffer.

Coelho calmly replies:

I do beseech you, Ines, by these tears
You shed in vain, to snatch the few short moments
That still are yours, to render up your soul
In peace and prayer to God! 'Tis the King's will,
And it is just. We did attend him hither
For this, to save his kingdom, not to punish
The innocent; it is a sacrifice
Which, would to Heaven! might be averted from us.
But as it may not be, forgive the King:
He is not cruel; and if we appear so
In having given him counsel, go where thou
May'st cry for vengeance just, upon thy foes
At the eternal throne. We have condemn'd thee
Unjustly, as it seems; yet we shall follow
Thy steps ere long, and at the judgment-seat
Render account before the Judge supreme
Of that which thou complain'st of—of this deed.

After granting a pardon to Ines, the King permits his followers to pursue her and murder her behind the scenes at the end of the fourth act. It is a notable weakness in the play that Don Pedro appears only twice, once in the first act, to confide his passion to the public, and the second time in the last act, to lament his misfortune.

IV. Vicente. Gil Vicente must have been born about 1470, and this places him many years before Shakespeare, and before Lope de Vega, who undoubtedly modeled certain of his dramas on Vicente's work. The particulars of his life are not much better known than the date of his birth. However, it is understood that at first he devoted himself to the law, but soon abandoned it to give his whole attention to the theater and to the court, laboring dili-

gently to provide pieces suitable to play at civil and religious festivals.

His reputation began during the reign of the great Emmanuel, when he wrote "autos," i. e., religious dramas, similar to the miracle plays which were generally known. But he did not reach the height of his fame until the reign of John III, who, it is said, even insisted on playing a part in one of the comedies. Vicente himself probably began by being an amateur actor, and it is said that his daughter Paula was educated for the musical profession and became celebrated as actress, poetess and musician. His position as the earliest of European dramatists of first rank gave him an international reputation, and it is said that the great Erasmus learned Portuguese in order that he might read in the original the plays which he had heard so enthusiastically recommended. The death of Vicente occurred presumably in 1536, and in 1561 and 1562 his son Luis and his daughter Paula published his complete works in one folio volume.

The generic name for all of Vicente's dramas is *auto,* but he added special designations, as *comedia* and *moralidade.* In this edition the religious and worldly pieces are carefully separated. There are seventeen of the autos, or religious pieces, which were written for the solemnization of Christmas and Easter festivals, etc. Shepherds were always assigned an important part in them, but the pastoral spirit was not strong in Vicente, and the shepherds

themselves are not given classic names, but the familiar names of Portugal and Spain. Shepherds, angels, the devil, the Holy Virgin and allegorical personages appear in the most familiar scenes, and the apparent purpose of the autos is to impress upon the public that the age of miracles has not passed.

From one of these autos we give part of an extract. During the first scene Mercury is introduced, and he explains the theory of the planetary system and the circles of the sphere in a long discourse. A seraph sent by the Deity at the request of Time announces as a public crier a great fair to be held in honor of the Holy Virgin and invites everybody to attend. The long speech of Mercury was written in redondilhas, but the proclamation of the seraph appears in dactyls:

To the fair, to the fair! now, good priests, all repair;
Plump pastors of souls, drowsy popes, bishops all;
Of all churches apply, new vestments to buy;
Change your lawns for hair jerkins, like Saints John and
Paul.

Trappings off, and remember, what made each a member
Of Christ, in old times, was a pure holy life;
And you, kings, come buy bright reversions on high.
From the Virgin, with gold, without stinting or strife.

She's the Princess of Peace; Heaven's flocks never cease
To their shepherdess bright, the world's mistress, to
pray;
Of Heaven's stars the star—O then hasten from far,
Ye virgins and matrons, no longer delay!
For, know, at this fair you will find all that's rare.
And charms that will last when your beauties decay.

In his turn the devil appears as a peddler and argues with the seraph that his own method of finding customers for his merchandise among mankind is better than that of his opponent:

Rogues, you see, there are more than good men by the score
Who will buy my choice wares, glad to learn all my skill;
How they best may forget what their duty has set,
And juggle with justice and truth as they will.

For the merchant who knows how best to dispose
Of his goods, will select them with judgment and care,
Will suit his supply to the persons who buy,
And on a bad customer palm his bad ware.

Mercury summons Rome, who appears as the representative of the Church, offering various articles of merchandise, among which is the peace of the soul. The devil takes offense, and Rome retreats. Two Portuguese peasants appear, one of whom is very anxious to dispose of his wife, who has turned out to be a slattern. On the other hand, country women enter, and one makes a very amusing complaint against her husband, who, she says, attends market only to sell pears and cherries and then comes home to sleep until he sets forth again. The complaining husband recognizes his complaining wife. The devil offers his merchandise to the country women, the most pious of whom cry, "Jesus, Jesus, true God and true Man," because they suspect the devil to be a sorcerer. At these words he flies away and returns no

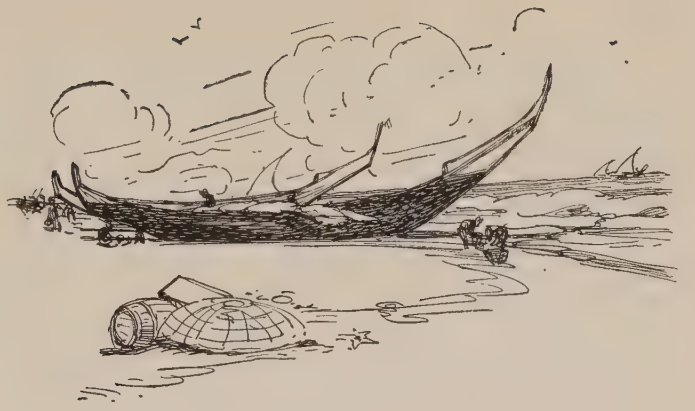
more, while the seraph mingles with the still augmenting crowd of country men and women, who bring in the produce of their fields. The seraph offers his merchandise, but can meet with no buyers, and the young girls tell him that in their village gold is more sought for than virtue, especially in the choice of a wife. One of the maidens, however, declares that she came very willingly to the fair because it is in honor of the Mother of God and that instead of selling her wares she will bestow them upon the Virgin. This is the moral of the piece, which closes with a hymn in honor of the Mother of God.

The so-called comedies are inferior in every way, and the tragi-comedies are merely rough outlines. Two remarkable chivalric dramas, however, were subsequently wrought out preparatory to the heroic plays. The best of the dramas are the ones which Luis called *farces,* but which in reality are more nearly like true comedies than those published by Vicente under that name. There are twelve of these farces, and while they show spirit and discrimination in the portraiture of character, they have plots that are mediocre and surprisingly lacking in interest.

When we consider how far Vicente was in advance of modern dramatists and how wholly lacking were good models, we are surprised at the excellence of his work, which was filled with living figures taken right out of his time. Perhaps even more surprising, however, is

the fact that in Portugal the drama did not advance much beyond the standards set by this writer. Camoens and one or two others wrote plays of merit, and there was a general public interest in them, but the misfortunes which fell upon the country, its rapid decline in power, and the uncommon degeneracy of its inhabitants united to strangle the newly-created art before it had reached a growth of wide significance, a striking illustration of the connection between national greatness and literary development.

A CONVENT IN PORTUGAL



CHAPTER IV

THE PERIOD OF GLORY (CONCLUDED)
1521–1580
CAMOENS

BIOGRAPHY. It may be said with perfect truthfulness that the chief literary renown of Portugal among modern nations rests upon one individual, who stands solitary in his greatness, and whose influence extends even to the present day. Luis de Camoens, author of the *Lusiads,* was descended from one of the noble families of Portugal and was born in Lisbon or Coimbra in 1524 or 1525, although it is impossible to decide both as to the year of his birth and the place of his nativity. His family was at that time reduced to narrow straits, and the career of the poet is but another illustration of how misfortunes sometimes follow an individual through life.

In the infancy of Luis, his father, commander of a vessel, was shipwrecked and died from its consequences at Goa; in the catastrophe the wealth he had was lost. Nevertheless, the mother of the infant Luis provided for his education at the University of Coimbra and enabled him to appear at court presentably, where his engaging manner, fine complexion, vivacity of disposition and natural ardor made him quickly popular. It was a time when intrigue flourished, and Camoens was soon engaged in an amour, of which we know little, except that, being rejected, he made matters worse by deeds of violence and was banished from the court. He then wrote several vivid love poems, which served but to increase his passion and intensify the dangers of his position.

Despairing of success, he resolved to enter military life, and volunteered for the armament which was then being prepared against Africa. In several engagements he distinguished himself. Finally, while fighting the Moors in the Strait of Gibraltar, he boarded a Moorish ship and in the combat lost his right eye.

Meanwhile he had commenced the *Lusiads,* and even amidst his thrilling life in the navy he found an opportunity to continue that work and to compose a number of sonnets. To quote his own words, "One hand the pen and one the sword employed."

Having achieved distinction both as a warrior and a poet, he asked and was granted per-

mission to return to Lisbon, but the malice of his enemies and a jealousy of the man whom even the loss of an eye could not disfigure so inflamed the authorities against him that he again got into trouble, this time by wounding a courtier, and was released only on condition of joining the King's service on an expedition to India. Accordingly, in 1553 he sailed from the Tagus to India, where he participated in various expeditions, in which he displayed his customary bravery. In the year following he went on a campaign to the Red Sea and visited many of the notable regions of Africa, which he described later in his great poem.

Subsequently, instead of returning home at the expiration of his enlistment, he lived for a time in retirement at Goa, longing for home and his inamorata, who died (1556). Having indulged in satirical writings which gave great offense, he was sent by the viceroy as a minor official to China. Here he continued his *Lusiads,* and during the years of his residence there made many influential friends and acquired a small competence. He was deprived of his office, however, and ordered home to stand charges. He set out for Goa, but while still in Cochin China he was shipwrecked and lost everything that he had acquired with the exception of a copy of his poems, which he held above his head while he swam to shore. Here the humane natives received him kindly, and while living among them he wrote a beautiful paraphrase of the one hundred thirty-seventh

Psalm. After some time he reached Goa, but was treated vilely and thrown into a common prison. After considerable delay and a public trial, he was cleared entirely from all charges, and his enemies were ignominiously defeated.

After still further unfortunate experiences in India, Camoens broke his resolutions to remain in that country until his death, and returned to Portugal, which, after an adventurous voyage, was reached, after sixteen years' absence, in the year 1570, at a time when the plague was raging at its worst. In such a distressing time of universal sorrow, no one could be found to bestow any attention on his poetry or evince even the least curiosity as to his *Lusiads*. Then King Sebastian enrolled the chivalry of Portugal for a great expedition against Morocco, but one which brought only the most disastrous results. In 1578 Sebastian was killed in battle, although for a long time it was supposed that he was still alive and would return. His successor was unable to avert disaster, and Portugal for a time became a part of Spain.

The nobles of Portugal seemed blind to the ruin that was rushing upon them, but to Camoens it was plainly evident. The fortitude with which he had borne his own misfortunes proved inadequate to sustain him against the ruin which he saw approaching for his beloved country. In one of his letters he says: "I am ending the course of my life; the world will witness how I have loved my country. I have

CAMOENS

1524–1572

THE GREATEST FIGURE IN THE NATIONAL LIFE OF PORTUGAL—
POET AND PATRIOT.

returned not only to die in her bosom, but to die with her." A little before his death he wrote in another letter: "Who could believe that on so small a theater as my poor bed fortune could delight to exhibit so many calamities; and as if these were not sufficient, I seem to take part with them against myself, for it were wild audacity to pretend to resist such overwhelming misery." Near the end of his adventurous life, for it, too, was an epic, he published (1572) his greatest gift to his country, his *Lusiads,* which, even if it did not save them from a "Babylonian captivity," yet recalled them to national life. He died on June 10, 1580.

Since his death anecdote and legend have been busy, naturally enough, in building up a much fuller account of his life, in which elements of fiction are extensively mingled, and which probably has lost sight of certain aspects—i. e., his inability to enter every-day life and his lack of capacity for regular, sustained work. All of these weaknesses and exiles, moreover, made him what he was, gave him the material for his wonderful poem, and intensified his patriotism until it became a burning passion.

It is said that when Philip of Spain assumed the crown of Portugal, an early inquiry was made for Camoens, and when that great monarch heard of the poet's death, he expressed a disappointment and grief which the pitiful Henry of Portugal never could have felt.

The courtly manners, the true dignity of soul that characterized Camoens, no less than his polished conversation, genial ways and high literary talents would have given him an important position in the court of any appreciative monarch. The shocking neglect which was shown him by his own sovereign is mentioned at the end of the *Lusiads,* where, having referred to the manner in which the great heroes of antiquity revered and cherished genius, he says of the nobles of his own country:

> Alas! on Tago's hapless shore alone
> The muse is slighted, and her charms unknown;
> For this, no Vergil here attunes the lyre,
> No Homer here awakes the hero's fire;
> Unheard, in vain their native poet sings,
> And cold neglect weighs down the muse's wings.

II. Vasco da Gama. In the brief summary of the history of Portugal we alluded to the wonderful voyage of Vasco da Gama, which is the subject of the *Lusiads.* The poem will be better understood if we now give a more detailed account of this remarkable expedition.

The project was not at all popular, but in spite of opposition three sloops of war and a store ship, manned with only one hundred sixty men, were fitted out according to the advice Prince Henry had given. Vasco da Gama, already distinguished for his bravery and skill, was made admiral and general, and his brother Paul and his friend Nicholas Coelho were given lieutenancies. Da Gama was un-

questionably a great man, for united in him were a burning enthusiasm, remarkable heroism, quick penetration and the coolest prudence. His great ambition, it is moreover very important to understand, as it is characteristic of all similar Portuguese ventures, was not commercial, but to convert the entire East, by force of arms, if need be, to Christianity. Considering the size and population of Portugal, the heroic spirit and supreme faith which animated Da Gama and his men and King Emmanuel, who sent the expedition, becomes apparent.

The day before the departure (July, 1497), he led his companions to a chapel on the seaside, about four miles from Lisbon, where they spent the whole night in prayers for the success of the voyage. The next day, when the adventurers marched to the fleet, the whole beach was covered with the inhabitants of Lisbon. Priests in their robes sang anthems and offered up invocations, and every one looked upon the sailors as going to a dreadful execution, as rushing upon certain death. It is almost impossible for us to conceive the fear and anxiety that moved the people against what appears to us so simple an expedition as one around the Cape of Good Hope. The utter ignorance of what lay beyond that point, the terrors of the ocean for the early navigators, the superstitious belief in malign spirits and a thousand other things combined to spread dismay not only through the little fleet but among all the friends and

acquaintances of the sailors on board. Nevertheless, on the eighth of July the little ships left the Tagus, bearing several interpreters skilled in Arabic and other Oriental languages, and, curiously enough, ten criminals, men of great ability, who had been sentenced to death, but who were reprieved and sent upon this expedition on condition that they should carry out under the orders of Da Gama any embassies to the barbarians which their leader should see fit to impose upon them.

The Canary and Cape de Verde islands were passed in favorable weather, but thereafter the navigators suffered in dead calm and then, tossed by savage tempests, were driven far out into the ocean, away from the sight of land, and it was not until the fourth of November that they were able to see the coast again. On that date the fleet anchored in a large bay, now called St. Helen's, and Coelho was sent ashore to find a supply of fresh water. Having discovered a river, the fleet made toward it, and, acting under the instructions of the admiral, one of the natives, who was gathering honey on the side of a mountain, was captured and brought on board. No one was able to understand his language or to obtain any information concerning India. The natives treated their visitors kindly, but owing to the rashness of Veloso, one of Da Gama's men, trouble arose and the navigators, barely escaping with their lives, were compelled to weigh anchor and proceed to safety.

Their course, continually interrupted by tempests which threatened every moment to sink the ships, called for all the heroism and skill of the commanders, and kept the crews incessantly at work. Between the storms, however, there were intervals of comparative calm, during which the sailors, wearied with the fight, urged the commander to return, and when they found that they could not shake his resolution to proceed, they formed a conspiracy against his life. Da Gama's brother discovered the plot, its instigators were put in irons, and Da Gama and Coelho stood night and day at the helm, until on a comparatively calm day they beheld the Cape of Good Hope, which they doubled on the twentieth of November. The coast of Natal was reached in January, and here the weary navigators were able to rest, get fresh supplies from the natives, and to their great joy were able to obtain tidings of places not very far north where ships similar to their own put in for trade.

It is unnecessary for us to follow the heroic endeavor in all its details. The perils of the sea never ceased, and as the expedition moved farther north and fell in with the Moors, other dangers surrounded them. In March they met seven vessels in full sail bearing upon them, and Da Gama prepared to receive them, making every effort to conceal the fact that he and his party were Christians. The deception was only temporarily successful, and when it was discovered the Mohammedans repeatedly tried

to destroy the Portuguese ships and to kill Vasco da Gama. In the skirmishes which followed the Portuguese were successful, they finally escaped, and, led by a Moorish pilot who had deserted, reached the attractive city of Mombas. Here they were received in a friendly manner, and pilots were provided to bring them into the harbor, but Da Gama became suspicious of the conduct of the volunteers, and upon accusing them of treachery they confessed their guilt by leaping into the sea and swimming to shore. It was a narrow escape, but after the men had thanked Providence for the care which had saved them, the expedition sailed north; after overcoming dangers of all sorts it reached Melinda, south of Zanzibar, a rich city surrounded with orange trees and pastures covered with herds of cattle. The King of Melinda was delighted to meet the Portuguese, and after a long visit, in which the navigators were treated with every distinction, the fleet proceeded on its voyage, led by a pilot whom the King had furnished. It was about the end of May when the jaded mariners saw the mountains of Calicut, and knew that their long voyage was ended.

Early in his intercourse with the Mohammedans, a Moorish merchant named Monzaida met Da Gama, became a great admirer of the Portuguese, and devoted himself wholly to their cause. In the midst of treachery and deceit he was always the stanch ally of the navigators, and many times saved them from

destruction, for the Moors incessantly plotted against them, and the weak King inclined first to one side and then to the other. Da Gama, induced to go ashore, was seized and held in prison, and after confinement barely escaped with his life; but in the end he accomplished his designs and after a long visit filled his ships with goods, gathered a vast amount of information concerning the East, and set out on his perilous return voyage.

It was a period of almost incessant warfare with the elements and with more treacherous and savage men. At Melinda the Portuguese again met with assistance, and on the twenty-sixth of April, 1499, the little vessels again doubled the Cape of Good Hope. Here a tempest separated the two remaining ships. Near the Azores Paul da Gama, worn out with fatigue and sickness, was unable to endure the motion of the vessel, and Vasco put in to the island of Terceira in the vain hope of aiding his brother's recovery. Rather than leave the dying Paulus, Da Gama entrusted the command of his ship to John de Sa, while he remained to perform the funeral rites. Meanwhile Coelho, with the other ship, landed at Lisbon, and, hearing that Da Gama had not arrived, immediately set sail again to bring relief to his friend and admiral. However, before he had passed the mouth of the Tagus, the King called him back.

The whole nation was thrown into an ecstasy of joy at the successful return of the expedi-

tion, and no honors were too great to be shown its leaders. When Da Gama returned, however, he was deaf to all the plaudits, and retired to a lonely house at the seaside, where for a long time he mourned the death of his brother. This adventurous voyage had lasted almost two years and two months. One hundred forty-eight men started; only fifty-five returned. Da Gama was given an annual salary of three thousand ducats, was appointed admiral of the Indian seas and was given the title of Don. Other members of the expedition were rewarded in a corresponding style. Portugal proceeded to realize her dreams of world-wide dominion by her warlike and commercial conquests in the East, but very soon met with the contending claims of the Spanish. These, however, were temporarily settled by an arbitrary division, which it is unnecessary to discuss at this point. It is very important to note, however, that in contradistinction to French, Dutch and English trading ventures, there was government ownership and operation of Portuguese trade with India, and that also with the religious purpose in mind priests as well as soldiers were despatched to the Eastern factories. This may explain the drain which the colonies were upon the mother country: not being run for profit they naturally showed deficits rather than dividends.

III. The "Lusiads." *Paradise Lost* has been called the epic of Puritanism, and in the same manner we may term the *Lusiads* the epic

of religious exploration. While the great purpose of *Os Lusiados,* or *The Lusitanians* (for a long time Portugal was supposed to be identical with the *Lusitania* of the Romans), generally known as the *Lusiads,* has been considered the recital of the deeds of the Portuguese navigator, Vasco da Gama, it is a mistake to consider him alone the hero of the poem or to treat those parts of it which deal with other matters as mere episodes, for throughout it magnifies the glory of Portugal and seeks means to preserve the splendor of its imperial renown; for in reality it is a collection of epics of all of Portugal's previous exploits, bound together by its greatest achievement as if by a golden thread. It is an epic also of the sea and maritime adventure, which had been the main theater of Portugal's development. The opening lines, modeled closely on those of the *Iliad,* express positively the patriotic spirit of Camoens:

Arms and the Heroes, who from Lisbon's shore,
Thro' seas where sail was never spread before,
Beyond where Ceylon lifts her spicy breast,
And waves her woods above the wat'ry waste,
With prowess more than human forc'd their way
To the fair kingdoms of the rising day:
What wars they wag'd, what seas, what dangers pass'd,
What glorious empire crown'd their toils at last,
Vent'rous I sing, on soaring pinions borne,
And all my country's wars the song adorn;
What kings, what heroes of my native land
Thunder'd on Asia's and on Afric's strand:
Illustrious shades, who level'd in the dust
The idol-temples and the shrines of lust:

And where, erewhile, foul demons were rever'd,
To Holy Faith unnumber'd altars rear'd:
Illustrious names, with deathless laurels crown'd,
While time rolls on in every clime renown'd!

In considering the work of Camoens it should be remembered that no great epic had as yet appeared in any modern tongue, and that even Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered* was not published until after the death of Camoens. Therefore, the *Lusiads* should be regarded as the first great modern epic, and comparisons should be made rather with the masterpieces of Greek and Latin literature than with those of succeeding ages in other countries. The genius of Camoens was manifest not only in the choice of his subject but in his method of pursuing it. Unlike Tasso, he has not made it appear wholly fiction, nor like Lucan and others has he excluded allegory and poetical machinery.

He selected as his subject one of the grandest that the world has known. The undertaking of Vasco da Gama was universally considered too difficult for any man to accomplish, and the adventures which he met occurred in unknown waters hitherto deemed impossible to navigate. Nevertheless, he succeeded in discovering the Eastern world, which hitherto had been separated from the West, and gave it to his nation; he founded a great Portuguese Empire in the East, made extensive commercial arrangements, and provided for the advance of civilization. How much grander a topic than those of Greece and Rome, where the love of man for

woman was the principal basis of action! No more noble type of hero could be found than the great and sturdy captain who brought that astounding voyage to a successful conclusion. So closely does the epic follow the historical account of Vasco da Gama's voyage that it is unnecessary to detail the plot. It will be more appropriate to give an outline of its machinery and to devote our study to the great passages which speak for themselves of their grandeur and beauty.

The *Lusiads* is divided into ten books, whose contents may be epitomized as follows:

1. *Book I.* The author opens with the statement of his subject, which we have previously quoted. He invokes the Muses of the Tagus, and a herald calls an assembly of the gods. Jupiter foretells the future discoveries and conquests of the Portuguese, but Bacchus, fearing that they may acquire greater glory than he has gained by his conquest of India, declares enmity against the navigators. On the other hand, Venus sees in the Portuguese her ancient Roman friends, and promises to aid their enterprise. Mars also takes their part, and Mercury is sent to direct their course. The account of Da Gama's expedition begins as follows:

Whilst thus in heaven's bright palace fate was weigh'd
Right onward still the brave Armada strayed:
Right on they steer by Ethiopia's strand
And pastoral Madagascar's verdant land.
Before the balmy gales of cheerful spring,

With heav'n their friend, they spread the canvas wing,
The sky cerulean, and the breathing air,
The lasting promise of a calm declare.
Behind them now the Cape of Praso bends,
Another ocean to their view extends,
Where black-topp'd islands, to their longing eyes,
Lav'd by the gentle waves, in prospect rise.
But Gama (captain of the vent'rous band,
Of bold emprise, and born for high command,
Whose martial fires, with prudence close allied,
Ensur'd the smiles of fortune on his side)
Bears off those shores which waste and wild appear'd,
And eastward still for happier climates steer'd:
When gath'ring round, and black'ning o'er the tide,
A fleet of small canoes the pilot spied;
Hoisting their sails of palm-tree leaves, inwove
With curious art, a swarming crowd they move:
Long were their boats, and sharp to bound along
Through the dash'd waters, broad their oars and strong:
The bending rowers on their features bore
The swarthy marks of Phaeton's fall of yore:
When flaming lightnings scorch'd the banks of Po,
And nations blacken'd in the dread o'erthrow.
Their garb, discover'd as approaching nigh,
Was cotton strip'd with many a gaudy dye:
'Twas one whole piece beneath one arm confin'd,
The rest hung loose and flutter'd on the wind;
All, but one breast, above the loins was bare,
And swelling turbans bound their jetty hair:
Their arms were bearded darts and faulchions broad,
And warlike music sounded as they row'd.
With joy the sailors saw the boats draw near,
With joy beheld the human face appear:
What nations these, their wond'ring thoughts explore,
What rites they follow, and what God adore!
And now with hands and 'kerchiefs wav'd in air
The barb'rous race their friendly mind declare.
Glad were the crew, and ween'd that happy day
Should end their dangers and their toils repay.

The lofty masts the nimble youths ascend,
The ropes they haul, and o'er the yard-arms bend;
And now their bowsprits pointing to the shore,
(A safe moon'd bay), with slacken'd sails they bore:
With cheerful shouts they furl the gather'd sail
That less and less flaps quiv'ring on the gale;
The prows, their speed stopp'd, o'er the surges nod,
The falling anchors dash the foaming flood;
When, sudden as they stopp'd, the swarthy race,
With smiles of friendly welcome on each face,
The ship's high sides swift by the cordage climb:
Illustrious Gama, with an air sublime,
Soften'd by mild humanity, receives,
And to their chief the hand of friendship gives,
Bids spread the board, and, instant as he said,
Along the deck the festive board is spread:
The sparkling wine in crystal goblets glows,
And round and round with cheerful welcome flows.
While thus the vine its sprightly glee inspires,
From whence the fleet, the swarthy chief inquires,
What seas they past, what 'vantage would attain,
And what the shore their purpose hop'd to gain?
"From farthest west," the Lusian race reply,
"To reach the gold Eastern shores we try.
Through that unbounded sea whose billows roll
From the cold northern to the southern pole;
And by the wide extent, the dreary vast
Of Afric's bays, already have we past;
And many a sky have seen, and many a shore,
Where but sea monsters cut the waves before.
To spread the glories of our monarch's reign,
For India's shore we brave the trackless main,
Our glorious toil, and at his nod would brave
The dismal gulfs of Acheron's black wave.
And now, in turn, your race, your country tell,
If on your lips fair truth delights to dwell
To us, unconscious of the falsehood, show
What of these seas and India's site you know."

"Rude are the natives here," the Moor replied;
"Dark are their minds, and brute-desire their guide:
But we, of alien blood, and strangers here,
Nor hold their customs nor their laws revere.
From Abram's race our holy prophet sprung,
An angel taught, and heaven inspir'd his tongue;
His sacred rites and mandates we obey,
And distant empires own his holy sway.
From isle to isle our trading vessels roam,
Mozambique's harbor our commodious home.
If then your sails for India's shore expand,
For sultry Ganges or Hydaspes' strand,
Here shall you find a pilot skill'd to guide
Through all the dangers of the perilous tide,
Though wide-spread shelves, and cruel rocks unseen,
Lurk in the way, and whirlpools rage between.
Accept, meanwhile, what fruits these islands hold,
And to the regent let your wish be told.
Then may your mates the needful stores provide,
And all your various wants be here supplied."

So spake the Moor, and bearing smiles untrue
And signs of friendship, with his bands withdrew.
O'erpower'd with joy unhop'd the sailors stood,
To find such kindness on a shore so rude.

Now shooting o'er the flood his fervid blaze,
The red-brow'd sun withdraws his beamy rays;
Safe in the bay the crew forget their cares,
And peaceful rest their wearied strength repairs.
Calm twilight now his drowsy mantle spreads,
And shade on shade, the gloom still deep'ning, sheds
The moon, full orb'd, forsakes her wat'ry cave,
And lifts her lovely head above the wave.
The snowy splendors of her modest ray
Stream o'er the glist'ning waves, and quiv'ring play:
Around her, glitt'ring on the heaven's arch'd brow,
Unnumber'd stars, enclos'd in azure, glow,
Thick as the dew-drops of the April dawn,

Or May-flowers crowding o'er the daisy-lawn:
The canvas whitens in the silvery beam,
And with a mild pale red the pendants gleam:
The masts' tall shadows tremble o'er the deep;
The peaceful winds a holy silence keep;
The watchman's carol, echo'd from the prows,
Alone, at times, awakes the still repose.

Aurora now, with dewy luster bright,
Appears, ascending on the rear of night.
With gentle hand, as seeming oft to pause,
The purple curtains of the morn she draws;
The sun comes forth, and soon the joyful crew,
Each aiding each, their joyful tasks pursue.
Wide o'er the decks the spreading sails they throw;
From each tall mast the waving streamers flow;
All seems a festive holiday on board
To welcome to the fleet the island's lord.
With equal joy the regent sails to meet,
And brings fresh cates, his off'rings, to the fleet:
For of his kindred race their line he deems,
That savage race who rush'd from Caspia's streams,
And triumph'd o'er the East, and, Asia won,
In proud Byzantium fix'd their haughty throne.
Brave Vasco hails the chief with honest smiles,
And gift for gift with liberal hand he piles.
His gifts, the boast of Europe's heart disclose,
And sparkling red the wine of Tagus flows.
High on the shrouds the wond'ring sailors hung,
To note the Moorish garb, and barb'rous tongue:
Nor less the subtle Moor, with wonder fir'd,
Their mien, their dress, and lordly ships admir'd:
Much he inquires their king's, their country's name,
And, if from Turkey's fertile shores they came?
What God they worship'd, what their sacred lore,
What arms they wielded, and what armor wore?
To whom brave Gama: "Nor of Hagar's blood
Am I, nor plow from Ismael's shores the flood;
From Europe's strand I trace the foamy way,

To find the regions of the infant day.
The God we worship stretch'd yon heaven's high bow,
And gave these swelling waves to roll below;
The hemispheres of night and day He spread,
He scoop'd each vale, and rear'd each mountain's head;
His Word produc'd the nations of the earth,
And gave the spirits of the sky their birth;
On earth, by Him, his holy lore was given,
On earth He came to raise mankind to heaven.
And now behold, what most your eyes desire,
Our shining armor, and our arms of fire;
For who has once in friendly peace beheld,
Will dread to meet them on the battle field."

Straight as he spoke the warlike stores display'd
Their glorious show, where, tire on tire inlaid,
Appear'd of glitt'ring steel the carabines,
There the plum'd helms, and pond'rous brigandines;
O'er the broad bucklers sculptur'd orbs emboss'd
The crooked faulchions, dreadful blades were cross'd:
Here clasping greaves, and plated mail-quilts strong;
The long-bows here, and rattling quivers hung,
And like a grove the burnish'd spears were seen,
With darts and halberts double-edged between;
Here dread grenadoes and tremendous bombs,
With deaths ten thousand lurking in their wombs,
And far around, of brown and dusky red,
The pointed piles of iron balls were spread.
The bombardiers, now to the regent's view
The thund'ring mortars and the cannon drew;
Yet, at their leader's nod, the sons of flame
(For brave and gen'rous ever are the same)
Withheld their hands, nor gave the seeds of fire
To rouse the thunders of the dreadful tire.
For Gama's soul disdain'd the pride of show
Which acts the lion o'er the trembling roe.

His joy and wonder oft the Moor express'd,
But rankling hate lay brooding in his breast;

With smiles obedient to his will's control,
He veils the purpose of his treach'rous soul:
For pilots, conscious of the Indian strand,
Brave Vasco sues, and bids the Moor command
What bounteous gifts shall recompense their toils;
The Moor prevents him with assenting smiles,
Resolved that deeds of death, not words of air,
Shall first the hatred of his soul declare;
Such sudden rage his rankling mind possess'd,
When Gama's lips Messiah's name confess'd.
Oh, depth of Heaven's dread will, that ranc'rous hate
On Heaven's best lov'd in ev'ry clime should wait!
Now, smiling round on all the wond'ring crew
The Moor, attended by his bands, withdrew;
His nimble barges soon approach'd the land,
And shouts of joy receiv'd him on the strand.

Bacchus instigates the Moors to treachery; a pilot undertakes to lead them to Quiloa and insure the destruction of the whole expedition.

2. *Book II.* The navigators arrive in Mombas, and Bacchus plots their destruction by new artifices. The Christians are led to believe that the inhabitants are of their own religion, and Bacchus himself assumes the character of a priest and worships the God of the Christians. Da Gama enters the port and arrives at the spot where his destruction was intended. Venus, aided by the Nereids, delivers them, and Da Gama sails away, fearing treachery. Venus flies to Olympus to seek the aid of Jove, who assures her of the future glory of the Portuguese and plans to lead the expedition to Melinda. Arrived at this port, Da Gama meets the friendly King, who asks for a historic account of the Portuguese.

3. *Book III.* Da Gama describes the various countries of Europe and narrates the history of Portugal at considerable length. The important rulers are named, and an account is given of the chief victories and accomplishments of the various reigns. Included here is one of the finest episodes of the poem, the story of the fair Ines de Castro, who was crowned Queen of Portugal after her assassination:

While glory, thus, Alonzo's name adorn'd,
To Lisbon's shores the happy chief return'd,
In glorious peace and well-deserv'd repose,
His course of fame, and honor'd age to close.
When now, O King, a damsel's fate severe,
A fate which ever claims the woeful tear,
Disgraced his honors—On the nymph's 'lorn head
Relentless rage its bitterest rancor shed:
Yet, such the zeal her princely lover bore,
Her breathless corse the crown of Lisbon wore.
'Twas thou, O Love, whose dreaded shafts control
The hind's rude heart, and tear the hero's soul;
Thou, ruthless power, with bloodshed never cloy'd,
'Twas thou thy lovely votary destroy'd.
Thy thirst still burning for a deeper woe,
In vain to thee the tears of beauty flow;
The breast that feels thy purest flames divine,
With spouting gore must bathe thy cruel shrine.
Such thy dire triumphs!—Thou, O nymph, the while,
Prophetic of the god's unpitying guile,
In tender scenes by love-sick fancy wrought,
By fear oft shifted, as by fancy brought,
In sweet Mondego's ever-verdant bowers,
Languish'd away the slow and lonely hours:
While now, as terror wak'd thy boding fears,
The conscious stream receiv'd thy pearly tears;

And now, as hope reviv'd the brighter flame,
Each echo sigh'd thy princely lover's name.
Nor less could absence from thy prince remove
The dear remembrance of his distant love:
Thy looks, thy smiles, before him ever glow,
And o'er his melting heart endearing flow:
By night his slumbers bring thee to his arms,
By day his thoughts still wander o'er thy charms:
By night, by day, each thought thy loves employ,
Each thought the memory, or the hope, of joy.
Though fairest princely dames invok'd his love,
No princely dame his constant faith could move:
For thee, alone, his constant passion burn'd,
For thee the proffer'd royal maids he scorn'd.
Ah, hope of bliss too high—the princely dames
Refus'd, dread rage the father's breast inflames;
He, with an old man's wintry eye, surveys
The youth's fond love, and coldly with it weighs
The people's murmurs of his son's delay
To bless the nation with his nuptial day.
(Alas, the nuptial day was past unknown,
Which, but when crown'd, the Prince could dare to own.)
And, with the fair one's blood, the vengeful sire
Resolves to quench his Pedro's faithful fire.
Oh, thou dread sword, oft stain'd with heroes' gore,
Thou awful terror of the prostrate Moor,
What rage could aim thee at a female breast,
Unarm'd, by softness and by love possess'd!

Dragg'd from her bower, by murd'rous ruffian hands,
Before the frowning King fair Ines stands;
Her tears of artless innocence, her air
So mild, so lovely, and her face so fair,
Mov'd the stern monarch; when, with eager zeal,
Her fierce destroyers urg'd the public weal;
Dread rage again the tyrant's soul possess'd,
And his dark brow his cruel thoughts confess'd;
O'er her fair face a sudden paleness spread,
Her throbbing heart with gen'rous anguish bled,

Anguish to view her lover's hopeless woes,
And all the mother in her bosom rose.
Her beauteous eyes, in trembling tear-drops drown'd,
To heaven she lifted (for her hands were bound);
Then, on her infants turn'd the piteous glance,
The look of bleeding woe; the babes advance,
Smiling in innocence of infant age,
Unaw'd, unconscious of their grandsire's rage;
To whom, as bursting sorrow gave the flow,
The native heart-sprung eloquence of woe,
The lovely captive thus:—"O monarch, hear,
If e'er to thee the name of man was dear,
If prowling tigers, or the wolf's wild brood
(Inspir'd by nature with the lust of blood),
Have yet been mov'd the weeping babe to spare,
Nor left, but tended with a nurse's care,
As Rome's great founders to the world were given;
Shalt thou, who wear'st the sacred stamp of Heaven,
The human form divine, shalt thou deny
That aid, that pity, which e'en beasts supply!
Oh, that thy heart were, as thy looks declare,
Of human mold, superfluous were my prayer;
Thou couldst not, then, a helpless damsel slay,
Whose sole offense in fond affection lay,
In faith to him who first his love confess'd,
Who first to love allur'd her virgin breast.
In these my babes shalt thou thine image see,
And, still tremendous, hurl thy rage on me?
Me, for their sakes, if yet thou wilt not spare,
Oh, let these infants prove thy pious care!
Yet, Pity's lenient current ever flows
From that brave breast where genuine valor glows;
That thou art brave, let vanquish'd Afric tell,
Then let thy pity o'er mine anguish swell;
Ah, let my woes, unconscious of a crime,
Procure mine exile to some barb'rous clime:
Give me to wander o'er the burning plains
Of Libya's deserts, or the wild domains
Of Scythia's snow-clad rocks, and frozen shore;

There let me, hopeless of return, deplore:
Where ghastly horror fills the dreary vale,
Where shrieks and howlings die on every gale,
The lion's roaring, and the tiger's yell,
There, with mine infant race, consign'd to dwell,
There let me try that piety to find,
In vain by me implor'd from human kind:
There, in some dreary cavern's rocky womb,
Amid the horrors of sepulchral gloom,
For him whose love I mourn, my love shall glow,
The sigh shall murmur, and the tear shall flow:
All my fond wish, and all my hope, to rear
These infant pledges of a love so dear,
Amidst my griefs a soothing glad employ,
Amidst my fears a woeful, hopeless joy."

In tears she utter'd—as the frozen snow
Touch'd by the spring's mild ray, begins to flow,
So, just began to melt his stubborn soul,
As mild-ray'd Pity o'er the tyrant stole;
But destiny forbade: with eager zeal
(Again pretended for the public weal),
Her fierce accusers urg'd her speedy doom;
Again, dark rage diffus'd its horrid gloom
O'er stern Alonzo's brow: swift at the sign,
Their swords, unsheath'd, around her brandish'd shine.
O foul disgrace, of knighthood lasting stain,
By men of arms a helpless lady slain!

Thus Pyrrhus, burning with unmanly ire,
Fulfilled the mandate of his furious sire;
Disdainful of the frantic matron's prayer,
On fair Polyxena, her last fond care,
He rush'd, his blade yet warm with Priam's gore,
And dash'd the daughter on the sacred floor;
While mildly she her raving mother eyed,
Resign'd her bosom to the sword, and died.
Thus Ines, while her eyes to heaven appeal,
Resigns her bosom to the murd'ring steel:

That snowy neck, whose matchless form sustain'd
The loveliest face where all the graces reign'd,
Whose charms so long the gallant prince enflam'd,
That her pale corse was Lisbon's Queen proclaim'd,
That snowy neck was stain'd with spouting gore,
Another sword her lovely bosom tore.
The flowers that glisten'd with her tears bedew'd,
Now shrunk and languish'd with her blood embru'd.
As when a rose, ere-while of bloom so gay,
Thrown from the careless virgin's breast away,
Lies faded on the plain, the living red,
The snowy white, and all its fragrance fled;
So from her cheeks the roses died away,
And pale in death the beauteous Ines lay:
With dreadful smiles, and crimson'd with her blood,
Round the wan victim the stern murd'rers stood,
Unmindful of the sure, though future hour,
Sacred to vengeance and her lover's power.

O Sun, couldst thou so foul a crime behold,
Nor veil thine head in darkness, as of old
A sudden night unwonted horror cast
O'er that dire banquet, where the sire's repast
The son's torn limbs supplied!—Yet you, ye vales!
Ye distant forests, and ye flow'ry dales!
When pale and sinking to the dreadful fall,
You heard her quiv'ring lips on Pedro call;
Your faithful echoes caught the parting sound,
And Pedro! Pedro! mournful, sigh'd around.
Nor less the wood-nymphs of Mondego's groves
Bewail'd the memory of her hapless loves:
Her griefs they wept, and, to a plaintive rill
Transform'd their tears, which weeps and murmurs still.
To give immortal pity to her woe
They taught the riv'let through her bowers to flow,
And still, through violet-beds, the fountain pours
Its plaintive wailing, and is named Amours.
Nor long her blood for vengeance cried in vain:
Her gallant lord begins his awful reign,

In vain her murd'rers for refuge fly,
Spain's wildest hills no place of rest supply.
The injur'd lover's and the monarch's ire,
And stern-brow'd Justice in their doom conspire:
In hissing flames they die, and yield their souls in fire.

Nor this alone his stedfast soul display'd:
Wide o'er the land he wav'd the awful blade
Of red-arm'd Justice. From the shades of night
He dragg'd the foul adulterer to light:
The robber from his dark retreat was led,
And he who spilt the blood of murder, bled.
Unmove'd he heard the proudest noble plead;
Where Justice aim'd her sword, with stubborn speed
Fell the dire stroke. Nor cruelty inspir'd,
Noblest humanity his bosom fir'd.
The caitiff, starting at his thoughts, repress'd
The seeds of murder springing in his breast.
His outstretch'd arm the lurking thief withheld,
For fix'd as fate he knew his doom was seal'd.
Safe in his monarch's care the plowman reap'd,
And proud oppression coward distance kept.
Pedro the Just the peopled towns proclaim,
And every field resounds her monarch's name.

4. *Book IV.* Da Gama continues his history of Portugal and brings the narrative down to the time of his own departure on this expedition to the East.

5. *Book V.* Continuing his narrative, Vasco da Gama describes the departure of the expedition, his visit to Madeira and to the burning shores of the desert, his passing of the tropic and the cold waters of the dark river Senegal. The rocky coasts of Sierra Leone, the island of St. Thomas, the kingdom of the Congo are passed in succession, and after the equator is

crossed the navigators behold the magnificent constellation of the Southern Cross, not visible in the northern hemisphere. After a voyage of five months they arrive in the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope. Here follows another passage of great power and beauty, in which is described the apparition of Adamastor, the giant of the Cape of Storms, after which Da Gama brings his narrative down to the date of his arrival in Melinda:

Now, prosp'rous gales the bending canvas swell'd;
From these rude shores our fearless course we held:
Beneath the glist'ning wave of god of day
Had now five times withdrawn the parting ray,
When o'er the prow a sudden darkness spread,
And, slowly floating o'er the mast's tall head
A black cloud hover'd: nor appear'd from far
The moon's pale glimpse, nor faintly twinkling star;
So deep a gloom the low'ring vapor cast,
Transfix'd with awe the bravest stood aghast.
Meanwhile, a hollow bursting roar resounds,
As when hoarse surges lash their rocky mounds;
Nor had the black'ning wave, nor frowning heav'n
The wonted signs of gath'ring tempest giv'n.
Amaz'd we stood. "O thou, our fortune's guide,
Avert this omen, mighty God!" I cried;
"Or, through forbidden climes adventurous stray'd,
Have we the secrets of the deep survey'd,
Which these wide solitudes of seas and sky
Were doom'd to hide from man's unhallow'd eye?
Whate'er this prodigy, it threatens more
Than midnight tempests, and the mingled roar,
When sea and sky combine to rock the marble shore."

I spoke, when rising through the darken'd air,
Appall'd, we saw a hideous phantom glare;

High and enormous o'er the flood he tower'd,
And 'thwart our way with sullen aspect lower'd:
An earthy paleness o'er his cheeks was spread,
Erect uprose his hairs of wither'd red;
Writhing to speak, his sable lips disclose,
Sharp and disjoin'd, his gnashing teeth's blue rows;
His haggard beard flow'd quiv'ring on the wind,
Revenge and horror in his mien combin'd;
His clouded front, by with'ring lightnings scar'd,
The inward anguish of his soul declar'd.
His red eyes, glowing from their dusky caves,
Shot livid fires: far echoing o'er the waves
His voice resounded, as the cavern'd shore
With hollow groan repeats the tempest's roar.
Cold gliding horrors thrill'd each hero's breast,
Our bristling hair and tott'ring knees confess'd
Wild dread, the while with visage ghastly wan,
His black lips trembling, thus the fiend began:

"O you, the boldest of the nations, fir'd
By daring pride, by lust of fame inspir'd,
Who, scornful of the bow'rs of sweet repose,
Through these my waves advance your fearless prows,
Regardless of the length'ning wat'ry way,
And all the storms that own my sov'reign sway,
Who, mid surrounding rocks and shelves explore
Where never hero brav'd my rage before;
Ye sons of Lusus, who with eyes profane
Have view'd the secrets of my awful reign,
Have pass'd the bounds which jealous Nature drew
To veil her secret shrine from mortal view;
Hear from my lips what direful woes attend,
And, bursting soon, shall o'er your race descend.

"With every bounding keel that dares my rage,
Eternal war my rocks and storms shall wage,
The next proud fleet that through my drear domain,
With daring search shall hoist the streaming vane,
That gallant navy, by my whirlwinds toss'd,

And raging seas, shall perish on my coast:
Then he, who first my secret reign descried,
A naked corpse, wide floating o'er the tide,
Shall drive— Unless my heart's full raptures fail,
O Lusus! oft shalt thou thy children wail;
Each year thy shipwreck'd sons shalt thou deplore,
Each year thy sheeted masts shall strew my shore.

"With trophies plum'd behold a hero come,
Ye dreary wilds, prepare his yawning tomb.
Though smiling fortune bless'd his youthful morn,
Though glory's rays his laurel'd brows adorn,
Full oft though he beheld with sparkling eye
The Turkish moons in wild confusion fly,
While he, proud victor, thunder'd in the rear,
All, all his mighty fame shall vanish here.
Quiloa's sons, and thine, Mombaz, shall see
Their conqueror bend his laurel'd head to me;
While, proudly mingling with the tempest's sound,
Their shouts of joy from every cliff rebound.

"The howling blast, ye slumb'ring storms prepare,
A youthful lover, and his beauteous fair,
Triumphant sail from India's ravag'd land;
His evil angel leads him to my strand.
Through the torn hulk the dashing waves shall roar,
The shatter'd wrecks shall blacken all my shore.
Themselves escaped, despoil'd by savage hands,
Shall, naked, wander o'er the burning sands,
Spar'd by the waves far deeper woes to bear,
Woes, e'en by me, acknowledg'd with a tear.
Their infant race, the promis'd heirs of joy,
Shall now, no more, a hundred hands employ;
By cruel want, beneath the parents' eye,
In these wide wastes their infant race shall die;
Through dreary wilds, where never pilgrim trod,
Where caverns yawn, and rocky fragments nod,
The hapless lover and his bride shall stray,
By night unshelter'd, and forlorn by day.

In vain the lover o'er the trackless plain
Shall dart his eyes, and cheer his spouse in vain.
Her tender limbs, and breast of mountain snow,
Where, ne'er before, intruding blast might blow,
Parch'd by the sun, and shrivel'd by the cold
Of dewy night, shall he, fond man, behold.
Thus, wand'ring wide, a thousand ills o'erpast,
In fond embraces they shall sink at last;
While pitying tears their dying eyes o'erflow,
And the last sigh shall wail each other's woe.

"Some few, the sad companions of their fate,
Shall yet survive, protected by my hate,
On Tagus' banks the dismal tale to tell,
How, blasted by my frown, your heroes fell."

He paus'd, in act still further to disclose
A long, a dreary prophecy of woes:
When springing onward, loud my voice resounds,
And midst his rage the threat'ning shade confounds.
"What art thou, horrid form, that rid'st the air?
By Heaven's eternal light, stern fiend, declare."
His lips he writhes, his eyes far round he throws,
And, from his breast, deep hollow groans arose,
Sternly askance he stood: with wounded pride
And anguish torn, "In me, behold," he cried,
While dark-red sparkles from his eyeballs roll'd,
"In me the Spirit of the Cape behold,
That rock, by you the Cape of Tempests nam'd,
By Neptune's rage, in horrid earthquakes fram'd,
When Jove's red bolts o'er Titan's offspring flam'd.
With wide-stretch'd piles I guard the pathless strand,
And Afric's southern mound, unmov'd, I stand:
Nor Roman prow, nor daring Tyrian oar
Ere dash'd the white wave foaming to my shore;
Nor Greece, nor Carthage ever spread the sail
On these my seas, to catch the trading gale.
You, you alone have dar'd to plow my main,
And, with the human voice, disturb my lonesome reign."

He spoke, and deep a lengthen'd sigh he drew,
A doleful sound, and vanish'd from the view:
The frighten'd billows gave a rolling swell,
And, distant far, prolong'd the dismal yell,
Faint, and more faint the howling echoes die,
And the black cloud dispersing, leaves the sky.
High to the angel-host, whose guardian care
Had ever round us watch'd, my hands I rear,
And Heaven's dread King implore: "As o'er our head
The fiend dissolv'd, an empty shadow fled;
So may his curses, by the winds of heav'n,
Far o'er the deep, their idle sport, be driv'n!"—

With sacred horror thrill'd, Melinda's lord
Held up the eager hand, and caught the word.
"Oh, wondrous faith of ancient days," he cries,
"Conceal'd in mystic lore and dark disguise!
Taught by their sires, our hoary fathers tell,
On these rude shores a giant-specter fell,
What time, from heaven the rebel band were thrown:
And oft the wand'ring swain has heard his moan.
While o'er the wave the clouded moon appears
To hide her weeping face, his voice he rears
O'er the wild storm. Deep in the days of yore,
A holy pilgrim trod the nightly shore;
Stern groans he heard; by ghostly spells controll'd,
His fate, mysterious, thus the specter told:
'By forceful Titan's warm embrace compress'd,
The rock-ribb'd mother, Earth, his love confess'd:
The hundred-handed giant at a birth,
And me, she bore, nor slept my hopes on earth;
My heart avow'd, my sire's ethereal flame;
Great Adamastor, then, my dreaded name.
In my bold brother's glorious toils engaged,
Tremendous war against the gods I waged:
Yet, not to reach the throne of heaven I try,
With mountain pil'd on mountain to the sky;
To me the conquest of the seas befell,
In his green realm the second Jove to quell.

Nor did ambition all my passions hold,
'Twas love that prompted an attempt so bold.
Ah me, one summer in the cool of day,
I saw the Nereids on the sandy bay,
With lovely Thetis from the wave, advance
In mirthful frolic, and the naked dance.
In all her charms reveal'd the goddess trod,
With fiercest fires my struggling bosom glow'd;
Yet, yet I feel them burning in my heart,
And hopeless, languish with the raging smart.
For her, each goddess of the heavens I scorn'd,
For her alone my fervent ardor burn'd.
In vain I woo'd her to the lover's bed,
From my grim form, with horror, mute she fled.
Madd'ning with love, by force I ween to gain
The silver goddess of the blue domain;
To the hoar mother of the Nereid band
I tell my purpose, and her aid command:
By fear impell'd, old Doris tries to move,
And, win the spouse of Peleus to my love.
The silver goddess with a smile replies,
"What nymph can yield her charms a giant's prize!
Yet, from the horrors of a war to save,
And guard in peace our empire of the wave,
Whate'er with honor he may hope to gain,
That, let him hope his wish shall soon attain."
The promis'd grace infus'd a bolder fire,
And shook my mighty limbs with fierce desire.
But ah, what error spreads its dreadful night,
What phantoms hover o'er the lover's sight!
The war resign'd, my steps by Doris led,
While gentle eve her shadowy mantle spread,
Before my steps the snowy Thetis shone
In all her charms, all naked, and alone.
Swift as the wind with open arms I sprung,
And, round her waist with joy delirious clung:
In all the transports of the warm embrace,
A hundred kisses on her angel face,
On all its various charms my rage bestows,

And, on her cheek, my cheek enraptur'd glows.
When, oh, what anguish while my shame I tell!
What fix'd despair, what rage my bosom swell!
Here was no goddess, here no heav'nly charms,
A rugged mountain fill'd my eager arms,
Whose rocky top, o'erhung with matted brier,
Receiv'd the kisses of my am'rous fire.
Wak'd from my dream, cold horror freez'd my blood;
Fix'd as a rock, before the rock I stood;
"O fairest goddess of the ocean train,
Behold the triumph of thy proud disdain;
Yet why," I cried, "with all I wish'd decoy,
And, when exulting in the dream of joy,
A horrid mountain to mine arms convey!"
Madd'ning I spoke, and furious, sprung away.
Far to the south I sought the world unknown,
Where I, unheard, unscorn'd, might wail alone,
My foul dishonor, and my tears to hide,
And shun the triumph of the goddess' pride.
My brothers, now, by Jove's red arm o'erthrown,
Beneath huge mountains, pil'd on mountains groan;
And I, who taught each echo to deplore,
And tell my sorrows to the desert shore,
I felt the hand of Jove my crimes pursue,
My stiff'ning flesh to earthy ridges grew,
And my huge bones, no more by marrow warm'd,
To horrid piles, and ribs of rock transform'd,
Yon dark-brow'd cape of monstrous size became,
Where, round me still, in triumph o'er my shame,
The silv'ry Thetis bids her surges roar,
And waft my groans along the dreary shore.' "

6. *Book VI.* At the beginning of this book Camoens resumes the thread of the narrative in his own person. Da Gama enters into an alliance with the King of Melinda and assures him that the vessels of his nation will always in the future anchor on his shores; in return,

the King gives the admiral a faithful pilot to conduct him to India. Bacchus calls Neptune to his aid, and the god of the sea lets loose the winds and the waves against the daring navigators. During the night the sailors on watch tell each other stories to while away the time. With such a setting the narrative of Veloso is peculiarly happy:

While, thus, the council of the wat'ry state
Enrag'd, decreed the Lusian heroes' fate,
The weary fleet before the gentle gale
With joyful hope display'd the steady sail;
Thro' the smooth deep they plow'd the length'ning way;
Beneath the wave the purple car of day
To sable night the eastern sky resign'd,
And, o'er the decks cold breath'd the midnight wind.
All but the watch in warm pavilions slept,
The second watch the wonted vigils kept:
Supine their limbs, the mast supports the head,
And the broad yard-sail o'er their shoulders spread
A grateful cover from the chilly gale,
And sleep's soft dews their heavy eyes assail.
Languid against the languid power they strive,
And, sweet discourse preserves their thoughts alive.
When Leonardo, whose enamor'd thought
In every dream the plighted fair one sought—
"The dews of sleep what better to remove
Than the soft, woeful, pleasing tales of love?"
"Ill-timed, alas!" the brave Veloso cries,
"The tales of love, that melt the heart and eyes.
The dear enchantments of the fair I know,
The fearful transport, and the rapturous woe:
But, with our state ill suits the grief or joy;
Let war, let gallant war our thoughts employ:
With dangers threaten'd, let the tale inspire
The scorn of danger, and the hero's fire."
His mates with joy the brave Veloso hear,

And, on the youth the speaker's toil confer.
The brave Veloso takes the word with joy,
"And truth," he cries, "shall these slow hours decoy.
The warlike tale adorns our nation's fame,
The twelve of England give the noble theme.

"When Pedro's gallant heir, the valiant John,
Gave war's full splendor to the Lusian throne,
In haughty England, where the winter spreads
His snowy mantle o'er the shining meads,
The seeds of strife the fierce Erynnis sows;
The baleful strife from court dissension rose.
With ev'ry charm adorn'd, and ev'ry grace,
That spreads its magic o'er the female face,
Twelve ladies shin'd the courtly train among,
The first, the fairest of the courtly throng;
But, Envy's breath revil'd their injur'd name,
And stain'd the honor of their virgin fame.
Twelve youthful barons own'd the foul report,
The charge at first, perhaps, a tale of sport.
Ah, base the sport that lightly dares defame
The sacred honor of a lady's name!
What knighthood asks the proud accusers yield,
And, dare the damsels' champions to the field.
'There let the cause, as honor wills, be tried,
And, let the lance and ruthless sword decide.'
The lovely dames implore the courtly train,
With tears implore them, but implore in vain.
So fam'd, so dreaded tower'd each boastful knight,
The damsels' lovers shunn'd the proffer'd fight.
Of arm unable to repel the strong,
The heart's each feeling conscious of the wrong,
When, robb'd of all the female breast holds dear,
Ah, Heaven, how bitter flows the female tear!
To Lancaster's bold Duke the damsels sue;
Adown their cheeks, now paler than the hue
Of snowdrops trembling to the chilly gale,
The slow-pac'd crystal tears their wrongs bewail.
When down the beauteous face the dew-drop flows,

What manly bosom can its force oppose!
His hoary curls th' indignant hero shakes,
And, all his youthful rage restor'd, awakes:
'Though loth,' he cries, 'to plunge my bold compeers
In civil discord, yet, appease your tears:
From Lusitania'—for, on Lusian ground
Brave Lancaster had strode with laurel crown'd;
Had mark'd how bold the Lusian heroes shone,
What time he claim'd the proud Castilian throne,
How matchless pour'd the tempest of their might,
When, thund'ring at his side, they rul'd the fight:
Nor less their ardent passion for the fair,
Gen'rous and brave, he view'd with wond'ring care,
When, crown'd with roses, to the nuptial bed
The warlike John his lovely daughter led—
'From Lusitania's clime,' the hero cries,
'The gallant champions of your fame shall rise.
Their hearts will burn (for well their hearts I know)
To pour your vengeance on the guilty foe.
Let courtly phrase the heroes' worth admire,
And, for your injur'd names, that worth require:
Let all the soft endearments of the fair,
And words that weep your wrongs, your wrongs declare.
Myself the heralds to the chiefs will send,
And to the King, my valiant son, commend.'
He spoke; and twelve of Lusian race he names
All noble youths, the champions of the dames.
The dames, by lot, their gallant champions choose,
And each her hero's name, exulting, views.
Each in a various letter hails her chief,
And, earnest for his aid, relates her grief:
Each to the King her courtly homage sends,
And valiant Lancaster their cause commends.
Soon as to Tagus' shores the heralds came,
Swift through the palace pours the sprightly flame
Of high-soul'd chivalry; the monarch glows
First on the listed field to dare the foes;
But regal state withheld. Alike their fires,
Each courtly noble to the toil aspires:

High on his helm, the envy of his peers,
Each chosen knight the plume of combat wears.
In that proud port, half circled by the wave,
Which Portugallia to the nation gave,
A deathless name, a speedy sloop receives
The sculptur'd bucklers, and the clasping greaves,
The swords of Ebro, spears of lofty size,
And breast-plates, flaming with a thousand dyes,
Helmets high plum'd, and, pawing for the fight,
Bold steeds, whose harness shone with silv'ry light
Dazzling the day. And now, the rising gale
Invites the heroes, and demands the sail,
When brave Magricio thus his peers address'd,
'Oh, friends in arms, of equal powers confess'd,
Long have I hop'd through foreign climes to stray,
Where other streams than Douro wind their way;
To note what various shares of bliss and woe
From various laws and various customs flow;
Nor deem that, artful, I the fight decline;
England shall know the combat shall be mine.
By land I speed, and, should dark fate prevent,
(For death alone shall blight my firm intent),
Small may the sorrow for my absence be,
For yours were conquest, though unshar'd by me.
Yet, something more than human warms my breast,
And sudden whispers, In our fortunes blest,
Nor envious chance, nor rocks, nor whelmy tide,
Shall our glad meeting at the list divide.'

"He said; and now, the rites of parting friends
Sufficed, through Leon and Castile he bends.
On many a field, enrapt, the hero stood,
And the proud scenes of Lusian conquest view'd.
Navarre he pass'd, and pass'd the dreary wild,
Where rocks on rocks o'er yawning glens are pil'd;
The wolf's dread range, where, to the ev'ning skies
In clouds involv'd, the cold Pyrenians rise.
Through Gallia's flow'ry vales, and wheaten plains
He strays, and Belgia now his steps detains.

There, as forgetful of his vow'd intent,
In various cares the fleeting days he spent:
His peers, the while, direct to England's strand,
Plow the chill northern wave; and now, at land,
Adorn'd in armor, and embroid'ry gay,
To lordly London hold the crowded way:
Bold Lancaster receives the knights with joy;
The feast, and warlike song each hour employ.
The beauteous dames, attending, wake their fire,
With tears enrage them, and with smiles inspire.
And now, with doubtful blushes rose the day,
Decreed the rites of wounded fame to pay.
The English monarch gives the listed bounds,
And, fix'd in rank, with shining spears surrounds.
Before their dames the gallant knights advance,
(Each like a Mars), and shake the beamy lance:
The dames, adorn'd in silk and gold, display
A thousand colors glitt'ring to the day:
Alone in tears, and doleful mourning, came,
Unhonor'd by her knight, Magricio's dame.
'Fear not our prowess,' cry the bold eleven,
'In numbers, not in might, we stand uneven.
More could we spare, secure of dauntless might,
When for the injur'd female name we fight.'

"Beneath a canopy of regal state,
High on a throne, the English monarch sat,
All round, the ladies and the barons bold,
Shining in proud array, their stations hold.
Now, o'er the theater the champions pour,
And facing three to three, and four to four,
Flourish their arms in prelude. From the bay
Where flows the Tagus to the Indian sea,
The sun beholds not, in his annual race,
A twelve more sightly, more of manly grace
Than tower'd the English knights. With frothing jaws,
Furious, each steed the bit restrictive gnaws,
And, rearing to approach the rearing foe,
Their wavy manes are dash'd with foamy snow:

Cross-darting to the sun a thousand rays,
The champions' helmets as the crystal blaze.
Ah, now, the trembling ladies' cheeks how wan!
Cold crept their blood; when, through the tumult ran
A shout, loud gath'ring; turn'd was ev'ry eye
Where rose the shout, the sudden cause to spy.
And lo, in shining arms a warrior rode,
With conscious pride his snorting courser trod;
Low to the monarch, and the dames he bends,
And now, the great Magricio joins his friends.
With looks that glow'd, exulting rose the fair,
Whose wounded honor claim'd the hero's care.
Aside the doleful weeds of mourning thrown,
In dazzling purple, and in gold she shone.
Now, loud the signal of the fight rebounds,
Quiv'ring the air, the meeting shock resounds
Hoarse, crashing uproar; griding splinters spring
Far round, and bucklers dash'd on bucklers ring.
Their swords flash lightning; darkly reeking o'er
The shining mail-plates flows the purple gore.
Torn by the spur, the loosen'd reins at large,
Furious, the steeds in thund'ring plunges charge;
Trembles beneath their hoofs the solid ground,
And, thick the fiery sparkles flash around,
A dreadful blaze! With pleasing horror thrill'd,
The crowd behold the terrors of the field.
Here, stunn'd and stagg'ring with the forceful blow,
A bending champion grasps the saddle-bow;
Here, backward bent, a falling knight reclines,
His plumes, dishonor'd, lash the courser's loins.
So, tir'd and stagger'd toil'd the doubtful fight,
When great Magricio, kindling all his might,
Gave all his rage to burn: with headlong force,
Conscious of victory, his bounding horse
Wheels round and round the foe; the hero's spear
Now on the front, now flaming on the rear,
Mows down their firmest battle; groans the ground
Beneath his courser's smiting hoofs: far round
The cloven helms and splinter'd shields resound.

Here, torn and trail'd in dust the harness gay,
From the fall'n master springs the steed away;
Obscene with dust and gore, slow from the ground
Rising, the master rolls his eyes around,
Pale as a specter on the Stygian coast,
In all the rage of shame confus'd, and lost:
Here, low on earth, and o'er the riders thrown,
The wallowing coursers and the riders groan:
Before their glimm'ring vision dies the light,
And, deep descends the gloom of death's eternal night.
They now who boasted, 'Let the sword decide,'
Alone in flight's ignoble aid confide:
Loud to the skies the shout of joy proclaims
The spotless honor of the ladies' names.

"In painted halls of state, and rosy bowers,
The twelve brave Lusians crown the festive hours.
Bold Lancaster the princely feast bestows,
The goblet circles, and the music flows;
And ev'ry care, the transport of their joy,
To tend the knights the lovely dames employ;
The green-bough'd forests by the lawns of Thames
Behold the victor-champions, and the dames
Rouse the tall roe-buck o'er the dews of morn,
While, through the dales of Kent resounds the bugle-horn.
The sultry noon the princely banquet owns,
The minstrel's song of war the banquet crowns:
And, when the shades of gentle ev'ning fall,
Loud with the dance resounds the lordly hall:
The golden roofs, while Vesper shines, prolong
The trembling echoes of the harp and song.
Thus pass'd the days on England's happy strand,
Till the dear mem'ry of their natal land
Sigh'd for the banks of Tagus. Yet, the breast
Of brave Magricio spurns the thoughts of rest.
In Gaul's proud court he sought the listed plain,
In arms, an injur'd lady's knight again.
As Rome's Corvinus o'er the field he strode,
And, on the foe's huge cuirass proudly trod.

No more by tyranny's proud tongue revil'd,
The Flandrian countess on her hero smil'd.
The Rhine another pass'd, and prov'd his might,
A fraudful German dar'd him to the fight.
Strain'd in his grasp, the fraudful boaster fell—''
Here sudden stopp'd the youth; the distant yell
Of gath'ring tempest sounded in his ears,
Unheard, unheeded by his list'ning peers.
Earnest, at full, they urge him to relate
Magricio's combat, and the German's fate.
When, shrilly whistling through the decks, resounds
The master's call, and loud his voice rebounds:
Instant from converse, and from slumber, start
Both bands, and instant to their toils they dart.
''Aloft, oh, speed, down, down the topsails!'' cries
The master: ''sudden from my earnest eyes
Vanish'd the stars; slow rolls the hollow sigh,
The storm's dread herald.'' To the topsails fly
The bounding youths, and o'er the yardarms whirl
The whizzing ropes, and swift the canvas furl;
When, from their grasp the bursting tempests bore
The sheets half-gather'd, and in fragments tore.
''Strike, strike the mainsail!'' loud again he rears
His echoing voice; when, roaring in their ears,
As if the starry vault, by thunders riv'n,
Rush'd downward to the deep the walls of heav'n,
With headlong weight a fiercer blast descends,
And, with sharp whirring crash, the mainsail rends;
Loud shrieks of horror through the fleet resound;
Bursts the torn cordage; rattle far around
The splinter'd yardarms; from each bending mast,
In many a shred, far streaming on the blast
The canvas floats; low sinks the leeward side,
O'er the broad vessels rolls the swelling tide:
''Oh, strain each nerve!'' the frantic pilot cries—
''Oh, now!''—and instant every nerve applies,
Tugging what cumbrous lay, with strainful force;
Dash'd by the pond'rous loads, the surges hoarse
Roar in new whirls: the dauntless soldiers ran

To pump, yet, ere the groaning pump began
The wave to vomit, o'er the decks o'erthrown
In groveling heaps, the stagger'd soldiers groan:
So rolls the vessel, not the boldest three,
Of arm robustest, and of firmest knee,
Can guide the starting rudder; from their hands
The helm bursts; scarce a cable's strength commands
The stagg'ring fury of its starting bounds,
While to the forceful, beating surge resounds
The hollow crazing hulk: with kindling rage
The adverse winds the adverse winds engage,
As, from its base of rock their banded power
Strove in the dust to strew some lordly tower,
Whose dented battlements in middle sky
Frown on the tempest and its rage defy;
So, roar'd the winds: high o'er the rest upborne
On the wide mountain-wave's slant ridge forlorn,
At times discover'd by the lightnings blue,
Hangs Gama's lofty vessel, to the view
Small as her boat; o'er Paulus' shatter'd prore
Falls the tall mainmast, prone, with crashing roar;
Their hands, yet grasping their uprooted hair,
The sailors lift to heaven in wild despair,
The Savior-God each yelling voice implores.
Nor less from brave Coelho's war-ship pours
The shriek, shrill rolling on the tempest's wings:
Dire as the bird of death at midnight sings
His dreary howlings in the sick man's ear,
The answ'ring shriek from ship to ship they hear.
Now, on the mountain-billows upward driv'n,
The navy mingles with the clouds of heav'n;
Now, rushing downward with the sinking waves,
Bare they behold old Ocean's vaulty caves.
The eastern blast against the western pours,
Against the southern storm the northern roars:
From pole to pole the flashy lightnings glare,
One pale, blue, twinkling sheet enwraps the air;
In swift succession now the volleys fly,
Darted in pointed curvings o'er the sky;

And, through the horrors of the dreadful night,
O'er the torn waves they shed a ghastly light;
The breaking surges flame with burning red,
Wider, and louder still the thunders spread,
As if the solid heav'ns together crush'd,
Expiring worlds on worlds expiring rush'd,
And dim-brow'd Chaos struggled to regain
The wild confusion of his ancient reign.
Not such the volley when the arm of Jove
From heav'n's high gates the rebel Titans drove;
Not such fierce lightnings blaz'd athwart the flood,
When, sav'd by Heaven, Deucalion's vessel rode
High o'er the delug'd hills. Along the shore
The halcyons, mindful of their fate, deplore;
As beating round, on trembling wings they fly,
Shrill through the storm their woeful clamors die.
So, from the tomb, when midnight veils the plains,
With shrill, faint voice, th' untimely ghost complains.
The am'rous dolphins to their deepest caves
In vain retreat, to fly the furious waves;
High o'er the mountain-capes the ocean flows,
And tears the aged forests from their brows:
The pine and oak's huge, sinewy roots uptorn,
And, from their beds the dusky sands upborne
On the rude whirlings of the billowy sweep,
Imbrown the surface of the boiling deep.
High to the poop the valiant Gama springs,
And all the rage of grief his bosom wrings,
Grief to behold, the while fond hope enjoy'd
The meed of all his toils, that hope destroy'd.
In awful horror lost, the hero stands,
And rolls his eyes to heav'n, and spreads his hands,
While to the clouds his vessel rides the swell,
And now, her black keel strikes the gates of hell;
"O thou," he cries, "whom trembling heav'n obeys,
Whose will the tempest's furious madness sways,
Who, through the wild waves, led'st Thy chosen race,
While the high billows stood like walls of brass:
O Thou, while ocean bursting o'er the world

Roar'd o'er the hills, and from the sky down hurl'd
Rush'd other headlong oceans; oh, as then
The second father of the race of men
Safe in the care the dreadful billows rode,
Oh! save us now, be now the Savior-God!
Safe in Thy care, what dangers have we pass'd!
And shalt Thou leave us, leave us now at last
To perish here—our dangers and our toils
To spread Thy laws unworthy of Thy smiles;
Our vows unheard? Heavy with all thy weight,
Oh, horror, come! and come, eternal night!"

He paus'd;—then round his eyes and arms he threw
In gesture wild, and thus: "Oh, happy you!
You, who in Afric fought for holy faith,
And, pierc'd with Moorish spears, in glorious death
Beheld the smiling heav'ns your toils reward,
By your brave mates beheld the conquest shar'd;
Oh, happy you, on every shore renown'd!
Your vows respected, and your wishes crown'd."

He spoke; redoubled rag'd the mingled blasts;
Through the torn cordage and the shatter'd masts
The winds loud whistled, fiercer lightnings blaz'd,
And louder roars the doubled thunders rais'd,
The sky and ocean blending, each on fire,
Seem'd as all Nature struggled to expire.
When now, the silver star of Love appear'd,
Bright in the east her radiant front she rear'd;
Fair, through the horrid storm, the gentle ray
Announc'd the promise of the cheerful day;
From her bright throne Celestial Love beheld
The tempest burn, and blast on blast impell'd:
"And must the furious demon still," she cries,
"Still urge his rage, nor all the past suffice!
Yet, as the past, shall all his rage be vain—"
She spoke, and darted to the roaring main;
Her lovely nymphs she calls, the nymphs obey,
Her nymphs the virtues who confess her sway;

Round ev'ry brow she bids the rose-buds twine,
And ev'ry flower adown the locks to shine,
The snow-white lily, and the laurel green,
And pink and yellow as at strife be seen.
Instant, amid their golden ringlets strove
Each flow'ret, planted by the hand of Love;
At strife, who first th' enamor'd powers to gain,
Who rule the tempests and the waves restrain:
Bright as a starry band the Nereids shone,
Instant old Eolus' sons their presence own;
The winds die faintly, and, in softest sighs,
Each at his fair one's feet desponding lies:
The bright Orithia, threatening, sternly chides
The furious Boreas, and his faith derides;
The furious Boreas owns her powerful bands:
Fair Galatea, with a smile commands
The raging Notus, for his love, how true,
His fervent passion and his faith she knew.
Thus, every nymph her various lover chides
The silent winds are fetter'd by their brides;
And, to the goddess of celestial loves,
Mild as her look, and gentle as her doves,
In flow'ry bands are brought. Their am'rous flame
The Queen approves, and "ever burn the same,"
She cries, and joyful on the nymphs' fair hands,
Th' Eolian race receive the Queen's commands,
And vow, that henceforth her Armada's sails
Should gently swell with fair propitious gales.

7. *Book VII.* The expedition has now arrived on the shores of India, and the poet, having expatiated on the glorious achievements of the Portuguese, describes the Germans, English, French and Italians, reproaching them for their luxury and their internecine wars, when they should have employed their energies in opposing the enemies of the Christian faith. He then describes the

shores of Malabar and Calicut, where Da Gama had landed. Monsaide, a Moorish merchant of Barbary, is met, becomes a friend of Da Gama, offers to serve as his interpreter, and gives the navigator a particular account of India:

"Your glorious deeds, ye Lusians, well I know,
To neighb'ring earth the vital air I owe;
Yet—though my faith the Koran's lore revere;
So taught my sires; my birth at proud Tangier,
A hostile clime to Lisbon's awful name—
I glow, enraptur'd, o'er the Lusian fame;
Proud though your nation's warlike glories shine,
These proudest honors yield, O chief, to thine;
Beneath thy dread achievements low they fall,
And India's shore, discover'd, crowns them all.
Won by your fame, by fond affection sway'd,
A friend I come, and offer friendship's aid.
As, on my lips Castilia's language glows,
So, from my tongue the speech of India flows:
Mozaide my name, in India's court belov'd,
For honest deeds (but time shall speak) approv'd.
When India's monarch greets his court again,
(For now the banquet on the tented plain:
And sylvan chase his careless hours employ),
When India's mighty lord, with wond'ring joy,
Shall hail you welcome on his spacious shore
Through oceans never plow'd by keel before,
Myself shall glad interpreter attend,
Mine ev'ry office of the faithful friend.
Ah! but a stream, the labor of the oar,
Divides my birthplace from your native shore;
On shores unknown, in distant worlds, how sweet
The kindred tongue, the kindred face, to greet!
Such now my joy; and such, O Heav'n, be yours!
Yes, bounteous Heav'n your glad success secures.
Till now impervious, Heav'n alone subdued

Of holy zeal; fir'd by the powerful strain,
The lofty monarch joins the faithful train,
And vows, at fair Medina's shrine, to close
His life's mild eve in prayer, and sweet repose.
Gifts he prepares to deck the prophet's tomb,
The glowing labors of the Indian loom,
Orissa's spices, and Golconda's gems;
Yet, e'er the fleet th' Arabian ocean stems,
His final care his potent regions claim,
Nor his the transport of a father's name:
His servants, now, the regal purple wear,
And, high enthron'd, the golden scepters bear.
Proud Cochim one, and one fair Chalé sways,
The spicy isle another lord obeys;
Coulam and Cananoor's luxurious fields,
And Cranganore to various lords he yields.
While these, and others thus the monarch grac'd,
A noble youth his care unmindful pass'd:
Save Calicut, a city poor and small,
Though lordly now, no more remain'd to fall:
Griev'd to behold such merit thus repaid,
The sapient youth the 'king of kings' he made,
And, honor'd with the name, great Zamoreem,
The lordly, titled boast of power supreme.
And now, great Perimal resigns his reign,
The blissful bowers of Paradise to gain:
Before the gale his gaudy navy flies,
And India sinks for ever from his eyes.
And soon to Calicut's commodious port
The fleets, deep-edging with the wave, resort:
Wide o'er the shore extend the warlike piles,
And all the landscape round luxurious smiles.
And now, her flag to ev'ry gale unfurl'd,
She towers, the empress of the eastern world:
Such are the blessings sapient kings bestow,
And from thy stream such gifts, O Commerce, flow.

"From that sage youth, who first reign'd 'king of kings,'

He now who sways the tribes of India springs.
Various the tribes, all led by fables vain,
Their rites the dotage of the dreamful brain.
All, save where Nature whispers modest care,
Naked, they blacken in the sultry air.
The haughty nobles and the vulgar race
Never must join the conjugal embrace;
Nor may the stripling, nor the blooming maid,
(Oh, lost to joy, by cruel rites betray'd!)
To spouse of other than their father's art,
At Love's connubial shrine unite the heart:
Nor may their sons (the genius and the view
Confin'd and fetter'd) other art pursue.
Vile were the stain, and deep the foul disgrace,
Should other tribe touch one of noble race;
A thousand rites, and washings o'er and o'er,
Can scarce his tainted purity restore.
Poleas the lab'ring lower clans are nam'd:
By the proud Nayres the noble rank is claim'd;
The toils of culture, and of art they scorn,
The warrior's plumes their haughty brows adorn;
The shining falchion brandish'd in the right,
Their left arm wields the target in the fight;
Of danger scornful, ever arm'd they stand
Around the King, a stern barbarian band.
Whate'er in India holds the sacred name
Of piety or lore, the Brahmins claim:
In wildest rituals, vain and painful, lost,
Brahma, their founder, as a god they boast.
To crown their meal no meanest life expires,
Pulse, fruit, and herbs alone their board requires:
Alone, in lewdness riotous and free,
No spousal ties withhold, and no degree:
Lost to the heart-ties, to his neighbor's arms,
The willing husband yields his spouse's charms:
In unendear'd embraces free they blend;
Yet, but the husband's kindred may ascend
The nuptial couch: alas, too blest, they know
Nor jealousy's suspense, nor burning woe;

The bitter drops which oft from dear affection flow.
But, should my lips each wond'rous scene unfold,
Which your glad eyes will soon amaz'd behold,
Oh, long before the various tale could run,
Deep in the west would sink yon eastern sun.
In few, all wealth from China to the Nile,
All balsams, fruit, and gold on India's bosom smile."

The ruler of Calicut invites Da Gama to an audience, and the Prime Minister with his officers visits the ships and asks Da Gama to relate the history of Portugal.

8. *Book VIII.* The heroes of Portugal from the fabled Lusus down to Don Henry are represented in portraits and are characterized by appropriate verses. Meanwhile, the Prime Minister of Calicut, having learned from his false gods of the future dominion of the Portuguese over India, organizes a conspiracy against the Portuguese, questions the truth of Da Gama's statement and charges him with being the captain of a band of pirates. Before Da Gama can obtain permission to reëmbark from his visit to the King, he is compelled to give as a ransom all the merchandise he has obtained. In retaliation, he seizes several merchants of Calicut and detains them on board his ship as hostages for his two agents who are on shore to sell his merchandise. Afterwards he exchanges these merchants for his companions.

9. *Book IX.* The restoration of Da Gama's agents is effected by a great victory over the Moorish fleet and the bombardment of Calicut. The victor weighs anchor for his return to

Europe with the news of his great discovery. A long episode is introduced into the account of the return journey, the love adventures of his heroes in the Island of Joy, which floats on the ocean somewhere off the west coast of Africa. This whole episode is finally explained to be allegorical, and the adventures to be wholly imaginary.

10. *Book X.* The allegory of the Island of Joy is continued, and after a pathetic address to his Muse, the poet gives the prophetic song of the Siren, which celebrates the praise of the heroes destined to ennoble their country and which describes the great events which have happened from the period of the expedition down to the time of Camoens. At the close of this song Da Gama is conducted to a mountain-top, where the Siren addresses him. After this, the poem closes with an apostrophe to King Sebastian.

The *Lusiads* is at once a national, or rather, imperial, epic, drawing together Portuguese wherever found, and an epic which has held the interest of the cultured everywhere, since the exploits of Vasco da Gama were of world importance. Camoens expressed the highest aspirations of his race and endeavored to waken the unobservant to remedy abuses before it was too late. Thus it is far more than a chronicle of past glories. It also scans the future with a statesman's vision. It is unfortunate that the Portugal of his day had no place for its most brilliant son, who could depict the past heroes

of its history and yet attack civil service corruption and aristocratic indifference. Finally, appearing on the eve of Spanish domination, it nerved the Portuguese to regain their native land.

With Camoens, who died on the eve of the taking over of his country by Philip of Spain, Portuguese poetry fell into a decline, destined not to be broken until the renaissance of the latter part of the nineteenth century.

IV. Lyric Poems of Camoens. Camoens tried his hand at almost every variety of verse, and wrote excellent poems of many different types, a few of which are considered at length in these pages.

1. *Sonnets.* In these are frequently found reference to his passion for a lady whose name he never mentions, but who was presumably Catherina de Athaide, a lady-in-waiting to the Queen. His love for her was instrumental in causing many of the erratic changes which we find in his career.

A vein of melancholy runs through most of his sonnets, and at times it seems to fill the whole lyric. One appears to have been written while Camoens was in the fleet of Ferdinand Cabral, coasting on the shores of Africa, where in a great tempest three of the vessels were lost. Some biographers say the sonnet was intended merely as an epitaph to one of his companions who perished in the storm, and in whose person the poet speaks. The following translation is by Lord Strangford:

CAMOENS

STATUE AND MONUMENT

Slowly and heavily the time has run
Which I have journey'd on this earthly stage;
For, scarcely entering on my prime of age,
Grief mark'd me for her own; ere yonder sun
Had the fifth lustrum of my days begun:
And since, compulsive Fate and Fortune's rage
Have led my steps a long, long pilgrimage
In search of lost repose, but finding none!
For that fell star which o'er my cradle hung
Forc'd me from dear Alamquer's rustic charms,
To combat perils strange and dire alarms,
Midst that rough main, whose angry waters roar
Rude Abyssinia's cavern'd cliffs among,
—Far from green Portugal's parental shore!

The following passionately tender sonnet was probably written at a later date:

Ah! vain desires, weak wishes, hopes that fade!
Why with your shadowy forms still mock my view?
The hours return not; nor could Time renew,
Though he should now return, my youth decay'd:
But lengthen'd years roll on in deepening shade,
And warn you hence. The pleasures we pursue
Vary, with every fleeting day, their hue;
And our frail wishes alter soon as made.
The forms I loved, all once most dear, are fled,
Or changed, or no more the same semblance wear,
To me, whose thoughts are changed, whose joys are dead:
For evil times and fortunes, what small share
Of bliss was mine, with daily cares consume,
Nor leave a hope to gild the hours to come!

The following recurs again to the sufferings and misfortunes which had fallen upon Camoens:

What is there left in this vain world to crave,
To love, to see, more than I yet have seen?

Still wearying cares, disgusts and coldness, spleen,
Hate and despair, and death, whose banners wave
Alike o'er all! Yet, ere I reach the grave,
'Tis mine to learn, no woes nor anguish keen
Hasten the hour of rest; woes that have been;
And worse to come, if worse, 'tis mine to brave.
I hold the future frowns of fate in scorn;
Against them all hath death a stern relief
Afforded, since my best loved friend was torn
From this sad breast. In life I find but grief;
By death, with deepest woe, my heart was riven;
For this alone I drew the breath of heaven!

2. *Cançones.* Camoens modeled these songs closely upon those of Petrarch. One of them was written in sight of Cape Guardafui, the most eastern point of land on the Cape of Africa, and expresses eloquently the mournful feelings of the gifted man, exiled far from his European home:

Ah! might I dream that in some softer hour,
Those sweet bright eyes, on which I madly gazed,
O'er all my toils pour'd one reviving shower
Of pitying tears, for memories ne'er erased,
Though bent on mine no more their gentle rays,
'Twould soothe my worn heart with a magic power;
Or might my sad voice, in these broken lays,
But reach her, in whose sight alone I liv'd,
And bid her muse on times for ever gone,
Days of long passionate errors past,
And cherish'd ills, and hopes that could not last,
But pangs that did, and borne for her alone;
Then would she, late, repent her that I grieved,
And with her gentle sighs repair
Those griefs, and say, I should no more despair.

So let me dream, for in that thought alone
Is rest and solace for my suffering breast

Through life's last hours. Such, lady, is your power
So far away, with thoughts in fiction dress'd,
To cheat my woes; for woes and fears are flown
When your bright image thus bursts on the hour
Of anguish, like the rainbow through the shower,—
Promise of brighter days I deem'd were ever gone.
Only your smiles, and voice, and look,
Then fill my soul; fresh memories throng
That bid me scorn my fate, and I belong
To love and you: no more the dark clouds lower;
No more you seem to shun my glad return;
And fiercer pangs within my breast
Resume their sway no more: the sweet illusions rest.

Here pause, my Muse! and ask the amorous wind
That lately clasp'd her, and the birds around,
Where last they saw her; on what flowery ground
She walk'd; with whom conversed, what day, what hour?
Now with new hope I nerve my wearied mind;
No more I mourn; with soul refresh'd I rise
To wrestle yet with fortune, toil, and pain;
So I may love, and serve, and once again
Bask in the beauty of her sunny eyes;
And Time such bliss might bring, but Love denies,
And waking in my breast fierce passion's glow
Opens afresh each half-heal'd wound of woe.

Another, however, shows more eloquent poetic feeling and more deeply-passionate grief:

'Tis done! by human hopes and human aid
Abandon'd, and unpitied left to mourn,
I weep o'er all my wrongs; o'er friends fast sworn,
Whose friendship but betray'd,
But whose firm hatred not so soon decay'd.
The land that witness'd my return,
The land I loved above all lands on earth,
Twice cast me like a weed away;

And the world left me to the storm a prey:
While the sweet air I first drank at my birth,
My native airs, once round me wont to blow,
No more were doom'd to fan the exile's feverish brow.

O strange unhappy sport of mortal things!
To live, yet live in vain,
Bereft of all that Nature's bounty brings,
That life to sweeten or sustain;
Doom'd still to draw my painful breath,
Though borne so often to the gates of death.
For, ah, not mine, like the glad mariner
To his long wish'd-for home restor'd at last,
Telling his chances to his babes, and her
Whose hope had ceased, to paint misfortunes past:
Through the dread deep my bark, still onwards borne,
As the fierce waves drive o'er it tempest-torn,
Speeds midst strange horrors to its fatal bourne.

Yet shall not storms or flattering calms delude
My voyage more; no mortal port is mine:
So may the sovereign ruler of the flood
Quell the loud surge, and with a voice divine
Hush the fierce tempest of my soul to rest—
The last dear hope of the distress'd,
And the lost voyager's last unerring sign.
But man, weak man! will ever fondly cast
A forward glance on beckoning forms of bliss;
And when he deems the beauteous vision his,
Grasps but the painful memory of the past.
In tears my bread is steep'd; the cup I drain
Is fill'd with tears, that never cease to flow,
Save when with dreams of pleasure short and vain
I chase the conscious pangs of present woe.

3. *The Odes.* There are about a dozen poems which resemble the classic odes (some of which may be apocryphal) and a number of satirical

pieces which have lost their interest in the passage of time. We have already alluded to his version of the one hundred thirty-seventh Psalm—"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down"—and the circumstances under which it was written. His version, however, did not reach the lofty level of the Hebrew hymn, is too long and introduces many ideas not perfectly consonant with the theme. The following three stanzas are quoted as an illustration of his method:

Beside the streams of Babylon,
The worn and weary exile wept;
He thought on Sion's grandeur gone,
And all the lofty state she kept
When 'neath her high-arch'd golden domes he slept.

Near him a fountain springing fresh,
With tears for Babylon seem'd to flow;
In hers he mourn'd his own distress,
While Sion like past scenes of woe
Came o'er his soul, bidding fresh sorrows flow.

There, too, the memory of delights
Mingled with tears return'd again;
Sweet social days, and pleasant nights,
Warm as ere yet they turn'd to pain,
And all their music fled, and all their love was vain!

A pleasing example of ideas introduced between strophes is contained in the following lines on the influence of music:

All sing; the joyous traveler,
Along his morning way,
Through painful paths and forests, sings
A merry roundelay.

And when at night beneath the star
His lonely way he wends,
To banish fear and care, he sings
Aloud till darkness ends.

More lowly the poor prisoner
Attunes his voice, to try
To drown the sounds of bars and chains,
In hymns of liberty.

And when the mellow seasons call
The reaper to the field,
With happy songs his toil he cheers;
To song the wretched yield.

4. *Eclogues.* The bucolic poems of Camoens are smooth in versification and among the best of his minor works. Although he follows the form of the classic eclogue, his shepherds are never those of Arcady, but are those of the Tagus River and bear Portuguese names. One is a lament on the decease of Don John, the father of Don Sebastian, as well as on that of Antonio de Noronha, who was killed in Africa. Umbrano and Frondelio, two shepherds, are lamenting the changes which they see about them, and from which they predict still more fatal revolutions and even the return of the Moors to the lands from which they have been driven. Umbrano says:

From this I trust our shepherds sage and bold,
Chiefs of our flock, will guard the Lusian fold;
That ancient flame which fired our heroes' blood,
When foremost in the world their banners stood:
Each shepherd's hand would grasp a warrior's sword,
And glut our plains with the fierce Islam horde.

Fear not, Frondelio, that our necks shall bend
To the worst yoke that foreign foe can send.

Having requested Frondelio to sing the funeral song recited by him on the day of Tionio's (Noronha's) death, Frondelio sings under rustic images the high deeds of the African war. At the end they heard mingled with sighs and moans the sweet voice of Joanna (Aonia) of Austria, the widow of Don John, who is weeping for the death of her husband. The lament in the Portuguese eclogue is written in Castilian verse:

Sole life and love of my unwidow'd breast,
Ere yet thy spirit sought yon realms above;
Light of my days, while Heaven shone on us; best,
Noblest of hearts! this heart's first, latest love!

I would not weep now thy blest shade is gone
To seek its native home, whence first it sprung!
Yet, if some earthly memories there of one
Long loved avail, these tears to thee belong.

These eyes that dwelt too fondly on thee here,
Now offer up their bitter sacrifice;
Receive it there; since on the same sad bier
I might not lie, and seek with thee the skies.

Though for the starry luster of thy deeds
Heaven snatch'd thee to a bliss not mine to share;
Yet may my memory live with thine: those weeds
On earth you wore, my highest boast and care

To cherish in my thoughts through after years,
Unchang'd as when those mortal spoils were bright
With the full soul; and pour unceasing tears
While life endures, o'er Love's long faded light.

For thee Heaven's azure fields are open'd wide,
Blest spirit ranging other scenes! where spring
Flowers for thy feet, of other fragrant pride
Than these on earth; where other minstrels sing:

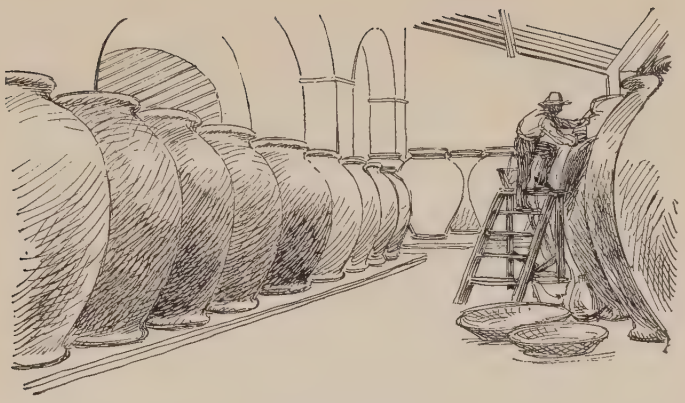
There shalt thou see that virgin Queen supreme,
Who reigns on earth, in the dear might of Him
Who bade the great sun shed his glowing stream
Round every sphere, down to this earth-spot dim:

Where, should such wondrous works not quite efface
A mortal's memory, weeping vainly long
By thy cold urn, O come with saint-like grace;
See all my love, in faith and fondness strong.

And if to tears and sorrows such as these,
'Tis given to pierce yon saintly bright abode,
I yet shall join thee; for the kind decrees
Of Heaven grant death, to mourners seeking God.

In prose as well as poetry the heroic age stood high, and Joao de Barros, the historian, deserves mention as the first modern prose writer; while Rodrigues Lobo excelled in pastoral novels which are also truly national, particularly in their love of nature.

OLD ROMAN AQUEDUCT NEAR EVORA



CHAPTER V

FROM CAMOENS TO THE PRESENT TIME

IMITATORS OF CAMOENS. Numerous literary imitators of the lyrics of Camoens ("Camonistas") sprang into existence, the best of whose work is not far inferior to his, especially in the sonset and idyl, but elsewhere are of negligible value. The work of a group of contemporary poets such as Jorge de Silva, Joao Lopes Leitao, Heitor da Silveiro, Jonçalo Coutinho, Diogo do Conto, Francisco da Andrade, etc., is much more interesting.

Among the most distinguished of the contemporaries or immediate followers of Camoens in epic poetry is Jeronymo Cortereal. He, following the bent of the great poets of Spain, decided to combine the profession of arms with that of letters. He spent some years fighting the infidels in Africa, was made prisoner in the battle of Alcacer, and after the recovery of his

liberty found the independence of his country overthrown and Philip of Spain ruling. He thereupon retired to his estate and began a succession of historical epics, of which that concerning the tragical adventures and death of Manuel de Sousa Sepulveda and his lady Leonora de Sa of the poet's own family is the best. We have already seen Camoens' beautiful version of the episode.

Cast away with a numerous crew upon the shores of Africa, near the Cape of Good Hope, this young couple perished in their attempt to cross the desert to some Portuguese settlements along the coast. Though the occurrence was scarcely worthy of a national epic, it furnished the material for a tragic romance, injured not a little, however, by Cortereal's mistaken notion that there could be no modern epic unless it was built upon the mythology of the Greeks. Manuel de Sousa, having become attached to Leonora de Sa, was unable to obtain the consent of her father, who had already promised her in marriage to Luis Falcao, captain of Diu. Manuel is supposed to invoke the God of Love, who, at the request of Venus, destroys Falcao. Then in the palace of Venus and in that of Vengeance we are shown with much poetic power the triumphant march of the gods toward India. This appears nothing but an allegory intended to conceal the assassination of which Sousa had been guilty. Relieved from his promise to the dead, her father permits her marriage to Sousa, and two cantos

are devoted to the rejoicings on the occasion. Four years later Sousa and Leonora with their two children sail in the *St. John* on their return to Europe. The vivid descriptions of the incidents of the voyage are over-adorned by continual reference to the Greek fables to account for the simplest events in the world, thus:

Such was the season Proteus chose to lead
His dripping flocks, a thousand monstrous forms,
To pasture forth, when suddenly shone out
The glorious vessel, sailing in her pomp;
And starting back, he view'd with glad surprise
The chiefs of Portugal: from out the wave
He raised his rude and hoary head deform,
Crown'd with green limes. He shook his flowing beard
And savage tresses, white as mountain snow.
The ancient man marks how the big waves beat
Against that proud ship's side; observes the pomp
And pride of dress, habits and manners strange,
Of those that crowd upon the vessel's side
To catch the uncouth sight. Then rose a cry,
Cleaving the air unto the very clouds;
While the vast monster gave no signs of fear,
Nor show'd less savage joy in his rude face.
But Leonora, as she heard the shout,
All faint and weary from her late long voyage,
Advancing, ask'd what caused that strange alarm;
And the next moment cast her wondering eye
Where Proteus old, upon two scaly fins
Large as swoln sails, far overlook'd the waves,
Surprised and pleased at the fair form he saw.
She would have spoken, but mute fear half choked
The unutter'd words.

Proteus has conceived a violent passion for the beautiful Leonora, and sighs for her in the manner of an Arcadian shepherd:

Ah! who withholds thee from my longing arms,
Sole hope and solace of my anxious breast?
Is there a wretch one touch of pity feels,
Would snatch thee from my love? Canst thou forget,
And canst thou see thy Proteus' wild alarms?
Bright Leonora, hasten to my arms!
O come to one who will adore, obey,
And love thee ever! Wilt thou then reward
Such love with frowns? Think of some happier way.
Approach, approach, and soon the placid deep
With brighter charms and lovelier hues shall glow:
Here shalt thou see the beauteous nymphs that sleep
In coral caves, and our rich realms below;
Great Neptune's self, tremendous to behold,
With sea-shells cover'd, keeping splendid state
With all his subjects. These shall hail thee queen,
All gather'd round. Come to thy sea-green bowers!
There may'st thou witness with a pitying eye
Thy sorrowing lover ever at thy feet,
With burning tears, ask no returns of love,
And hoping but at thy fair feet to die.
There in one form thou wondering shalt descry
Strange accidents; shalt see new sufferings seize
His breast; while in each thought, still link'd to pain,
He lives his love and torment o'er again.

While he thus fills the air with lamentations, Amphitrite, jealous of the beauty of the lady, raises a terrific storm and overwhelms the ship upon a rock on the Cape of Good Hope. This incident fills nearly two cantos, and the reader's interest is enthralled more than in any other part of the story. About one hundred fifty-four Portuguese and two hundred thirty slaves carrying some sick and wounded land from the *St. John,* but unfortunately have been able to save few provisions, and the coast

upon which they have been thrown is barren and desolate. A few Caffres appear in the distance, but, having refused to trade, vanish quickly to send their arrows among distant tribes as an invitation to the hordes of the desert to come to their assistance. Sousa addresses his friends as follows:

"Dear friends and comrades of my toils! too well
You see the peril, the approaching fate
That threats us; yet my trust is still in Heaven:
For Heaven alone can aid us; and we suffer
But what the all-powerful Will on high permits.
Yet, thou Omniscient Ruler of the skies,
Let thy just vengeance fall where it should fall,
Only on me; and spare these little ones,
Guiltless of all!" He raised his eldest born,
A lovely boy, whose beauty won all eyes,
In his fond arms among his sorrowing friends,
And turn'd his eyes, fill'd with a father's tears,
On Heaven: "Ye powers," he cried, "look kindly down
On this poor little one, that ne'er offended!
To you I trust him! Lo, I yield him up
With one still feebler, to your guardian care.
O let them expiate—let them plead for us
And our offenses!—Ye have heard us once!
Already hath your mercy shielded us
Amid the raging terrors of the deep,
Snatching us from the waves when death appear'd
In every fearful shape."

He assures his followers that he no longer considers himself their chief, but their companion only, and having secured from them a pledge of protection for the sick and wounded and the assurance that none will travel faster than can his wife and little children, he ar-

ranges the Portuguese in order of march and strikes into the desert. Ignorance of the locality and natural obstacles compelled them to travel eighty leagues, while they think they have proceeded thirty in a line parallel with the shore. Their pitiful stock of provisions is gone, and the productions of the earth offer little sustenance. Many of the wanderers perish by the burning sun; others are smothered by clouds of sand, and, dying of hunger, thirst and sickness, throw themselves upon the ground, permitting their companions to pass on while they await death at the jaws of savage beasts:

Fixing their weeping eyes on those who now
Prepare to leave them, feeble sighs and groans
Declare the fearful pangs that rend their breasts.
With dying looks they take a last farewell:
"Haste, haste, dear friends, and Heaven avert the ills
That here await us!" Sinking on the ground,
They pour vain sighs o'er their unhappy end;
And soon the famish'd monsters of the woods,
Fierce wolves and tigers, rush upon their prey,
And rend their reeking limbs.

After fourteen days of this terrible marching, the Portuguese meet more fearful obstacles, for the Caffres attack them in large numbers; but the brave warriors repel them, though not without serious loss. Having resumed their march, they continue for three months a terrible journey. The delicate Leonora and her infants travel more than three hundred leagues, supported only by wild herbs

and roots and the few animals they were able to take or even to find dead and sometimes half putrid. To vary the monotony of this horrid recital, Cortereal introduces the god Pan, who sings love ditties to the beautiful Leonora, or sends Sousa in dreamland to the palace of truth and to that of falsehood, one of which is filled with the patriarchs of the Old and the saints of the New Testament, and the other where dwell only the heretics, upon whom the poet showers his maledictions.

Two cantos are devoted to the expedition of Pantaleon, a companion of Sousa, into a mysterious cavern, where an enchanter recites the history of celebrated Portuguese characters from the commencement to the close of the monarchy. Into one recital he weaves the following description of the defeat of Alcacer, of which he had been an eyewitness:

Behold! (the enchanter cried, and cast his eyes
Away, as dreading his own art to view,)
Behold the sad funereal forms arise,
That freeze the blood, and blanch with death-like hue
The quivering lips. Hark! what wild moans and cries
On every side! what streams of blood imbrue
The glutted plains, where, 'mid the deep rank grass,
Molders th' unburied corpse, o'er which the living pass.

See where, borne down the whirlpool of the war,
Sink man and horse, whelm'd in those murky waves!
O'er yon precipitous banks driven on from far
By the fierce foe, all find their watery graves.
And see the plains, ere yet the evening star
Hath shone, are darken'd with the bird that craves
Its human feast, shrouding with dismal wings

The warrior's corpse; and hark! the hateful dirge it sings!

Sousa had halted his little troop in the lands of one of the negro kings who had received him with hospitality because of the aid he had rendered in the war between the savage monarch and some of his neighbors. The negro King wishes to retain such valiant soldiers in his service, but the weary travelers much prefer to return to their native land, and are not without hopes of meeting some Portuguese vessel if they can but reach the mouth of the river Laurence Marquez, upon whose banks they then are, although they are ignorant of the fact. Refusing the entreaties of the negro King, they continue their pilgrimage across the desert in fruitless search for the harbor at which they had already arrived. Almost exhausted and in the midst of terrible dangers, they arrive at a second branch of the same river, which empties into the Sea of Mozambique.

Here Sousa's fortitude gives way at the suffering of his wife and children, terrible presentiments haunt his tortured imagination, and he sees the spirit of Luis Folcao, his murdered rival, crying for retribution on the heads of the Portuguese. The Caffre King offers them an asylum and provisions, but insists that they shall lay down their arms and divide their company. After an infinitude of perilous adventures, Pantaleon de Sa reaches a Christian vessel and is restored to his country, but

most of the soldiers have been devoured by beasts of prey or perished otherwise in the deserts of Africa. Manuel de Sousa, abandoned by part of his company, remains with his wife and her two babes and seventeen companions until their provisions are all consumed, and the Caffre King forces them to resume their journey. Unprovided with arms, destitute of hope and courage, barely able to walk at all, he and his few companions are suddenly attacked by a troop of Caffres, who actually denude them of everything. What might be a very strong poetic situation is destroyed by the introduction of mythological details and imaginary intrusions of passionate gods.

However, the dreadful story soon grips the reader's imagination again. While the wretched mother remains thus stripped and naked, Sousa enters the woods to collect the roots and berries which form the only food he can give his little family. The gloomy presentiments which follow him are realized on his return:

With feeble step he labors to approach
The scene of all his fears, and trembling thinks
He finds them true; and then the cruel thought
Seems to deprive him of the little strength
Now left him. Scarce he draws his painful breath;
His sad sunk eyes are charged with bitter tears,
That ceaseless flow. At length he gains the spot
Where Leonora, hovering on the verge
Of fate, prepares to take a last farewell.
She casts her wild and troubled looks around,

Seeking the long-loved object of her soul.
He comes, and seems to wake her to fresh life;
She struggles for one farewell word, one glance,
To tell him all her love; though now stern Death
Would hide the truth her speaking eyes betray:
With long and rapturous gaze still fix'd on his,
She would have said, "Adieu, my only friend!"
But as she strove to speak in vain, despairing,
She fell in mortal swoon upon the earth.
Smit with fierce anguish long De Sousa stood;
With tears and throbbing breast then took his way.
Choosing a spot among the bleak blanch'd sands,
He scoop'd with his own hands a narrow grave;
And then returning, in his feeble arms
Bore his sad burden, follow'd by his slaves,
Who, as they went, raised loud funereal shrieks.
And there they laid her in her silent home.
With shriller cries surrounding then the dead,
With mingling tears they bade their last farewell.
Peace to her ashes! Here she doth not rest
Alone; for near her lies her beauteous boy,
Who hath not play'd five seasons in the sun.

Having paid the last simple and solemn rites to his wife and her oldest son, he seizes the second and rushes into the thickets that surround him, supported by holy resignation, and there the wild denizens of the forest deliver him quickly from the torments of his existence.

Also deserving of mention is Francisco de Andrade's *Primeiro Cerco de Diu* (1589).

Three other epics attained a degree of celebrity and had at least the merit of being founded on Portuguese history and of directing the attention of the Portuguese to the study of their glorious annals. They are the *Ulyssez* of Gabriel Pereira de Castro, the *Malacca Con-*

quistada of Meneses and the *Nunalvares* of Rodrigues Lobo.

II. Decadence. Immediately after the death of Camoens Portugal was in the hands of the Spanish, and her brief period of military and commercial glory was at an end. While in her, the period of literary decay developed more slowly, and the influence of Camoens, as reflected in his disciples and imitators, lasted until 1640, yet none the less certainly did it advance; in fact, it may be said with no little truthfulness that universal literature was produced in Portugal only during the life of Camoens, and by him alone.

From among the legion of writers who appeared prior to the beginning of the eighteenth century, few rose above mediocrity, or at least produced little that even the Portuguese themselves still admire. The gloom and depression which followed the conquest by Spain produced the usual effect upon sensitive writers, and few poets were able to sing under such conditions. Moreover, the Castilian tongue began making heavy inroads upon the Portuguese, and many writers abandoned their native language for it. They also adopted the prevailing Spanish style of composition, and the bombastic tirades and formal excesses of Spanish Gongorism invaded Portugal and still further crushed the native spirit.

Prose composition toward the middle of the sixteenth century had been confined largely to pastoral and chivalrous romances, and *Amadis*

de Gaul, of which we have spoken, was exceedingly popular. Montemayor, who wrote the best poem of the epoch, couched it in the Spanish tongue. The historians devoted themselves particularly to depicting exciting careers in the Indies, and their writings are filled with adulation for the romantic accomplishments of their compatriots.

III. French Influence. Throughout the eighteenth century and into the nineteenth (1825) French classicism ruled in Portugal, and the Academy, founded in 1720 in the hope that it might control literary tendencies in Portugal, was unsuccessful in accomplishing its purpose. Later (at the time of Pombal) the "Arcadians" became really influential in many lines. While in theory they meant to combine French methods with the native models of the sixteenth century, the latter were usually neglected, and the resulting work might as well have appeared across the Pyrenees. Dramatic productions were modeled strictly upon French rules.

The most noted writers of this epoch are those who belonged essentially to the second half of the eighteenth century. Among these are Francisco Nascimento, known in "Arcadia," from which movement he afterwards became separated, under the name of Filinto Elysio, and Manoel de Barbosa du Boccage. Pombal at first supported the Arcadia, but it later lost official backing and became extinct in 1775. Nascimento was a gifted lyricist with

an aptitude for prose translation, in which he distinguished himself by producing the Latin history of Emmanuel the Great. Boccage, known in Arcadia by the name of Elmano, had great skill and aptitude in sonnet writing, but his imitators formed an artificial school, whose work has been referred to unfairly as Elmanismo.

Among the distinguished writers of this age is Antonio Diniz da Cruz e Silva, whose works appeared first at Lisbon in the year 1807. One volume consists of imitations of English poetry, and among other pieces the author has selected Pope's *Rape of the Lock,* a poem equally popular in Italy. The other volume contains some three hundred sonnets in the Italian style, throughout which Diniz, under the Arcadian name of Elpino Honacriense, deplores the cruelty of the beautiful Ionia and bewails his fate in a style which has lost most of its popularity for modern readers. A specimen will show, however, something of the temper of the people among whom such effusions were at one time popular:

From his celestial parent wandering wide,
Young Love was lost amid those blooming plains
Where Tagus fondly roves. Loud he complains,
And running, asks each shepherd, while he cried,
Where Venus is? Those arrows, once his pride,
Fall from his golden quiver, that remains
Unheeded, while with bribes he tempts the swains
To guide him back to his fair mother's side.
When fair Ionia, tending in that place
Her fleecy charges, soothed his infant cries,

And sweetly promised with an angel's grace
To lead him to her—"Fairest maid," replies
The God, and fluttering kiss'd her lovely face,
"I reck not Venus, when I see thine eyes!"

Da Cunha's poems are characteristic of the talents and sensibility of the writer. The verses, which in themselves are tender and imaginative, were written while the author supposed that he was struggling with a fatal malady:

Oh! grief, beyond all other grief,
Com'st thou the messenger of death?
Then come! I court thy wish'd relief,
And pour with joy this painful breath.

But thou, my soul, what art thou? Where
Wing'st thou thy flight, immortal flame?
Or fadest thou into empty air,
A lamp burnt out, a sigh, a name?

I reck not life, nor that with life
The world and the world's toys are o'er:
But, ah! 'tis more than mortal strife
To leave the loved, and love no more.

To leave her thus!—my fond soul torn
From hers, without e'en time to tell:
Hers are these tears and sighs that burn,
And hers this last and wild farewell.

Yes: while upon the awful brink
Of fate, I look to worlds above,
How happy, did I dare to think
These last faint words might greet my love!

"Oh! ever loved, though loved in vain,
With such a pure and ardent truth

As grows but once, and ne'er again
Renews the blossom of its youth!

"To breathe the oft repeated vow,
To say my soul was always thine,
Were idle here. Live happy thou,
As I had been, hadst thou been mine."

Now grief and anguish drown my voice,
Fresh pangs invade my breast; more dim
Earth's objects on my senses rise,
And forms receding round me swim.

Shroud me with thy dear guardian wings,
Father of universal love!
Be near me now, with faith that springs
And joys that bloom in worlds above!

A mourner at thine awful throne,
I bring the sacrifice required,
A laden heart, its duties done,
By simple truth and love inspired:

Love, such as Heaven may well approve,
Delighting most in others' joy,
Though mix'd with errors such as love
May pardon, when no crimes alloy.

Come, friendship, with thy last sad rite,
Thy pious office now fulfill;
One tear and one plain stone requite
Life's tale of misery and ill.

And thou, whose name is mingled thus
With these last trembling thoughts and sighs,
Though love his fond regrets refuse,
Let the soft voice of friendship rise,

And gently whisper in thine ear,
"He loves no more who loved so well:"
And when thou wanderest through those dear
Delicious scenes, where first to tell

The secrets of my glowing breast,
I led thee to the shadiest bower,
And at thy feet, absorb'd, oppress'd,
With faltering tongue confess'd thy power,

Then own no truer, holier vow
Was ever breathed in woman's ear;
And let one gush of tears avow
That he who loved thee once was dear.

Yet weep not bitterly, but say,
"He loved me not as others love;
Mine, only mine, ere call'd away,
Mine, only mine in heaven above."

IV. The Nineteenth Century (after 1825). The Romanticists and ultra-Romanticists of the first half of the nineteenth century resumed the efforts of the "Arcadians" and Academicians of the eighteenth. The exile of many of them (caused by clerical persecution) resulted happily, for it enabled them to bring back a knowledge of achievements by foreign Romanticists, chiefly those of France. Thus it came about that Alexandre Herculano introduced the historical novel and reëstablished the study of history on a scientific basis, and Almeida-Garrett restored the national theater.

The great stimulus to the revival of patriotism in the very darkest hour of Portuguese history was thus produced through literature, as indeed the later successful carrying out of the centuries-long reforms was to be guided by *litterateurs*. The reactionary policy of

Queen Maria II was doomed to ultimate failure.

Antonio Feliciano de Castilho (1800–1875), possessing extreme musicality of verse, went back to the classics or to foreign countries for inspiration. His work, however, was perhaps useful and necessary, as well as pleasing. Of the "ultra-Romanticists," who found suggestions in foreign sources (e. g., Victor Hugo, Dumas, etc.), there is no one else deserving special mention in a brief sketch such as the present. Their ability was almost purely imitative and replaced originality with mere verboseness.

V. Young Portugal and the "Coimbra School." Genuine critical investigation, of which the University of Coimbra was the original center (beginning 1864–1865), established the foundation in literature as in politics of the Portugal we now know. Joao de Deus, a genuine poet speaking directly to the soul of his people, was the connecting link between the old and the new. Then the "Coimbra school," after successfully rejecting Castilho's leadership, became dominant in the intellectual life of the people. Antero de Quental (1842–1891) though under the influence of French romanticism as regards literary form, definitely shows the influence of native genius. Guerro Junqueiro expressed fully the literary and political aspirations of Young Portugal. Dr. Theophilo Braga (later twice President of the Republic), while himself a poet, is more noted

for his fine scholarship in collecting and editing Portuguese literature. Dr. Bernardino Machado, the political leader of the Coimbra school (Premier of Portugal at the outbreak of the World War) has also been noted in the realm of literature.

At last it seems as if the fundamental errors in statesmanship which caused the startling decline after the Age of Glory are in a fair way to be corrected. A good groundwork for a literary renaissance has been laid. We may hope that once again, as in the days of Camoens, Portugal, that most interesting and ancient state, will give to the world commanding personalities in literary art.

WASHDAY IN PORTUGAL

CHAPTER VI

CHRONOLOGY

THERE is much uncertainty concerning many of the dates in the following list, so much, in fact, that it is scarcely worth while to indicate the doubtful ones. It is safe to say, however, that the names are placed in approximately chronological order, and in such position show all that is intended by the table:

1110—Affonzo I became first King of Portugal.
1200–1521—Period of Preparation.
1279–1325—Reign of King Denis.
1385—John I began his reign.
1394–1460—Henry the Navigator.
1486(?)–1552—Bernardim Ribeiro.
1470–1557—Gil Vicente.
1495–1557—Francesco de Sa de Miranda.
1497–1499—Voyage of Vasco da Gama.
1521–1580—Period of Glory.
1524–1579—Luis de Camoens.

1528–1569—Antonio Ferreira.
1580–Present Time—Period of Decay.
1575–1625—Francisco Rodriguez Lobo.
1731–1799—Antonio Diniz da Cruz e Silva (Elpino).
1734–1819—Francisco Nascimento (Filinto Elysio).
1765–1805—Manoel de Barbosa du Boccage (Elmano).
1910—Portugal became a Republic.

A CHURCH DOOR

FRANCE

FRANCE

CHAPTER I

HISTORY

GEOGRAPHY. France lies in the western part of Europe, north of Spain, from which it is separated by the Pyrenees Mountains, and south and a little east of the British Isles, from which it is separated by the English Channel and the Strait of Dover. The meridian of Greenwich passes through its western third, the forty-second parallel lies at its south, and it extends north for about nine degrees of latitude. This places its southern boundary about on a line with Boston, and its northern boundary opposite Labrador. Paris

is in nearly the same latitude as the northern boundary of the United States.

France is in shape an irregular hexagon, with an extreme length from north to south of six hundred miles and a breadth of five hundred miles, making its total area, not including redeemed Alsace and Lorraine, approximately two hundred seven thousand square miles. The surface of the country is extremely diversified, though it may be roughly described as consisting of low plains to the north and west, a large central plateau, and broken mountainous regions to the east and south. Its drainage is toward the Atlantic Ocean, except in the east, where one large river, the Rhone, flows south into the Mediterranean. The Seine, the Loire and the Garonne are fine, large streams, flowing to the Atlantic. The Somme and the Seine flow to the sea through deep estuaries, and on the north are a few naturally good harbors, but in general the coast line is comparatively smooth and free from important indentations.

The natural boundaries of France are such that it has always preserved its identity and has been remarkably successful in freeing itself from foreign invasions. The diversified climate is generally temperate, and is milder by far than that of corresponding latitudes in North America. With abundant and varied mineral resources, a wide range of agricultural products, a vast fishing industry, extensive manufactures and worldwide commerce,

THE JULY COLUMN
PLACE DE LA BASTILLE, PARIS

France has well deserved the exalted position she has held among the nations of Europe, and has been enabled to recover quickly from all inroads of war and pestilence. The population at the beginning of the World War in 1914 was about forty millions.

At the outbreak of the war France had about fifteen cities each with a population of over a hundred thousand. Paris, the capital, with its three million inhabitants, is in the north-central part, on the Seine River; Marseilles, with half a million, at the south, on the Mediterranean; Lyons, with a half million, in the southeastern part, on the Rhone River; Bordeaux, with a quarter million, in the southwest, on the Garonne; while Lille, with a quarter of a million before the war, is an inland city in the extreme north.

II. Gaul. Of the earliest history of France we know very little, except that it was inhabited by separate warlike tribes of a somewhat mixed ancestry. *Gallia* (Gaul) of the Romans was practically coextensive with France, though reaching somewhat beyond her present boundaries. After a series of wars which lasted some seven years, Julius Caesar completed the conquest of this strange land in 51 B. C., and thereafter its history is in the main well-established.

At the time of the Roman conquest there were in Gaul three chief branches of the Celtic race: the Aquitanians, the Celts proper, and the Belgians. The Belgians lived to the north,

with the Seine as their southern boundary; the Aquitanians, between the Garonne and the Pyrenees; the Celts, or *Galli,* as the Romans called them, occupied the land between. Besides these three races which Caesar mentions in his history and whose languages, customs and laws all differed, there were many other tribes which showed equally marked difference in temperament and physical characteristics.

In later history Gaul was the scene of fierce conflicts among the local tribes and of destructive invasions from Burgundians, Goths and Franks, until the old races were swept out of existence or merged in the new. Under the rule of Rome, Gaul took on the civilization and refinement of her mistress and became one of the most important provinces in the Empire, but as the imperial power faded and incursions from the north grew more numerous and sanguinary, the country entered upon a period of misrule and anarchy that was only partially terminated in A. D. 486, when Clovis, a Salian Frank, in a great battle near Soissons put an end forever to Roman dominion.

III. The Merovingians. The new ruler married Clotilda, a Christian Princess of Burgundy, and accepted her faith, thereby bringing himself into harmony with the Romans and their religion. Ruffianly as the King was, Rome accepted him as a true patrician, made him consul and aided him in uniting Gaul in religion and legal forms. In a sanguinary career which has rarely been equaled, Clovis estab-

lished himself firmly on the throne of France and founded the Merovingian line of kings, which held the land until the deposition of its last king in 751. However, the reign of the Merovingians was one of almost constant warfare between rival claimants for leadership of the Frankish nation. It had long been the custom at the death of a king for the Franks to elect their best man to fill the vacancy, but Clovis, by dividing his kingdom among his three sons, established a custom which brought about fratricidal wars and assassinations that make up one of the most terrible pages of early history. Not infrequently the stronger brother usurped control of the entire kingdom, ruthlessly slaughtered all opposing members of the family and gave opportunity for intriguing nobles to gain increasing power for themselves. This condition of affairs finally brought about the establishment of the Carlovingian dynasty, in the following manner.

IV. CHARLEMAGNE. The highest officer in the Merovingian court was called a *major domos* (mayor of the palace). At the end of the seventh century this post was held by Pepin of Heristal, a powerful Frankish Duke, who had conquered the northern part of Gaul and annexed it to the kingdom of the Franks. By this time the Merovingian kings had lost their power and had become mere puppets in the hands of the nobles, so that it was not difficult for Pepin to make himself the real ruler of the kingdom. However, he did not assume the

title of king, nor did his son, the famous Charles Martel, who distinguished himself in the battle of Tours by defeating the Saracens and checking permanently the invasion of the Moslems. For this crushing defeat, which happened in 732, Charles was given his surname Martel, the "Hammer of God." On his death, Charles left the kingdom to his two sons, Pepin the Short and Carloman. Assuming control, Pepin the Short determined to secure the name as well as the power of a king, and having instigated the Pope to declare that the title of king belonged by right to the actual ruler of a kingdom, Pepin deposed the weak incumbent, and, having been crowned by Pope Boniface, became the first of the Carlovingian dynasty.

Besides securing the alliance of the Church, Pepin succeeded in expanding the boundaries of his kingdom and uniting it to an extent that had not been achieved by the strongest of the Merovingians. Long before his death, the Pope had consecrated Pepin's two sons, Charles and Carloman, as kings of the Franks, and Pepin's last act was to divide the kingdom between them. Perhaps the keen old King knew what would happen, for to Charles, the elder, who was in every way superior to his brother, he gave the strong and warlike half of his kingdom. In any event, Charles began a career of conquest that marked him as a new power in the land; when a little later Carloman died, no attempt was made to seat his son up-

CORONATION OF CHARLEMAGNE

on the throne, and all the nobles and bishops submitted themselves to Charles.

Charles the Great, or Charlemagne, as he is more frequently known in history, was one of the world's greatest men, for he combined with his military prowess great learning and a liberal and enlightened statesmanship. It is sufficient for our purpose, perhaps, to say that in his hands the Frankish kingdom became the great Roman Empire of the West, for in 800 Pope Leo at Rome crowned Charlemagne Emperor, with the title Caesar Augustus. At its greatest extent, his vast domain reached from the Elbe and the Ebro eastward to Hungary and south to Calabria.

After his coronation, Charles required each one of his subjects over twelve years of age to take a new oath of allegiance to him, which included not merely the duties the subject owed the State, but those he owed to God, for Charles believed himself literally the vicegerent of God on earth. In him lay the right and the power to defend all law and morality, and any violation of his ordinances or any offense against his person was a direct crime against the anointed of God.

Charlemagne divided his territory into districts, each of which was ruled by a *graf,* or earl, chosen from the most powerful families of his kingdom. The rulers of those districts which lay on the borders of his kingdom were of higher rank than those in the interior, and it was the duty of these *mark-grafen,* or mar-

graves, to defend the boundaries of the Empire. Their distance from the center of Charlemagne's rule and the difficulty of communication between them compelled each to establish himself in a kind of semi-independence which resembled quite strongly the feudalism that developed in the later Middle Ages. Nevertheless, Charles did not leave his nobles wholly to themselves, for each year he sent out officers called *missi dominici* whose duty it was to examine into local administration, to hear any complaints against the earls or margraves, and to insure the enforcement of all laws. The *missi,* acting usually in pairs, served as a check upon each other, and as they were changed from year to year or never twice visited the same nobles, there was little danger of their becoming corrupt in the discharge of their duties. From the reports of these efficient officials Charles was enabled to know very quickly all that happened in his vast Empire. In this, perhaps, may be seen the germ of our own circuit or traveling courts, of which sessions are held in different places to secure local adjustment of disputes.

Each year there was held a general assembly of the nation, where every freeman had the right to appear and have his say upon all affairs of Church and State. At these great meetings Charles himself presided, received the yearly gifts and held the councils of the Church. There was no taxation for the support of the court, but the revenues required for

it were derived from the spoils of war, from voluntary gifts by officials, from the large private income of Charles himself, and from fines assessed upon those who were negligent of duty or guilty of crimes.

The military genius of Charles was no less remarkable than his civil insight, and the facility with which he raised the great armies that carried out his conquests and the loyalty with which the soldiers regarded him have been the wonder of the ages. Annually the fighting men, that is, the men of the nobility and upper classes, assembled and reported directly to the Emperor, prepared with all that they needed for a campaign excepting water and fodder for the horses. There remained at home vast bodies of peasantry, whose duty it was to labor on the estates of the nobility, but many of the small landowners suffered from this forced military duty. Looking upon the scheme from a distance, however, it seems that the great element of loyalty lay in the desire to share the glory and fame of their great leader, for to be crowned one of the victorious soldiers of Charlemagne was the greatest honor that could befall a man.

The manifold activities of Charles were never better manifested than in the care he took of the Church and the skill with which he assisted in its organization and expanded its power among his conquered provinces. The loyalty of Charlemagne's troops was almost equaled by the loyalty of the clergy, who in all

matters looked to the Emperor for sympathy and guidance; in return, many of the archbishops were created princes and became the immediate advisers and daily companions of the King. The support of the Church came from tithes paid by landowners and from money given by both Emperor and people.

At the coming of Charlemagne the education of Christian youth was almost entirely neglected, and even in the monasteries the study of classical authors had almost wholly ceased, for it was considered wrong that those who had devoted their lives to God should read heathen writers; but there were men who had kept up some acquaintance with Greek and Roman scholarship, and Charlemagne proposed to make learning once more popular. He was himself a man of culture, and he quickly gathered about him foremost teachers from all parts of the world, among whom was the Englishman Alcuin, supposed to be the best educated man of his time; under such teachers Charles opened a school in his palace, where noble youths might receive the best instruction. Having learned, moreover, that the clergy themselves were many of them unable to read the services which they recited by rote, he established in the monasteries schools where the youths of the vicinity could be properly taught. By often visiting these schools, examining the work done by the boys and freely bestowing his praise and blame, he created a wide interest in the cause of education. If

the influence of these schools was not so widely felt in the progress of Europe as might have been expected, the fault lay with the external conditions and not with the founder.

The reign of Charlemagne is a bright spot in the history of the Dark Ages and one concerning which much has been written. Fortunately, the King had a private secretary who devotedly wrote of his master, and to him we are indebted for a picture of the great ruler. According to Einhard:

He was tall and stoutly built, his height just seven times the length of his own foot. His head was round, his eyes large and lively, his nose somewhat above the common size, his expression bright and cheerful. Whether he stood or sat, his form was full of dignity; for the good proportion and grace of his body prevented the observer from noticing that his neck was rather short and his person rather too fleshy. His tread was firm, his aspect manly; his voice was clear, but rather high-pitched for so splendid a body. His health was excellent, except that during the last four years of his life he suffered from intermittent fever.

He did not care for foreign apparel, but clung to the Frankish costume, on ordinary occasions wearing no more splendid dress than his courtiers. Over a linen shirt and drawers, he wore a woolen tunic with a silk border, and breeches. Linen bandages about his calves and feet took the place of stockings. A helmet or cap, a pair of high boots and a sword with a golden hilt completed his ordinary costume. In cold weather he wore over his tunic a coat of otter or ermine, and above that a bright blue cloak. But on state occasions, he donned a magnificent tunic and cloak embroidered in gold and clasped with gold buckles, placed upon his head a golden crown studded with gems and carried at his side a sword with a jeweled hilt.

As the Emperor grew old, he trusted the management of his affairs more and more to others, but to the very end he exhibited an intense interest in all that occurred. His intention was to divide his kingdom among his three sons, but the two older having died, Prince Louis was appointed and publicly recognized as the successor to Charlemagne, and, having taken the oath and been properly crowned, Louis was hailed as joint Emperor. Early in the year 814 Charlemagne died of a fever, in the seventy-first year of his age.

V. The Carlovingians. Louis the Pious, or, as he is known to the French chroniclers, *Le Debonnaire* (Good-Natured), was a studious, mild and gallant gentleman, quite unequal to the task of ruling his father's great Empire. Much of his early life he had spent away from the court under the tutelage of monks, and when he took up the reins of government he decided to reorganize the court and to establish as his advisers the scarcely reputable men who had been his companions while a prince; and as these men were Church dignitaries, the reign of Louis partook of an ecclesiastical character. Following the custom of the Frankish kings, Louis at first intended to divide the Empire among his three sons, but Charles the Bald, a fourth son by a later marriage, became so great a favorite of his father that the Emperor planned a new division and took away a portion of the territory of his oldest son. This brought on family wars, in which, as fortune

flitted from one to the other of the contestants, Louis was defeated and deposed, only to be again set upon the throne by his sons Louis and Pepin. When in 840 he died, he left nothing but bitterness among his sons and warfare for his people.

Ultimately, however, in 843 an agreement was reached, and the treaty of Verdun, one of the most important and durable of the treaties of Europe, was made, and by it Charles took the western kingdoms, extending from the Pyrenees to the Strait of Dover, foreshadowing the modern kingdom of France. The eastern provinces, inhabited almost entirely by Germans, fell to the lot of Louis, while Lothair, who claimed the Imperial title, retained Italy and a comparatively narrow strip of land extending northward from Marseilles to the present kingdom of Holland. This long narrow strip of territory became a matter of contention between the Germans and French, resulting finally in the establishment of such independent governments as Switzerland, Holland and Belgium, together with such provinces as Alsace and Lorraine, which to the end of the World War in 1918 were the source of quarrels and contentions between governments.

With the death of Lothair, which occurred in 855, the last force that tended to hold together the Roman Empire disappeared, and Charles the Bald, although vexed by civil wars and by Viking invasions from the north, hastened to Italy to seize the Imperial title

and the Italian realm, but he was anticipated by Louis, the son of Lothair, who was crowned Emperor and reigned until 875, when at his death Charles succeeded in his desire. Charles died in 877, and a wretched period of disaster fell upon the Carlovingian house. The Vikings swept down from the north even to the city of Paris, which they besieged for eleven months, and long after the siege was raised they laid waste the northern provinces.

One king of this period, Charles the Simple, was, in spite of his nickname, a man of energy and resource, and near the close of his reign he negotiated a treaty with Rollo (Hrolf), the Norman, by which the latter settled in permanent possession of the northern country and became vassal to the King. This was the beginning of the great Duchy of Normandy, which extended along the Seine almost to Paris and embraced the north-central coast of France. The Northmen became Christianized, adopted French manners and customs, and were soon thoroughly absorbed into their adopted kingdom.

In one of the civil wars which crowded the latter years of the reign of Charles, Rudolph, Duke of Burgundy, captured the King, threw him into a dungeon and starved him to death. Rudolph, though he assumed the throne, was unable to control affairs, and from then till the accession of Hugh Capet France was in a state of civil warfare between the Carolingians and the great dukes.

VI. The House of Capet. Hugh, Duke of France, was elected by the barons and solemnly crowned King by the archbishop of Rheims in 987, King not of France only, but "of the Gauls, Britains, Danes, Normans, Aquitanians, Goths, Spaniards and Gascons," a title which indicates that it was a group of struggling nations and not a united kingdom over which he was called to rule. Hugh Capet, so named because he bore the cope of the abbot of St. Martins at Tours, established his capital at Paris, and by the aid of the Church and his own personal followers began the long struggle with the feudal aristocracy which lasted more than seven hundred years and terminated only when, by the crafty designs of the Cardinal Richelieu, the French king became an absolute monarch. Yet, strangely enough, the House of Capet ruled France in direct or collateral lines from the accession of Hugh until the time when by the Revolution kings ceased to exist in France. The first eleven kings were direct descendants of Hugh Capet, and not a few were men of ability and distinction.

Henry I (1031–1060), a brave though unfortunate sovereign, was severely defeated once by William of Normandy, who afterward became King of England, but, though checked in his schemes for enlarging his kingdom, kept the control of his own dominions.

Philip I (1060–1108) was even more unfortunate than his father, although he lessened the power of William of Normandy, checked the

growing influence of England and added not a little to its extinction. Philip refused to go on the First Crusade, opposed the Pope, and might never have been regarded as one of the great kings of France had it not been for his son, the first of the really great Capetians.

Louis VI (1108–1137), surnamed "The Fat," was an active, vigorous man who, until he grew too fleshy to travel, spent the greater part of his time in going about from one part of his kingdom to another asserting his rights as ruler absolute and endeavoring to extend his own personal power everywhere. The independence and power of the feudal barons was so great that it was a difficult matter for Louis to control them, robbers as they were. One of his most powerful vassals was Henry I, King of England, from whom Louis was never able to take Normandy, although he harassed the island monarch incessantly. By favoring the Pope, securing the loyalty of the clergy and maintaining a vigorous policy everywhere, he was able even in those times of disunion to assemble an army of two hundred thousand men to oppose a treaty of union that was under consideration between Henry V of Germany and Henry I of England. It is said that on this occasion the ancient royal standard of France, the *oriflamme,* was first raised as the symbol of the king's authority. The oriflamme (gold flame) was a small red silk flag whose free ends were split into many points. The great army, marching under the King's stand-

ard, was the beginning of the establishment of royal authority over powerful vassals, and Louis was shrewd enough to secure wise officials to execute in a sane and wholesome manner the laws which his army was prepared to enforce.

Louis VII (1137–1180) ruled for a time successfully, but was led to take part in the disastrous Second Crusade and returned to find his kingdom in an uproar. After the death of his Prime Minister, Suger, who had served the King's father with equal skill, Louis made the mistake of divorcing his wife Eleanor of Aquitaine, and when the latter married Henry II of England her province was lost to France. Philip II (1180–1223), known as Philip Augustus, was a cruel, unscrupulous and successful politician who succeeded in extending the boundaries of his kingdom, in reducing to greater subjection the militant nobles and in amassing great wealth. In history he is regarded as one of the most powerful of the Capetian kings. His son, Louis VIII (1223–1226), however, who had been dependent on his father till at the age of thirty-six he became King, lost a large part of the power and influence which his father had obtained and left the country in an unfavorable condition for his famous son.

Louis IX, better known as St. Louis (1226–1270), was only eleven years of age when he came to the throne, and the affairs of the nation were administered by Blanche of Castile,

his Spanish mother, who showed great courage, skill and foresight in maintaining the King's authority over his rebellious subjects. When Louis became of age he was what his mother had trained him to be—a noble man, thoroughly just and intensely religious. Yet he was a manly ruler, fond of dogs and of hunting, a leader of men, who might have been a great conqueror if his tastes had not been peaceful. The quarrels between the Roman Emperor and the Pope troubled Louis, who respected both and endeavored to reconcile them. Although he failed in this, he was able to win his battles with the English, to subdue his troublesome nobles and to make France the foremost power in Europe. To establish his authority and assist in ruling his people justly, St. Louis called about him a great council, which he divided into three sections: first, his personal advisers; second, the officers of the treasury; and third, the *Parlement,* a judicial body which held regular sessions in Paris, but which must not be confounded with a legislative Parliament such as that of the English. Louis also established the principle that any one of his subjects might appeal directly to the King if the judgment of his immediate superiors was not just. On such principles as this lay the foundations of the absolutism of the next monarch, Philip III (1270–1285).

Philip IV, known as Philip the Fair (1285–1314), continuing the centralization of power which his grandfather had begun, sided with

the Scotch, and thereby brought Edward I of England to pay homage for his province of Guienne. A masterly stroke by which he strengthened his power against the feudal nobility was to summon the States-General and to incorporate in this assembly what was known as the "third estate," consisting of merchants and other citizens, who had been rising steadily in wealth and importance. Until the time of the Revolution, however, the "third estate" had little real power, and the chief function of the assembly during the reign of Philip and for long after appeared to be to ratify the acts of the King; but in so doing they gave a greater authority to the King over the nobility.

With Louis X the direct line of Capetians terminated in 1316, for the King had no son to follow him, and his brother Philip V resurrected and misinterpreted an old law of the Salic Franks which declared that no woman could become ruler of France or transmit the crown to her descendants. Philip and his brother, Charles IV, held the throne until 1328, when Philip of Valois, his nearest male heir, became King, under the title of Philip VI (1328–1350).

VII. The Hundred Years' War. With Philip of Valois began a period of tremendous disaster which almost destroyed royalty and for more than a hundred years kept France below the level she had reached under Philip IV. To this period of struggle between France

and England is given the name of the Hundred Years' War, during which Philip saw the disastrous battle of Crecy, where the loosely-organized army of the French, fighting under its feudal methods, was completely overwhelmed by the more highly-disciplined English soldiers, with their terrible longbows. As a result of this conflict, the English captured Calais and held it more than two hundred years.

The prodigal and reckless John II (1350–1364) succeeded his father and inherited even worse misfortunes than those of the preceding reign. Soldiers out of employment organized "free companies," which ravaged the country; the peasants revolted; the English won the great battle of Poitiers, captured the King and took him to England. King John was soon released, but one of his sons was retained as hostage, and when France was unable to raise the huge ransom which was demanded, King John chivalrously returned to London and gave himself up to the English. He died an exile in 1364.

Charles V, surnamed "The Wise" (1364–1380), was a powerful ruler who struggled manfully to restore France to her former important position, but was unable to accomplish his designs, though he materially improved the condition of his subjects.

His son, Charles VI (1380–1422), was only eleven years old when his father died, and the country fell under the regency of Charles's uncle. The whole reign was full of quarrels,

political intrigues and great reverses. When the young King was but twenty-two he became insane while riding one hot day, and before he could be put under control had killed four of his attendants. Although he regained his faculties and continued to reign, his intellect weakened, and the power of his uncle increased. In the civil war which followed among the powerful nobles, Duke John obtained possession of the person of Charles VI, but was slain before long at the very feet of his royal master. After the famous battle of Agincourt the treaty of Troyes was made, and by its provision Henry V of England was to become King of France at the death of Charles, but the latter survived the English monarch and this provision became void.

Henry VI of England, though but a babe when his father died, was recognized as King in the north of France and crowned in Paris; yet the south of France continued to be held by Charles VII, the son of Charles VI. The former, called "The Dauphin," because he had not yet been crowned, was weak and indolent and made no attempt to stop the inroads of the English, even when they pushed southward and laid siege to Orleans.

France seemed without a leader, but at this critical point Joan of Arc (*Jeanne d'Arc*), a peasant girl who lived in the village of Domremy, on the borders of Champagne, came forward to save her country. From childhood she had been ardently religious and an en-

thusiastic lover of her native land. Her habits were solitary, and in her meditations she professed to see visions and to hear angelic voices. To her sensitive nature her waking dreams were realities, and gradually she became convinced that she had been chosen by God to effect the deliverance of her country.

She asserted that in one of her visions she had been commanded to conduct Charles VII to Rheims to be crowned, and, accordingly, she presented herself to the governor of Vaucouleurs. The most intelligent men and counselors examined her, and finally she was given permission to hurry to the deliverance of Orleans. Donning male attire and a suit of white armor and mounting a black charger, she put herself at the head of an army of six thousand men and advanced against the English. In April, 1429, she entered the city, forced the English to raise the siege, and after fourteen days' hard fighting, to retreat. Charles entered Rheims, and was crowned in July of the same year. Enemies, however, gathered about the young girl, and she was at length captured by the Burgundians, who sold her to the English. She was imprisoned at Rouen, tried and condemned as a heretic, and finally burned at the stake in 1431.

Charles VII, often called "The Victorious," was regarded as one of the powerful kings of France, for by him the feudal barons were taught to submit, an efficient standing army was organized, and a permanent system of tax-

ation was established. Moreover, by subsidies and other means the King had made the nobility loyal, for although they had lost their military rights, they were yet satisfied with the social prerogatives which remained theirs down to the time of the Revolution. At the close of the Hundred Years' War the power of the kings had become absolute, the distance between the nobles and the common people so wide that the former had no desire to thwart the wishes of the ruler, and the latter were unable to resist the tyranny of either the king or the nobles.

VIII. Louis XI. For two hundred years following the Hundred Years' War France appears to have been in turmoil all the time, but it was really the period of the Renaissance, during which she continued to progress in her own manner. She outgrew feudalism and a State religion, but only after bitter struggles with the nobles and the Church. Finally, having concentrated her powers and become influential, she sought foreign conquest, and after many defeats pushed all her land boundaries outward.

At the close of the Hundred Years' War Charles VII was undisputed master of France, and his successor, Louis XI (1461–1483), was well fitted by character and intellect to confirm absolutism throughout the realm. He was a wily, unscrupulous man, with such ideals of statesmanship as we have seen advocated by Machiavelli, and the essential meanness of his

personal character is not obliterated from public memory by the inestimable benefits which he conferred upon the country. His scheme for securing disunion among the three estates was to tax the nobles merely for the military service they rendered, to tax the clergy for their religious labors only, and to tax the common people for all the expenses of the State. It must not be supposed that the King accomplished his purpose without opposition, but, although almost incessantly at war with his subjects, he was always victorious. Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, was the most powerful rival of Louis, and had he not been killed early in the struggle Louis might have seen an independent monarchy between him and the German Empire, but as events transpired the Duchy of Burgundy became a part of France. At his death the power of Louis extended to the north and east over several additional provinces, but the victories by which he obtained these had been won by gold and promises rather than by swords, and he left his nation ready for the great wars of conquest that were to follow.

IX. Italian Wars. Charles VIII (1485–1498) was only thirteen years old at the death of Louis, but he was fortunate in the regency of his sister, Anne of Beaujeu, who by her diplomatic management crushed the rebellion of the nobles and secured another province to the crown of France by arranging a marriage for the Dauphin with Anne of Brittany. The

young King was a rash, high-spirited youth, of shallow mind and full of ideas of conquest. With comparatively little opposition he marched his armies the length of the Italian peninsula, established his claim to the throne of Naples, and brought the whole of Italy in subjection to his orders; but he was so cruel, tyrannical and unjust that a league was formed against him, and he was driven back over the Alps.

His successor, Louis XII (1498–1515), had outgrown a wild youth, and under the advice of Cardinal d'Amboise, the first great Minister of France, conducted his domestic affairs to the satisfaction of the people and advanced commerce, industry and the Renaissance arts so successfully that he won from his subjects the title "Father of his People." A second invasion of Italy was successful, but its fruits were largely wasted by a foolish partition of Naples with Spain, whose superior diplomacy and vigorous actions enabled her a few years later to secure the entire control of Naples to herself. The latter years of his reign held for him other reverses, but none of them were of so serious a nature as to destroy his popularity or to any serious extent injure the prosperity of France, which again stood one of the foremost nations of Europe.

The reign of Francis I (1515–1547) may be called the beginning of the real modern France, with both her splendor and her weaknesses. Francis was a learned man, a lover of art and

a brave and skillful soldier, but he was beaten in all diplomatic meetings by Charles V of Spain, an apparently less brilliant man who acquired the title of Emperor, much to the disappointment of his opponent. In his dealings with foreign nations Francis was particularly unfortunate, and though in the wars with Italy he fought heroically, he was defeated, and at Pavia, in 1525, was captured and decoyed to Spain, where Charles V demanded a most extortionate ransom. Finally, Francis agreed to pay the sum, but on his return to France refused, on the ground that his promise had been extorted by duplicity.

Charles of Bourbon, whom Francis had driven by foolish oppression to the Emperor Charles, had sacked Rome and so incensed the other nations that the "Holy League" was formed against Charles V. A French and English army freed the Pope, but again unfortunate acts of Francis alienated the Italian allies, and Charles V established himself supreme. When Francis formed an alliance with the Turks, the hatred of Christendom was so great that France was invaded by both the English and the Spanish, who, however, were not successful in holding their conquests because of movements among the German Protestants which disrupted the alliance against France and brought Charles V and Francis into more friendly terms.

The end of his reign saw France still intact and prosperous, but with no increase of ter-

ritory coming from his long and expensive foreign wars. However, the wars in Italy had brought cultured Italians of all kinds into France, and a remarkable renaissance entered into French art, architecture and literature. Moreover, Italian workers at the decline of Florence came to Lyons and established there the silk industry and other manufactures which still remain important factors in the prosperity of France.

X. Civil Wars. It is not our purpose to follow in detail or even to mention the numerous wars and diplomatic struggles in which France was engaged, but rather from time to time to view her condition and her leaders in such a way as will serve as a background for her literature. The career of Henry II (1547–1559) brought to an end one period of conquest for France and sowed the seeds for terrible internal dissensions.

In the first place, he married the famous Catherine de' Medici, daughter of Lorenzo de' Medici, who exercised so great an influence over succeeding reigns; then a duke of the royal Bourbon branch married the Queen of Navarre, from whom descended Henry IV, whose Protestant training was a fruitful cause of war. Unfortunately, the three sons of Henry II were weak-willed and were dominated by their Italian mother. She was a deep observer of character and possessed a keen insight into the motives of mankind. Moreover, she was an unscrupulous woman, accustomed

to Italian intrigue and wholly insensible to the sufferings of others. During the reigns of her husband and her son, Francis II, who was on the throne scarcely eighteen months, she managed artfully to assist the Huguenots, not because she favored them, but in order to gain their assistance against the Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine, uncles of the beautiful Mary, Queen of Scots, to whom Francis had been married. While appearing to support the Guises, she feared and hated them and her one aim was to control them and establish her own family in supremacy.

At the accession of her second son, Charles IX, then but ten years old, she, as regent, entered upon a course of preposterous cruelty and corruption, playing with England, Spain and the Huguenots and using them unscrupulously to serve her own purpose. In 1562 some Huguenots were massacred by the retinue of Francis of Guise. This was a signal for the conflict that had long been brewing, and the Huguenots rose throughout France and began a civil war which lasted thirty-two years. Both parties called in foreign aid; under Condé the Huguenots gained some successes, and after the assassination of Francis of Guise were granted a limited liberty of worship, but this favor was soon withdrawn, and open warfare again was proclaimed.

Condé and Coligny, the two Huguenot leaders, the latter one of the most devoted of French patriots, who desired the welfare of

France but steadfastly refused to give up his religion, rallied their forces at La Rochelle, and Henry of Navarre joined them. Condé was defeated, and Henry became the head of the Protestant army, with Coligny in actual command. Coligny and his cause seemed prosperous at this time, and he was rapidly gaining influence with the King when Catherine, jealous of his advancement, instigated the rash young Henry of Guise to attempt the assassination of the admiral.

On the eve of St. Bartholomew's Day Paris was filled with Huguenots who were there to witness the marriage of Henry of Navarre to the King's sister, and Catherine perhaps hoped that the murder of Coligny would raise Protestants and Catholics to a war of mutual extermination and leave the King stronger than either faction. The attempt did not succeed, and Catherine, seeing defeat for her plans, prevailed upon the King to allow a Huguenot massacre, August 24, 1572. The soldiers rushed madly through the streets of Paris and slaughtered the Protestants by hundreds. It is estimated that in Paris and other cities where this slaughter lasted for a whole week no fewer than ten thousand persons were foully murdered. The reaction against such cruelty, however, was immediate, and Condé and Navarre were soon able to win peace on better terms than had been granted them previously. Shortly before the assassination of Henry III, which left the country in a state

of anarchy and confusion, Catherine de' Medici died. History says little that is good concerning her, but admits that she had all the Medici passion for art and was active in planning the Tuileries and in enriching the collections of the national libraries.

Henry of Navarre, of whom we have spoken, having finally pledged himself to study Catholic doctrines, was declared King as Henry IV (1589–1619), but was immediately confronted by the Duke of Mayenne, one of the Guises whom he met at Ivry. It was before this battle that Henry is supposed to have uttered the famous words: "If your ensign fail you, rally round my white plume. You will find it in the path that leads to victory and honor." In the victory which followed, Henry established his kingdom thoroughly and entered upon a prosperous reign which terminated the period of civil wars and gave France an opportunity to move forward unrestrained. Yet, his reign was full of quarrels and dissensions, particularly with the Church, until finally the Pope excommunicated the King, who found that his only hope of success lay in surrender to the Papacy. To the superficial observer Henry may appear as a weak and struggling monarch, but his work was of vast importance, for he saw that for the safety of the Empire the temporal power of the Papacy must be curtailed and that the secular nobles must be shorn of some of the influence they had obtained during the period of the civil wars.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU

1585–1642

THE OUTSTANDING AND MOST INFLUENTIAL LEADER IN FRENCH HISTORY, IN THE REIGNS OF LOUIS XIII AND LOUIS XIV.

XI. Cardinal Richelieu. Richelieu was an ambitious prelate when in 1614, by a speech made in the presence of the young King Louis XIII, he attracted the attention of the Queen Mother, Marie de' Medici, the ambitious, corrupt and incompetent regent. Given first a minor appointment in court circles, the rise of Richelieu was rapid until in 1616 he became Secretary for War and Foreign Affairs in the royal council, and after temporary reverses brought about by the King's favorite, De Luynes, he was again restored to the council, appointed a cardinal in the Church and given the position of Prime Minister. From this point to the end of his life he remained the real head of France, king in everything but name.

His varied activities and abilities were marvelous—seventy-four treaties were negotiated by him; he wrote ably; encouraged art; founded the French Academy; started the first French political newspaper, and fostered culture so successfully that the development of the fine arts, so striking a characteristic of the reign of Louis XIV, became possible. Indeed, many of the achievements usually ascribed to the latter King were the direct results of the plans and designs of Richelieu. Although an invalid the greater part of his life, he never gave up to pain nor fell before the plots of his enemies, plots which, numerous and dangerous, followed each other in rapid succession; but always Richelieu met them with courage,

and disposed of the plotters with a stern disregard of mercy. He brought France into the Thirty Years' War and finally obtained for her the natural boundaries, defensible because of the contour of the country—the boundaries which have prevailed practically to the present time.

While Louis XI had freed himself from the control of his nobles, they had continued to be a troublesome factor in the government of the kingdom, but Richelieu in a series of contests wholly subdued them, destroyed their castles or opened such great breaches in their walls as to make them easy of capture, and gave to Louis XIV an absolutism in government which he was ready to assume. As the great cardinal is said to have remarked, he died leaving no enemies but those of France, and his whole career had embodied but the one idea, the aggrandizement of his fatherland. A worthy successor to Richelieu was found in Mazarin, a noble Sicilian, educated for the law, but who became cardinal in the Church and Prime Minister of France.

XII. Louis XIV (1643–1715). Louis XIII attempted by his will to prevent his wife, Anne of Austria, from becoming regent for his five-year-old son, but the French Parlement set aside the will and made Anne sole regent for Louis XIV during his long minority. Her first aid was the wily Italian politician, Cardinal Mazarin, mentioned in the last section. Though he lacked the originality of Richelieu,

he had been trained by the latter and carried many of his plans to a successful conclusion. After the close of the Thirty Years' War France was torn again by civil contentions, while Spain ravaged the frontier, but the rebellion of the great Condé was finally overcome; and when, in 1652, Louis XIV entered Paris, he found it ready for his absolute sway, those who had instigated the rebellion of the Fronde exiled or put to death, and the Parlement effectually muzzled.

It was the period of the great revolution in England, when Cromwell, Lord Protector, sought to become arbiter of Europe. Mazarin was successful in obtaining the influence of Cromwell for France, and in the wars which followed to expand still farther the boundaries of the kingdom and to secure as wife for Louis XIV Maria Theresa, daughter of the Spanish King, although he was forced to renounce all claim to the Spanish throne.

In 1642 the subtle cardinal died, and Louis, then twenty-two years of age, a self-controlled, dignified and tactful young man, assumed all the responsibilities of the throne and entered upon his splendid rule without a Prime Minister. Throughout the fifty-four long years which constituted his reign, Louis toiled regularly many hours each day, mastering the details of his kingdom and conscientiously striving to advance her renown and increase the power and splendor of the throne. Only two longer reigns are recorded in history.

It may be said that the accession of Louis marked the end in Europe of medieval times, and that thereafter society formed itself on modern models. Religious wars ceased to be of importance, and political intrigues turned into warfare between the nations struggling for supremacy. The absolutism of the age expressed itself in the famous remark of Louis, who summed up his position thus: *"L'etat, c'est moi"* (I am the State). Louis was of a character to substantiate his claim, and well he earned the title of the "Grand Monarch." Splendor in the court, extravagance of expense everywhere in gorgeous displays, blinded the nation to the real condition of things and established the fame of the King; in fact, all Europe was dazzled by the show and impressed by his demands for unusual obedience.

After the fashion of Augustus and other noble rulers of classic times, he gathered in his court the wit and wisdom of the continent. The greatest writers of France contributed to all occasions, while interesting games, allegorical displays and theatrical presentations gave an air of lively permanence to the period, which is known in history as the *grand siecle* (golden age). The effect of this display on French character was soon manifest, and the King's immorality, as well as his dress and manner, were copied by the nobles and wealthy of the land, who willingly abased their characters if they might but obtain royal favor.

Such extravagance, however, bore fruit in the latter years of his reign in great penury and suffering on the part of the lower classes of France, who gradually sank almost to a state of barbarism and began to feel that rebellious spirit which in later years, under less competent kings, brought about the Revolution. The internal administration of Louis was probably the least creditable part of his management, and though it met with success it made him a host of enemies.

Nicholas Fouquet, the first superintendent of finances, incurred the enmity of some of the nobles, and to satisfy them Louis removed him from office and condemned him to lifelong imprisonment. His successor, Colbert, was a man of forbidding exterior, who, however, understood finances thoroughly, was a master of figures, and having been trained under Mazarin, was wily enough to reëstablish the credit of the kingdom and obtain for Louis the vast sums which he needed by a system of tariff and taxation which gave greater freedom to internal commerce and placed the burden upon luxuries and foreigners bringing their produce to French markets. By prohibiting the exportation of corn he prevented the miserable peasants from obtaining money which they might easily have gotten from all of Europe, for France was then the great grain-producing country of the continent; his protective tariffs complicated the relations of France with other countries.

It should be remembered that under Henry IV French domination extended over the valley of the St. Lawrence in America; that Marquette, Joliet and La Salle had entered the Mississippi Valley, and that in 1682 La Salle had founded St. Louis and named the great Mississippi Valley *Louisiana,* in honor of the Grand Monarch. The French court was aware of the great opportunity offered by colonization and colonial empire, but Louis prevented his talented commanders from carrying his arms abroad, preferring to make himself master of Europe first. Further mismanagement of the American colonies followed, and the inhabitants were driven to take refuge with the English. Thus, in the series of wars which followed, France lost many of her colonies, particularly in the north, though along the valleys of the Mississippi and the Ohio and in Canada the French upheld their rule alone and unaided until the middle of the eighteenth century, when the defeat of France on the continent lost to her all American possessions.

When in 1715 the Grand Monarch died, he had lost his son and his grandson, had dissipated practically all the resources of his great kingdom and France fell into the hands of his five-year-old great-grandson, under the regency of a libertine nephew, Philip of Orleans. To his successor Louis's words were: "I have been too fond of war. Do not imitate me in that. Lighten the burdens of your people."

We shall see that in art, science and literature the age of Louis was really the golden age of France, and regret to learn that such brilliancy should be the precursor of such awful tyranny.

XIII. Absolutism Fails. During the period which followed, the French were in reality a people without a leader, disunited, desperate, conscious of the loss of liberty, and seeing everywhere the other capitals of Europe grow more powerful, so that even at the death of the Grand Monarch despotism had begun to decline and skepticism was abroad in the land. Philip and his evil minister, Dubois, introduced unrestrained vice into the court, where it had previously conceded at least the necessity for partial concealment. With all his bad qualities, however, Philip was progressive, and might have restored in a measure some of the liberties of the country had he not everywhere met with opposition.

Louis XV was a feeble child who gave little promise of living to manhood, and the succession to his throne began to interest other nations, particularly the Spanish. So entangled in relationship have been the reigning houses of Europe that causes for war over a succession are often not far to seek, and now France found herself involved with several nations in vital struggles that further sapped her resources. Louis XV, however, disappointed the intriguers and lived to reign in France for many a year. Following his apt tutor, the re-

gent, he joined in all the vices of the court and lavished whatever money he could obtain on his mistresses, especially on Madame de Pompadour, and later on Madame du Barry. The humiliation which the country felt over the loss of her colonies, however, was more than overshadowed by the bitterness which arose from the excessive taxes necessary to support the lavish luxury of the King, and toward the end of the reign of Louis the Parlement of Paris unsuccessfully attempted to curtail the privileges of the Crown. When Louis died he left his country bankrupt and ready for the Revolution, for all attempts at reform had failed; the people had grown rebellious, and had begun to realize their power.

XIV. The Revolution. The failure of absolutism to care for the people may be given as the one fundamental cause of the Revolution, but to assign it solely to the poverty and suffering of the peasants and lower classes is to show a lack of understanding of the real situation. There was poverty and there was suffering, but a united nation can bear both without a rebellious thought if they are satisfied that everything possible is being done for them. The heartless measures of Louis XV had brought royalty into contempt, and that its power was waning no one felt more certainly than Louis himself, as is shown by his famous remark, "After me, the deluge."

Next to the failure of the King to provide for his subjects, the gross inequalities in classes

or rank were inciting causes. It was the period of the American Revolution, and France watched with jealous eye the progress of freedom in the United States. Here, however, liberty was the one and only thing demanded, while, on the other side, joined to the cry for liberty was the equally stern demand for equality and fraternity, the establishment of which could only mean the complete overthrow of the whole system which was based upon privilege, inequality and class distinction. The nobility of France had increased to more than a hundred thousand because of the frequent use of the King's power to ennoble those who paid well for the distinction. None of the nobility were taught to work; in fact, labor of any kind was considered a disgrace, while in England only the oldest son was a drain upon the commonwealth. The clergy, the second estate, numbered considerably over a hundred thousand, of whom the lower ranks worked honestly, lovingly and frugally for the souls of the people, but the upper class, sharing all the skepticism and vice of the day, were as great a burden upon the nation as the secular lords. The remainder of the population in the latter years of the reign of Louis XV numbered about twenty-five million, and included not only the peasants who labored on the lands, but the great class of merchants, manufacturers, professional men and workers in the trades. The injustice of assessments, the expense and difficulty of collection and the great burden of

royal extravagance fell upon this third estate, whose voice could never be heard in the imposition of taxes. There were no courts able to establish justice between the classes or, if there were, they were so venal that justice went to the highest bidder.

Unfortunately for royalty, there came into prominence at that time a group of intellectual giants who thought deeply and spoke and wrote courageously and convincingly. Voltaire, the destructive critic of absolutism; Rousseau, who traced all power to the people and argued that in them alone was the power of government; and Montesquieu, who elaborated an able philosophy of society in harmony with his compatriots, spoke to enthusiastic audiences and were heard by all classes throughout the realm. The reading and discussion of the new ideas set all France afire, and as the court grew more and more entangled in its efforts to secure the means for subsistence, the people saw more clearly the ghastly failure of monarchy and the necessity of taking upon themselves the power which they felt belonged to them.

The period was not without efforts at reform, and able Ministers tried repeatedly to stem the tide of disorder and revolution. Under Louis XVI (1774–1779), Turgot, Necker and the wily Ministers of the Queen, Marie Antoinette, failed completely in all their efforts, and succeeded only in postponing briefly the inevitable day. It is useless to speculate on what might have happened if

Louis had been a strong and competent monarch, but, as a matter of fact, he was far from being equal to a less grave situation. Of excellent moral character, he was still listless, weak-willed and vacillating, and much better satisfied to amuse himself as a locksmith than by endeavoring to stem the tide of a revolution. Relying on his Ministers, he nevertheless hampered them by his changeableness, and was always expecting somebody to rescue him from his difficulties. Marie Antoinette had gained an ascendancy over Louis at about the time when the popularity with which she was first acclaimed Queen had begun to lose power because of her childish escapades and general tactlessness. The nobles were dissatisfied with her, called her "that Austrian woman," and the people were not behind them in their contempt.

In the midst of all these troubles, and with every class in France stirred to its depths, there came a widespread cry for the States-General, but when it met it was unable to cope with the situation; the army became disaffected when the nobles refused to coöperate with the third estate, and the latter boldly took matters into their own hands. Imagining themselves about to be attacked, they met and solemnly swore never to disband until they had given France a constitution. Louis seemed unable to understand the gravity of the situation and attempted to satisfy the indignant representatives by granting certain reforms, but still in-

sisting that the States-General should vote by orders, which, of course, would take the control of affairs out of the hands of the third estate. Mirabeau, one of the greatest orators of France, led the third estate in opposition to this; the Marquis de Lafayette, who had fought in America, joined the third estate; and the frightened King yielded to their demands, but it was too late to stop the course of the Revolution. Stirring events followed one upon another with great rapidity. Between May, 1789, and May, 1804, France was under seven different forms of government, none of which was satisfactory. In June, 1789, a National Assembly of about twelve hundred members was called, but Louis and his Ministers found themselves hampered and thwarted by the army and the mobs of Paris. The Bastille, the synonym of monarchial oppression, was torn down and more than a hundred rebels and soldiers lost their lives. It was the first blood of the Revolution. The example of Paris was followed throughout France; the castles of the nobles were burned, peasants destroyed the ancient land deeds and records of feudal titles, and it was long before the National Guard was able to restore even a semblance of order. Even Minister Necker, who had been recalled by the King, finally recognized the revolutionary government, and donned the tricolor cockade, the badge of the Revolution.

In 1791 France was under a Legislative Assembly of about seven hundred fifty members,

over which Louis was supposed to rule, but, as a matter of fact, he was the merest figurehead. The King had agreed to support the constitution which was being formed, but in June, 1791, finding himself practically a prisoner in Paris, he changed his plans and fled toward the Rhine border, where an Austrian army stood ready to intervene in his behalf. His flight was absurdly planned and ostentatiously carried out, so that he was quickly recognized, stopped by the angry populace and brought back to Paris amidst the scorn of his subjects.

Danton, a loud-mouthed demagogue, but a powerful leader of the half-crazed mob, demanded the King's dethronement, and, although at first Lafayette dispersed the group, the rebel leader continued to gain in influence. Austria and the other nations of Central Europe viewed with alarm the rise of republican sentiment in France, while the subjects of Louis fought in foreign wars to find a justification for their course by publicly showing the inefficiency of Louis. The first campaign showed the weakness of the army in its disorganized condition, but the plan for the retreat of the troops was laid at the door of the Queen, and the royal family was openly charged with siding with the Austrians.

Meanwhile, the mobs of Paris were growing in numbers and in bloodthirsty intent, and finally were prepared to attack the King himself. The Assembly was intimidated, and the mob marched to the royal palace, where the

King's Swiss Guards, a thousand strong, were practically all killed after they had been ordered to avoid bloodshed and retire. The palace was sacked, the Legislative Assembly, coerced by the mob, suspended the King, and the royal family was imprisoned in the Temple. In 1792 a new legislature met and proclaimed France a Republic. Until this time the party in control was known as the Girondists, and for the first year after the formation of the Republic they struggled manfully against the Jacobins, but in the end were overthrown by the new party, whose cruelty and bloodthirstiness placed France under the reign of the blackest Terror. The Jacobins soon brought the King to trial. He was condemned to death and executed in January, 1793. On the sixteenth of October Marie Antoinette followed her husband to the guillotine.

By June of that year the Jacobins had become strong enough to arrest and put to death the leaders of the Girondists, and thus they held matters entirely in their own hands. Disaster and defeat were now meeting the armies of the French in the field, and the outlook was dark in every direction. The horrors of the Terror can scarcely be conceived. It is said that in July, 1794, one hundred ninety-six citizens per week were sent to the guillotine in Paris, and in the provinces the condition was little better.

Marat had been killed at his bath by Charlotte Corday, the giant Danton had retired,

ROBESPIERRE
1758–1794

and Robespierre had become supreme through his sincerity and general integrity. Bloodshed, however, had no terrors for him, and, having obtained the control of affairs, he carried the Terror among the leaders of the revolutionists, and the Committee of Safety, under which Paris was then ruled, decreed the death of Danton and other leaders. Under it all, there was in Robespierre an aristocratic ambition for distinction, but no sooner had he given evidence of his intention than the desperate Convention, fearing for their own lives, decreed his death, and on the twenty-eighth of July, 1794, he, too, was sent to the guillotine, and the Black Terror was ended.

XV. Napoleon Bonaparte. The more moderate members of the Convention who had been expelled earlier were now brought back, and in 1795, by a new constitution, the government was placed in the hands of a Directory of five persons and two legislative bodies, the Council of Ancients and the Council of Five Hundred. When an attempt was made to enforce this constitution, an insurrection in Paris was the result, and it was in the suppression of this riot that Napoleon Bonaparte first became really prominent. At this time French foreign relations were in a most unfortunate condition, but in spite of the Terror and the sudden changes in government the army as a whole had remained loyal, so that it was an instrument ready at hand to again reëstablish national honor in the eyes of the world.

In 1796 the Directory authorized an invasion of Italy, and Napoleon, with a ragged army of forty thousand, drove forward against the Austrians. The four commands which are said to have governed his forces were: "Divide for finding provisions; concentrate to fight; unity of command is necessary for success; time is everything." Obeying these to the letter, his troops won a number of brilliant victories in Italy, invaded Austria, and finally obtained a satisfactory treaty of peace in October, 1797. In December of that year Napoleon returned to Paris, entered it in triumph, and seemed in a fair way to realize his ambition, but the Directory, becoming jealous of so powerful a rival, sent him to strike at English commercial and colonial interests along the Mediterranean and in India. He seized the island of Malta, conquered Egypt, and then, after his fleet was destroyed by Nelson in Aboukir Bay, he marched on into Palestine, won two victories over the Turkish army and marched north. Here he learned that French arms in Europe had suffered defeat, and that the government was tottering. Recognizing his opportunity, he deserted his army and returned to France, where he landed in October, 1799, and was hailed as a conqueror. Three weeks later he overthrew the Directory and put himself at the head of affairs.

From this time to his death the history of Napoleon was practically the history of France. Under the new constitution which he

caused to be drawn up he was made First Consul, and at once took upon himself the entire management of affairs, leaving his two consular brethren as mere figureheads. The French, tired of bloodshed and anarchy, welcomed Napoleon and submitted graciously to his new government, which on the whole was sagacious and effective, but he was more a warrior than a statesman and was soon embroiled in that series of conflicts with other nations which finally made him the master of Europe. In 1802 he was proclaimed Consul for life by the Senate, and two years later he caused himself to be crowned Emperor of the French, after having received over three million votes of the people in favor of this measure. Once again France was under the control of an absolute monarch, though a very different personage from the vacillating Louis. Napoleon made few changes in the details of government, and thus aroused few antagonists among his subjects. Moreover, the course of his arms was so successful, his victories so dazzling, that he was everywhere followed with loyalty and devotion. His career was stained by many an act of cruelty and treachery, but it must be admitted he left France in a far better condition than he had found it.

Alarmed by Napoleon's increasing power, England and the continental nations combined against him, and after his disastrous retreat from Moscow and the capture of Paris in May, 1814, compelled him to abdicate. By agree-

ment with the allies, he was allowed the sovereignty of the island of Elba, with the title of Emperor, and a revenue of six million francs. The allies, regarding Napoleon and not France as their enemy, treated her with considerable generosity. The claims of Napoleon's son were disregarded, and a brother of Louis XVI was restored to the French throne as Louis XVIII. Neither he nor the French nobility seemed to have learned anything from the disasters of the Revolution, and it was not long before France was again in a rebellious mood and ready to welcome Napoleon. Then, after a residence of ten months, the ex-Emperor made his escape from Elba, landed in France, where the army gathered about him, made a triumphal march to Paris, dethroned Louis XVIII, and for a hundred days astounded Europe with his meteoric career, which ended, however, in the bloody battle of Waterloo. Paris was again in the hands of the allies; Napoleon abdicated in favor of his son, and surrendered to a British man-of-war. By an agreement of the allies, he was conveyed to the island of St. Helena, where he was confined for the rest of his life.

XVI. The Second Monarchy. From 1815 to 1848 France was again in the hands of the royalists. Louis XVIII, who reigned from 1814 to 1824, brought comparative peace and regeneration to the land and made conditions of life much better than they had previously been; the nation recuperated from the destruc-

tive wars of the Napoleonic reign, and the future appeared most promising, though the people, having tasted power, were in no mood for renewed tyranny.

At the death of Louis XVIII, his younger brother, a haughty believer in divine right, succeeded him as Charles X (1824–1830). His tyrannous actions and arbitrary assumption of powers that belonged to the people disgusted them, and the republicans rose in opposition, barricaded the streets of Paris, and again fought under the tricolor. For three days in the latter part of July, 1830, the royal soldiers fought against overwhelming odds and under the contempt of the populace. Then part of them deserted to the insurgents, and the remainder left Paris.

The republicans drove the Swiss Guard from the Louvre and, desiring neither a republic nor the absolutism of Charles X, established a constitutional monarchy, and Louis Philippe I (1830–1848) was made emperor, while Charles X fled to Great Britain. The new ruler, established, not by divine right but by the will of the people, or at least by the will of Paris, set himself to win his way into the family of nations, and as they were abundantly busy with troubles of their own, they paid little attention to troublesome conditions in France, where discontent was rife again. The revolutionists, dissatisfied with the fruits of their victory, demanded the glories of the Convention and the establishment of republican doctrines. In the

first ten years the Ministry was changed ten times, and not a few riots were put down with costly bloodshed. Twenty-three attempts were made upon the King's life.

Still, Louis kept his footing by cleverness and dexterity, and by his democratic manners gained the title of "Citizen King"; but as success came his way he grew more arbitrary, and numerous disaffections arose among his friends. He was corrupt in his methods, attempted to enrich his own family, and when the Dauphin was killed in a runaway accident, France foresaw a period of disorder during the minority of the King's grandson. Two years of poor crops roused the discontent of the peasants, workmen grew rebellious at the idleness which labor-saving machinery had brought among them, and socialistic doctrines were preached everywhere. Finally, in 1848, Louis, frightened by the rising turmoil and the bloody acts of the Paris mob, abdicated in favor of his grandson and fled the country. A provisional government, which seemed to arise out of nothing, on February 25th of the same year, proclaimed the Second Republic. The Revolution was almost bloodless, but it was not looked upon with favor by other European nations, because practically all the rebellious subjects wanted was the right to vote, and they destroyed a comparatively excellent government that might easily have been reformed.

XVII. The Second Republic. The Second Republic was established by a group of men

who were unable to retain the advantage they had seized. The socialists gained control, adopted the red flag, and proceeded on a violent career in which they plundered and burned the homes of the nobles and the wealthy and finally brought into Paris worlds of idle workmen, who organized in semi-military fashion and terrorized the city. In the latter part of June, 1848, Paris was the scene of more bloodshed than it had ever witnessed and order was only brought about when the French army cleared the barricaded streets and exiled thousands of prisoners. Thereupon the Assembly drew up a constitution modeled upon that of the United States, but wholly unsuited to France. The power was vested in a President, who was to be elected for a term of four years, and at the first election the most popular man was Louis Napoleon, son of Napoleon's brother. His short presidency was a period of continued struggle with the Assembly, over which he finally triumphed, and, rallying about him the partisans of royalty, he seized the city of Paris, dispersed the Assembly and the Supreme Court, and established himself in absolute power. Then by cunning schemes he succeeded in winning an election, which enabled him to become the head of the second imperial dynasty as Napoleon III.

XVIII. The Franco-Prussian War. The aristocracy of Europe hesitated to recognize Bonaparte, although after his marriage to the beautiful Spanish Duchess Eugenie, he placat-

ed many of his enemies, but he was never able to gain the friendship and support of the old nobility or the scholarly part of his Empire. However, he conducted affairs superficially, in this imitating the first Napoleon, flattered the masses, favored public improvements, gave work to thousands of laborers, and rebuilt Paris so that its narrow streets should no longer afford refuge to the rebellious citizens. Moreover, his reign marked a revival in literature, science and art, and the fame of France grew through the work of many important writers with whose careers we shall become more familiar.

For about ten years Napoleon III ruled absolutely, suppressing several attempts at revolt, and but for complication in general affairs he might have maintained his position. The Crimean War and the War with Italy were so unsuccessful that the prestige of French arms faded, and one fiasco followed another to the detriment of his popularity. Events had been proceeding rapidly among the nations of Central Europe, and suddenly Napoleon awakened to the fact that Prussia was all-powerful, at the head of the confederated states of North Germany. The shrewd statesmanship of Bismarck checked Napoleon at every turn, and finally he decided to take up arms against his powerful rival. An occasion for war appeared when Spain offered the crown to a Hohenzollern prince allied both to Napoleon and King William of Prussia. France protested against

what she considered a restoration of the empire of Charles V, and insisted that the Prussians should give a guarantee against the proposed alliance. Bismarck curtly refused, in a manner which was considered patriotic by Germany but as an insult by France, and when King William openly affronted the French ambassador, France enthusiastically declared war in July, 1870. Napoleon had much underestimated the strength of Prussia, and had placed too great confidence in his own army. The war was brief and disastrous to France, and in January, 1871, Paris, reduced to the last extremity, capitulated to the Germans, after a siege of one hundred thirty-one days. This marked the downfall of the Emperor, and a provisional government was established, consisting of an Assembly and First Executive.

XIX. The Third Republic. Two days after the defeat at Sedan, France had proclaimed the Third Republic. In the next February the war party under Gambetta was defeated by popular vote, and Thiers was chosen as the first President, though the realm had no definite form of government. On the conclusion of peace with Germany, the action of the Assembly was so unpopular in Paris that the Commune, or city government, headed a revolt, and a bitter civil war ensued, which lasted to the end of May, 1871. Again Paris was filled with blood; no quarter was given; the Communists fired some of the chief buildings, wrecked palaces and succeeded almost in destroying the

art treasures of the Louvre. Gradually, however, the revolutionists were conquered and suppressed, and by executions and banishment the new government broke the power of the mob.

When this civil war was ended, France again showed her wonderful recuperative power, and having drawn up a constitution which provided for a legislative body of two chambers, elections were held, and the new government proceeded to strengthen itself and provide for the future. Insurrections were not all over, but under a succession of wise Presidents the progress of France was rapid until once more she assumed her position among the great nations of Europe, and the government appeared competent to control successfully its internal affairs and hold its own against the aggressions of the rest of Europe. Germany had taken Alsace-Lorraine from France in 1871, and the defeated nation resented the fact so seriously that an occasion for future warfare was ever present; in 1914 the World War began.

XX. Paris. The city of Paris, one of the most famous in the world, grew up without definite plan and contained a dense population living in crowded houses on narrow, crooked streets. This condition enabled the revolutionists to hold the city against large bodies of troops and helped to make possible those sanguinary conflicts which the great city has seen. Within the last century, however, the city has been practically remodeled, and as a

result wide avenues intersect the city in every direction, making communication between its parts direct and easy. The building laws are now very strict, and in few sections are there remaining any of the squalid tenements that used to disfigure the whole city. As a whole, it is one of the most beautiful cities of the world and a center of literary and artistic life.

The Seine River, flowing through the center, is a thoroughfare for boats and forms a part of the transportation system of the city, as well as an entry for commerce. In the river near the center of the city is the Ile de la Cite, on which is situated the famous Cathedral of Notre Dame; the Palace of Justice, where the courts of law are held; and the famous Conciergerie, within whose walls Marie Antoinette, Robespierre and other famous personages were confined. The river, which is from three hundred to five hundred feet in width, is spanned by more than thirty magnificent bridges; one of these has been in existence for over four hundred years, and others are more than three hundred years old. Parkways, statuary and historic relics adorn these bridges, many of which have been built as historic mementos by kings of past centuries.

In the northwestern part of Paris is the Place de l'Etoile (Place of the Star), in the center of which is the largest triumphal arch in existence and from which radiate twelve great avenues, chief among which is the Champs Elysées, which with some changes of

direction and under different names runs southeast to the Place de la Bastille. The site of this historic prison is now marked by a bronze column one hundred fifty-four feet high, known as the Column of July, erected in commemoration of the six hundred fifteen citizens who fell in the Revolution of 1830. The Champs Elysées proper ends at the Place de la Concorde, where at one time the blood of Frenchmen flowed in torrents from the guillotines of the Revolution, and which is famous for many other occurrences. In its center stands a granite obelisk which once belonged in front of the gateway of the Temple of Luxor, in Upper Egypt. The garden of the Tuileries, now a beautiful playground, lies just beyond, and a little farther is the palace of the Louvre, with its wonderful treasures of art and history.

Paris has long been famed for the magnificence of its churches, palaces and other public buildings. Chief of these is the Louvre, a group of magnificent buildings on the bank of the Seine. It was begun in 1204, and has served the purpose of fortress, prison and castle. Successive kings have enlarged and adorned the original building, until little of the "Old Louvre" remains. The new Louvre was begun by Napoleon I as a museum for the art treasures which he obtained from the nations that he conquered, and was completed by Napoleon III in 1857. The great extent of the buildings and their elegant and

sumptuous architecture distinguish them almost as much as the masterpieces of art and sculpture which they contain. Taken as a whole, it is the most extensive and varied museum in Europe, although much injured by the Communists, who destroyed the imperial library and many valuable relics.

The Hotel des Invalides, which has been in existence since 1670, is a home for disabled soldiers, and has a fine collection of relics in its military museum. After Notre Dame, the Church of the Madeleine, a handsome imitation of a Greek temple gorgeously decorated within, is probably the most noted religious edifice.

Originally built as a church, the Pantheon is now considered solely a memorial to the great men of France. The Bibliotheque Nationale (National Library) contains nearly 2,750,000 volumes, many of them exceedingly rare and of great historic value.

No city of the world equals Paris in its art collections, in the opportunities it offers to students of painting and the fine arts, in the excellence and varied character of the objects of art and luxury which its stores contain, or in the opportunities for indulgence in the luxuries of the world, conditions which long ago made it the center of tourist travel from everywhere.

CHAPTER II

LITERATURE OF THE MIDDLE AGES

I. CHANSONS DE GESTE

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE. After the conquest of Gaul by Julius Caesar, Latin gradually became the predominant language of that country. It was not, however, the literary Latin, but the *lingua Romana rustica,* or the spoken idiom of the merchants, the colonizers and the legionaries who composed the conquering army. In four hundred years this Latin had become the language of all Gaul, and the original Celtic tongue had died away so completely that except in Brittany very few traces of it were left.

However, the different races of Gaul soon established two forms of the language, which are still easily recognizable. At the time of Charlemagne, that part of his Empire beyond the Rhine spoke the German dialect, while those to the south approached more nearly the

Roman tongue; from these customs was bred the great distinction which has always held between the idioms of France. The two leading dialects are named according to the words *oil* (*oui*) and *oc,* which mean *yes* in the respective idioms. The first, which was the more important and which became the basis of modern French, is known as the *langue d'oil,* while the second, which became modern Provençal, was the *langue d'oc,* just as the language of Italy is called the *langue de si* and German the *langue de ya.*

In the tenth century the invasion of the Normans supplied new elements to the northern dialect, and the virile race stamped upon the language the impression of their own genius. This new language became Norman-French, which at the time of William the Conqueror was introduced into England and enforced, by rigorous laws, in the court and throughout the kingdom. From the beginning of the twelfth century, however, the two dialects have been known as Provençal and French, the former falling into comparative disuse and now heard only among the common people in Provence and other southern provinces. Thus it is seen that our modern French is strictly a Romance language, but restricted and hardened by Germanic influences from the north. Hence the *langue d'oui* is deficient in the rhythm which is so strong a characteristic of the Italian and Spanish languages, and gradually has lost the metrical character of the Latin. For this rea-

son French has lent itself more to rhetorical measure than to poetic forms, and elegant prose is more common than poetry.

The greatest influence which France exerted over European civilization was put forth during the glorious reign of Louis XIV, during which period French bid fair to become the international language; in fact, politicians and the upper classes everywhere used it, and scholars of all nations wrote in French to increase the number of their readers. At the time of Voltaire the language was at the height of its refinement, though his genius is said to have robbed it of part of its wealth and originality. Although at the present time English and German have crowded the graceful language out of commerce and the business of the world, yet it is still the language of over forty million people in France, Belgium, Switzerland and part of Canada, and everywhere it is still regarded as the most refined among the languages of the world.

II. Provencal Literature. The earliest evidence of any Romance language is found in the fragment of a translation into Provençal of Boëthius, which dates from the tenth century and is interesting only linguistically. It was in the next century that Provençal literature really began and entered upon that brief but brilliant career which terminated at the end of the thirteenth century. Its greatest accomplishments were in the lyric love poems of the troubadours, though it has an extensive

literature in other lines. The *canso,* or most elaborate lyric, was from five to seven stanzas in length, with complicated rhymes and using as a subject almost invariably the extravagant devotion of the lover to his mistress, a devotion which seemed to find its greatest reward in sleepless nights, failing health and utter misery unless the beauteous damsel proved favorable to an eloquent suit. The easy rhymes, the exquisite harmony and the tender sentiments of these old songs make them of highest artistic value, though the subject matter may have long since ceased to interest the reader. Schlegel says: "In order to enjoy these songs which have charmed so many noble sovereigns, so many gallant knights, so many ladies celebrated for their beauty, it is necessary to listen to the troubadours themselves and to learn their language."

However influential the Provençal may have been at one time and however charming and delightful the work of its writers, yet its utter disappearance from modern literature and its failure to accomplish anything really great, afford justification for giving it no further space in this work. A more detailed discussion of the troubadours and the trouveres may be found elsewhere.

III. Chansons de Geste. The oldest remains of the French language are found in the so-called Strasburg Oaths (842). The oldest French poem survives only in a redaction of the middle of the eleventh century. The oldest

poetic spirit found its inspiration either in a passionate piety or an equally powerful fervor of combat, and the warlike and religious motives appear in the lives of saints and in the *chansons de geste,* which grew side by side and developed in a similar manner. During the latter part of the tenth century and the beginning of the eleventh, a large and important group of minor epic poems was produced in the French language. The origin of these is somewhat obscure, and they do not appear to have been compiled as similar works were in other countries—from a preceding collection of ballads. Uniformly they treat of French history, and finally center around Charlemagne as the epic hero. Their name, which signifies *heroic song,* indicates their epic character and that they were written to be sung or recited and not to be read from manuscript. Over a hundred of these, averaging something like six thousand lines each, are in existence, but the oldest and the best of all is the *Chanson de Roland.*

Charlemagne, the great Emperor, successful in his wars against his neighbors, and the great champion of Faith against Islam, is the natural and central figure of epic interest. Undoubtedly there was some foundation in fact for the numerous legends which cluster about his name, but in process of time fancy took the place of fact, and wild exaggerations and impossible incidents were included in the tales. His fame spread abroad and affected the litera-

ture of all the Romance countries, each apparently vying with the other in the incorporation of romantic incidents, such as children nourished by wild beasts, heroes vulnerable only in one point, combats between father and son who are unrecognized by each other, and so on through the array of tales that are in every nation a part of the early literature.

IV. THE "CHANSON DE ROLAND." The manuscript of the *Chanson de Roland* was obtained in some way by Sir Kenelm Digby, and was by him given to the Bodleian Library in 1634, where it lay forgotten until early in the nineteenth century. The manuscript, which it is generally agreed appeared originally in the latter part of the eleventh century, is a small octavo with vellum leaves, suitable to be carried in the pocket of a trouvere. The writing is inferior, and as for the authorship of the poem nothing can be definitely known.

The publication of the work in 1837 marked an era in French literature, and the popularity of the poem was instant. Moreover, it was a popularity which extended beyond France, as the song passed through many editions and appeared in different forms in Germany and other countries. The French hailed it as their national epic, and it has a value which justifies them in their belief, although many things in it seem to be exaggerated and trifling. Perhaps, however, it is unfair to mention the defects in an old poem that has so much feeling and which in so many other ways is admirable.

The great national heroes of other lands are purely mythical or, at least, cannot be placed with certainty in history. Charlemagne, however, is a distinct historical character, and it is curious that around him only of the conquerors of the world should have gathered so many legends of so mythical a character and that they should have extended into all parts of his vast domain and have become a portion of the literary heritage of every nation. Like the mythical Arthur of England, Charlemagne had his twelve peers, or knights, and to each of these have been attributed adventures innumerable. The greatest of all, however, was Roland; and that Roland existed and was killed in the disaster at Roncesvalles is certain.

In the year 777 Charlemagne entered into negotiations with the Saracen governor of Saragossa, who desired the assistance of the Christian King against the Ommiad usurper. Charlemagne welcomed the opportunity to enter Spain, and the following year crossed the Pyrenees through the Vale of Roncesvalles and moved straight for Saragossa. However, the invasion of the Christians had united all the Moslems; Charlemagne's advance was checked, and it is said that, having received large presents and promises of fidelity from the Saracens of Northern Spain, he withdrew his troops and marched back into France. On the way, however, his rear guard was attacked by the Basques, or Gascons, and utterly exterminated. As Eginhard says:

The King brought back his army safe and undiminished, save that in passing the heights of the Pyrenees, on his return, he had to suffer somewhat from the perfidy of the Basques. For while the army, compelled thereto by the nature of the ground and the straitness of the defile, marched in a long and narrow line, the Basques, who lay in ambush on the crest of the mountain (for the denseness of the abundant forest was favorable to ambuscades), rushed suddenly from the heights on the men who were stationed in the rear guard to protect those in front. The Basques cast them down into the valley beneath, and in the battle that ensued, slew them to the last man. Having pillaged the baggage, they made their escape, and rapidly dispersed under favor of the night, which was now drawing on. The success of the Basques was greatly due to the lightness of their arms and the character of the ground. The Franks, on the other hand, heavily armed, and placed in an unfavorable position, were in every respect an unequal match for their enemies. In this battle perished Aeggihard, provost of the royal table; Anselm, count of the palace; and Roland (Hruotlandus), prefect of the March of Brittany. There was no means of taking vengeance for this blow, for the enemy dispersed so rapidly that no information could be had of the place where they were to be found.

The Song of Roland takes a number of liberties with historic facts, and builds up a myth that is strikingly different from the real story. For instance, in the poem the destruction of the rear guard is attributed to the Mohammedans and not to the Gascons of the hills, and it is Marsilius, the Saracen King of Saragossa, whose forces outnumbered twenty fold the Christians and destroyed them. Again, Charlemagne, who at the time must have been in the

strength of early manhood, is represented as of an extremely old age. His retreat was occasioned not by the failure of his enterprise, but by a treacherous stratagem of a relative and bosom friend.

Ganelon, the villain of the story, is the stepfather of Roland, who has become much embittered at the popularity of his stepson. Accordingly, when he is sent on a mission to the Saracens, he forms a treacherous alliance with them, arranges for an attack on the rear guard in the pass of Roncesvalles and secures from Charlemagne the appointment of Roland to command the rear guard, so that he may be killed with his followers. Roland was not the nephew of Charlemagne, but he has always been represented as the chief exponent of Frankish chivalry, almost equaled, it is true, by his *fidus Achates,* the gallant, sage and devoted Olivier. Roland, it appears, was betrothed to the fair Alda, the sister of Olivier, but she is mentioned twice only in the poem. Another instance in which the poem has departed from the truth is in the character of the vengeance taken by Charlemagne for the defeat. In truth, he was unable to lay his hands on the Gascons, who fled to the passes of their mountains and mocked at his vengeance. The only thing he did accomplish was to hang Duke Lupus of Aquitaine, whom he suspected of planning some treachery.

The poem is divided into stanzas of very unequal length, but each stanza has the same

CHARLEMAGNE

742–814

ONE OF THE MOST IMPOSING FIGURES, NOT ONLY OF THE MIDDLE AGES, BUT OF ALL HISTORY.

rhyme throughout. The rhyme, however, in the original is not our perfect rhyme, but a peculiar species of rhyme known as assonance, characteristic in the verse of the early Romance languages, with which we are not familiar in English. In it the last accented vowel and those which follow it in a word correspond in sound with the similarly situated vowels of another word, while the consonants of the two words are unlike in sound. The effect is not at all musical to English readers. This style appears to have been universal among European nations in early times and to have satisfied them thoroughly. Some idea of it may be gained from the following translation by McCarthy as quoted by O'Hagan, the translator of *The Song of Roland:*

All the garden is one joy;
Not a plant that here hath budded,
Not a leaf but breathes from out it,
Fragrance that no tongue can utter.

. . . . . .

Limpid fountains leap and bubble,
Breaking with melodius beat;
Songs whose never-ceasing burden
Seemeth sad when most they laugh—
Mirthful most when most they murmur.
And the envious Nymph of Air,
Seeing earth so richly studded
With the flowers of many springs,
Joined in this that is the youngest,
Has unto her azure plain,
Flowers of other kinds conducted;
Which, upborne on myriad wings,
Living nosegays float and flutter.

The Basques, the real factors in this battle, had their own exultant and scornful ballads telling of the defeat at Roncesvalles. From one of them the following quotation is taken:

> What came they to do in our mountains, those men of the north? Why came they hither to disturb our peace? God made the mountains for men to transgress them not. But the rocks hurled down fall on the soldiers and crush them. Their blood flows, their flesh quivers, their bones are shattered. What a sea of blood!
>
> Fly, fly, ye who have strength and a steed! Fly, King Charlemagne, with thy dark plumes and thy crimson vesture! Thy nephew, thy bravest Roland, lies dead below. His courage availed him not. And now, Escualdunacs, let us quit the rocks and march down, flinging our shafts upon those who fly.

To appreciate what the *chanson* must have meant to the people who heard it first, we must go back in our minds to medieval times. We must see the princes and nobles gathered in their strong castles, doubtful how they should pass the long and weary evening. With what joy must they have welcomed the approach of the trouvere who was able to sing them the great song of Roland! It was a story of a great man of their own blood and lineage fighting to the last, and it is probable that the singing of the song produced no small moral effect upon the audiences, high and low, who were gathered in the great hall of the castle to listen.

But the castle was not alone favored in this way, for the great jongleur traveled about from place to place, and often would he come into some market square or village park,

where, standing on the *perron,* or flight of steps leading to some prominent building, he sang his song to the throng of expectant citizens crowded about his feet. With his long mantle, cap and feather, and his attendant carrying the little triangular lyre, his appearance attracted favorable attention. Then, when with a naturally-powerful voice he sang his lay in melodious tones in the very idiom of the people to whom he was speaking, we can imagine that the interest must have been great. The song was too long to give in a single day, so with skill he rendered it in parts, always particular to stop each day with an exciting situation, so as to be sure to retain his audience for the morrow. Every one was moved to tears or stirred with an ardor of uncontrollable patriotism that doubtless led many a young hearer to enlist in the wars and tended not a little toward keeping him brave and honorable while there.

We have already seen how the legend of Roland found its way to Italy and served as the inspiration for the *Orlando Innamorato* of Boiardo and the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto, and for this reason as well as others we may willingly grant the French their claim that *The Song of Roland* is an epic in every way worthy of the nation.

V. EXTRACTS FROM "THE SONG OF ROLAND." The song is divided into three parts: *The Treason of Ganelon, Roncesvalles* and *The Reprisals.* The first relates the events that led up to the battle in the pass. It tells of the coun-

cil of Marsilius, King of the Saracens, at Saragossa, in which it is decided to send rich presents to Charlemagne as an evidence of submission and to secure protection and favor from him. The next section relates the proceedings in the council of Charlemagne when the news of the submission of King Marsilius is brought to the Frankish camp. There is a great difference of opinion among the warriors, some contending that the action is only a ruse or stratagem, and that treachery is planned. Others advocate the acceptance of the Mohammedan's terms. Finally, it is decided that a messenger shall be sent to the Saracen court to carry the decision and name the conditions of peace. Roland volunteers to go, but the King declines to send him, and finally Ganelon is selected, though not until he has come to believe that Roland is instrumental in sending him on this dangerous mission. In the height of ill temper, Ganelon leaves on his embassy, and at the court of Marsilius he plans the treachery which is afterward carried out. However, when he returns to Charlemagne, he assures the King that the terms have been accepted and that it is safe and wise for the main army to cross the mountains and return to France. He suggests, however, that a rear guard should be stationed in the pass, and that Roland should be left in command of it. Much against his will, Charlemagne consents, and Roland remains with twenty thousand men, his bosom friend Olivier and ten noble peers.

The Saracens gather with their greatest warriors and prepare to fall upon the devoted rear guard, who, stationed in the pass, hear the sounds of preparation, and Olivier remarks to Roland: "I trow there is battle at hand with the Saracen foe."

"God grant," said Roland, "it may be so.
Here our post for our King we hold;
For his lord the vassal bears heat and cold,
Toil and peril endures for him,
Risks in his service both life and limb.
For mighty blows let our arms be strung,
Lest songs of scorn be against us sung.
With the Christian is good, with the heathen ill:
No dastard part shall ye see me fill."

The second part, *Roncesvalles,* with the omission of some stanzas, is as follows:

ROLAND'S PRIDE

"In mighty strength are the heathen crew,"
Olivier said, "and our Franks are few;
My comrade, Roland, sound on your horn;
Karl will hear and his host return."
"I were mad," said Roland, "to do such deed;
Lost in France were my glory's meed.
My Durindana shall smite full hard,
And her hilt be red to the golden guard.
The heathen felons shall find their fate;
Their death, I swear, in the pass they wait."

"O Roland, sound on your ivory horn,
To the ear of Karl shall the blast be borne:
He will bid his legions backward bend,
And all his barons their aid will lend."
"Now God forbid it, for very shame,
That for me my kindred were stained with blame,
Or that gentle France to such vileness fell:

This good sword that hath served me well,
My Durindana such strokes shall deal,
That with blood encrimsoned shall be the steel.
By their evil star are the felons led;
They shall all be numbered among the dead."

"Roland, Roland, yet wind one blast!
Karl will hear ere the gorge be passed,
And the Franks return on their path full fast."
"I will not sound on mine ivory horn:
It shall never be spoken of me in scorn,
That for heathen felons one blast I blew;
I may not dishonor my lineage true.
But I will strike, ere this fight be o'er,
A thousand strokes and seven hundred more,
And my Durindana shall drip with gore.
Our Franks will bear them like vassals brave
The Saracens flock but to find a grave."

"I deem of neither reproach nor stain.
I have seen the Saracen host of Spain,
Over plain and valley and mountain spread,
And the regions hidden beneath their tread.
Countless the swarm of the foe, and we
A marvelous little company."
Roland answered him, "All the more
My spirit within me burns therefore.
God and his angels of heaven defend
That France through me from her glory bend.
Death were better than fame laid low.
Our Emperor loveth a downright blow."
Roland is daring and Olivier wise,
Both of marvelous high emprise;
On their chargers mounted, and girt in mail,
To the death in battle they will not quail.
Brave are the counts, and their words are high,
And the Pagans are fiercely riding nigh.
"See, Roland, see them, how close they are,
The Saracen foemen, and Karl how far!

Thou didst disdain on thy horn to blow.
Were the King but here we were spared this woe.
Look up through Aspra's dread defile,
Where standeth our doomed rear-guard the while;
They will do their last brave feat this day,
No more to mingle in mortal fray."
"Hush!" said Roland, "the craven tale—
Foul fall who carries a heart so pale;
Foot to foot shall we hold the place,
And rain our buffets and blows apace."

When Roland felt that the battle came,
Lion or leopard to him were tame;
He shouted aloud to his Franks, and then
Called to his gentle compeer agen.
"My friend, my comrade, my Olivier,
The Emperor left us his bravest here;
Twice ten thousand he set apart,
And he knew among them no dastard heart.
For his lord the vassal must bear the stress
Of the winter's cold and the sun's excess—
Peril his flesh and his blood thereby:
Strike thou with thy good lance-point and I,
With Durindana, the matchless glaive
Which the King himself to my keeping gave,
That he who wears it when I lie cold
May say 'twas the sword of a vassal bold."

Archbishop Turpin, above the rest,
Spurred his steed to a jutting crest.
His sermon thus to the Franks he spake:
"Lords, we are here for our monarch's sake;
Hold we for him, though our death should come;
Fight for the succor of Christendom.
The battle approaches—ye know it well,
For ye see the ranks of the infidel.
Cry *mea culpa,* and lowly kneel;
I will assoil you, your souls to heal.
In death ye are holy martyrs crowned."

The Franks alighted, and knelt on ground;
In God's high name the host he blessed,
And for penance gave them—to smite their best.

The Franks arose from bended knee,
Assoiled, and from their sins set free;
The Archbishop blessed them fervently:
Then each one sprang on his bounding barb,
Armed and laced in knightly garb,
Appareled all for the battle line.
At last said Roland, "Companion mine,
Too well the treason is now displayed,
How Ganelon hath our band betrayed.
To him the gifts and the treasures fell;
But our Emperor will avenge us well.
King Marsil deemeth us bought and sold;
The price shall be with our good swords told."

Roland rideth the passes through,
On Veillantif, his charger true;
Girt in his harness that shone full fair,
And baron-like his lance he bare.
The steel erect in the sunshine gleamed,
With the snow-white pennon that from it streamed;
The golden fringes beat on his hand.
Joyous of visage was he, and bland,
Exceeding beautiful of frame;
And his warriors hailed him with glad acclaim
Proudly he looked on the heathen ranks,
Humbly and sweetly upon his Franks.
Courteously spake he, in words of grace—
"Ride, my barons, at gentle pace.
The Saracens here to their slaughter toil:
Reap we, to-day, a glorious spoil,
Never fell to monarch of France the like."
At his word, the hosts are in act to strike.

Said Olivier, "Idle is speech, I trow;
Thou didst disdain on thy horn to blow.

Succor of Karl is far apart;
Our strait he knows not, the noble heart:
Not to him nor his host be blame;
Therefore, barons, in God's good name,
Press ye onward, and strike your best,
Make your stand on this field to rest;
Think but of blows, both to give and take,
Never the watchword of Karl forsake."
Then from the Franks resounded high—
"*Montjoie!*" Whoever had heard that cry
Would hold remembrance of chivalry.
Then ride they—how proudly, O God, they ride!—
With rowels dashed in their coursers' side.
Fearless, too, are their paynim foes.
Frank and Saracen, thus they close.

THE MELLAY

King Marsil's nephew, Aelroth his name,
Vaunting in front of the battle came,
Words of scorn on our Franks he cast:
"Felon Franks, ye are met at last,
By your chosen guardian betrayed and sold,
By your King left madly the pass to hold.
This day shall France of her fame be shorn,
And from Karl the mighty his right arm torn."
Roland heard him in wrath and pain!—
He spurred his steed, he slacked the rein,
Drave at the heathen with might and main,
Shattered his shield and his hauberk broke,
Right to the breast-bone went the stroke;
Pierced him, spine and marrow through,
And the felon's soul from his body flew.
A moment reeled he upon his horse,
Then all heavily dropped the corse;
Wrenched was his neck as on earth he fell,
Yet would Roland scorn with scorn repel.
"Thou dastard! never hath Karl been mad,
Nor love for treason or traitors had.

To guard the passes he left us here,
Like a noble King and chevalier.
Nor shall France this day her fame forego.
Strike in, my barons; the foremost blow
Dealt in the fight doth to us belong:
We have the right and these dogs the wrong."

A Duke was there, named Falsaron,
Of the land of Dathan and Abiron;
Brother to Marsil, the King, was he;
More miscreant felon ye might not see.
Huge of forehead, his eyes between,
A span of a full half-foot, I ween.
Bitter sorrow was his, to mark
His nephew before him lie slain and stark.
Hastily came he from forth the press,
Raising the war-cry of heathenesse.
Braggart words from his lips were tost:
"This day the honor of France is lost."
Hotly Sir Olivier's anger stirs;
He pricked his steed with golden spurs,
Fairly dealt him a baron's blow,
And hurled him dead from the saddle-bow.
Buckler and mail were reft and rent,
And the pennon's flaps to his heart's blood went.
He saw the miscreant stretched on earth:
"Caitiff, thy threats are of little worth.
On, Franks! the felons before us fall;
Montjoie!" 'Tis the Emperor's battle-call.

A King was there of a strange countrie,
King Corsablis of Barbary;
Before the Saracen van he cried,
"Right well may we in this battle bide;
Puny the host of the Franks I deem,
And those that front us, of vile esteem.
Not one by succor of Karl shall fly;
The day hath dawned that shall see them die."
Archbishop Turpin hath heard him well;

No mortal hates he with hate so fell:
He pricked with spurs of the fine gold wrought,
And in deadly passage the heathen sought;
Shield and corselet were pierced and riven,
And the lance's point through his body driven;
To and fro, at the mighty thrust,
He reeled, and then fell stark in dust.
Turpin look on him, stretched on ground.
"Loud thou liest, thou heathen hound!
King Karl is ever our pride and stay;
Nor one of the Franks shall blench this day,
But your comrades here on the field shall lie;
I bring you tidings: ye all shall die.
Strike, Franks! remember your chivalry;
First blows are ours, high God be praised!"
Once more the cry, "*Montjoie!*" he raised.

Gerein to Malprimis of Brigal sped,
Whose good shield stood him no whit in stead;
Its knob of crystal was cleft in twain,
And one half fell on the battle plain.
Right through the hauberk, and through the skin,
He drove the lance to the flesh within;
Prone and sudden the heathen fell,
And Satan carried his soul to hell.

Anon, his comrade in arms, Gerier,
Spurred at the Emir with leveled spear;
Severed his shield and his mail apart,—
The lance went through them, to pierce his heart.
Dead on the field at the blow he lay.
Olivier said, " 'Tis a stirring fray."

At the Almasour's shield Duke Samson rode—
With blazon of flowers and gold it glowed;
But nor shield nor cuirass availed to save,
When through heart and lungs the lance he drave.
Dead lies he, weep him who list or no.
The Archbishop said, " 'Tis a baron's blow."

Anseis cast his bridle free;
At Turgis, Tortosa's lord, rode he:
Above the center his shield he smote,
Brake his mail with its double coat,
Speeding the lance with a stroke so true,
That the iron traversed his body through.
So lay he lifeless, at point of spear.
Said Roland, "Struck like a cavalier."

Engelier, Gascon of Bordeaux,
On his courser's mane let the bridle flow;
Smoté Escremis, from Valtierra sprung,
Shattered the shield from his neck that swung;
On through his hauberk's ventral pressed,
And betwixt his shoulders pierced his breast.
Forth from the saddle he cast him dead.
"So shall ye perish all," he said.

The heathen Estorgan was Otho's aim:
Right in front of his shield he came;
Rent its colors of red and white,
Pierced the joints of his harness bright,
Flung him dead from his bridle rein.
Said Otho, "Thus shall ye all be slain."

. . . . . .

Mingled and marvelous grows the fray,
And in Roland's heart is no dismay.
He fought with lance while his good lance stood;
Fifteen encounters have strained its wood.
At the last it brake; then he grasped in hand
His Durindana, his naked brand.
He smote Chernubles' helm upon,
Where, in the center, carbuncles shone:
Down through his coif and his fell of hair,
Betwixt his eyes came the falchion bare,
Down through his plated harness fine,
Down through the Saracen's chest and chine,
Down through the saddle with gold inlaid,
Till sank in the living horse the blade,

Severed the spine where no joint was found,
And horse and rider lay dead on ground.
"Caitiff, thou camest in evil hour;
To save thee passeth Mohammed's power.
Never to miscreants like to thee
Shall come the guerdon of victory."

Count Roland rideth the battle through,
With Durindana, to cleave and hew;
Havoc fell of the foe he made,
Saracen corse upon corse was laid,
The field all flowed with the bright blood shed;
Roland, to corselet and arm, was red—
Red his steed to the neck and flank.
Nor is Olivier niggard of blows as frank;
Nor to one of the peers be blame this day,
For the Franks are fiery to smite and slay.
"Well fought," said Turpin, "our barons true!"
And he raised the war-cry, "*Montjoie!*" anew.

Through the storm of battle rides Olivier,
His weapon, the butt of his broken spear,
Down upon Malseron's shield he beat,
Where flowers and gold emblazoned meet,
Dashing his eyes from forth his head:
Low at his feet were the brains bespread,
And the heathen lies with seven hundred dead!
Estorgus and Turgin next he slew,
Till the shaft he wielded in splinters flew.
"Comrade!" said Roland, "what makest thou?
Is it time to fight with a truncheon now?
Steel and iron such strife may claim;
Where is thy sword, Hauteclere by name,
With its crystal pommel and golden guard?"
"Of time to draw it I stood debarred,
Such stress was on me of smiting hard."

Then drew Sir Olivier forth his blade,
As had his comrade Roland prayed.

He proved it in knightly wise straightway,
On the heathen Justin of Val Ferrée.
At a stroke he severed his head in two,
Cleft him body and harness through;
Down through the gold-incrusted selle,
To the horse's chine, the falchion fell:
Dead on the sward lay man and steed.
Said Roland, "My brother, henceforth, indeed!
The Emperor loves us for such brave blows!"
Around them the cry of *"Montjoie!"* arose.

. . . . . .

Wild and fierce is the battle still:
Roland and Olivier fight their fill;
The Archbishop dealeth a thousand blows
Nor knoweth one of the peers repose;
The Franks are fighting commingled all,
And the foe in hundreds and thousands fall;
Choice have they none but to flee or die,
Leaving their lives despighteously.
Yet the Franks are reft of their chivalry,
Who will see nor parent nor kindred fond,
Nor Karl who waits them the pass beyond.

Now a wondrous storm o'er France hath passed,
With thunder-stroke and whirlwind's blast;
Rain unmeasured, and hail, there came,
Sharp and sudden the lightning's flame;
And an earthquake ran—the sooth I say,
From Besançon city to Wissant Bay;
From Saint Michael's Mount to thy shrine, Cologne,
House unrifted was there none.
And a darkness spread in the noontide high—
No light, save gleams from the cloven sky.
On all who saw came a mighty fear.
They said, "The end of the world is near."
Alas, they spake but with idle breath—
'Tis the great lament for Roland's death.

Dread are the omens and fierce the storm,
Over France the signs and wonders swarm:

From noonday on to the vesper hour,
Night and darkness alone have power;
Nor sun nor moon one ray doth shed,
Who sees it ranks him among the dead.
Well may they suffer such pain and woe,
When Roland, captain of all, lies low.
Never on earth hath his fellow been,
To slay the heathen or realms to win.

. . . . . .

In wrath and anguish, the heathen race
Turn in flight from the field their face;
The Franks as hotly behind them strain.
Then might ye look on a cumbered plain:
Saracens stretched on the green grass bare,
Helms and hauberks that shone full fair,
Standards riven and arms undone:
So by the Franks was the battle won.
The foremost battle that then befell—
O God, what sorrow remains to tell!

With heart and prowess the Franks have stood;
Slain was the heathen multitude;
Of a hundred thousand survive not two:
The Archbishop crieth, "O stanch and true!
Written it is in the Frankish geste,
That our Emperor's vassals shall bear them best."
To seek their dead through the field they press,
And their eyes drop tears of tenderness:
Their hearts are turned to their kindred dear.
Marsil the while with his host is near.

Distraught was Roland with wrath and pain;
Distraught were the twelve of Carlemaine—
With deadly strokes the Franks have striven,
And the Saracen horde to the slaughter given;
Of a hundred thousand escaped but one—
King Margaris fled from the field alone;
But no disgrace in his flight he bore—
Wounded was he by lances four.

To the side of Spain did he take his way,
To tell King Marsil what chanced that day.

. . . . . .

King Marsil on through the valley sped,
With the mighty host he has marshalèd.
Twice ten battalions the King arrayed:
Helmets shone, with their gems displayed,
Bucklers and braided hauberks bound,
Seven thousand trumpets the onset sound;
Dread was the clangor afar to hear.
Said Roland, "My brother, my Olivier,

Gan the traitor our death hath sworn,
Nor may his treason be now forborne.
To our Emperor vengeance may well belong—
To us the battle fierce and strong;
Never hath mortal beheld the like.
With my Durindana I trust to strike;
And thou, my comrade, with thy Hauteclere:
We have borne them gallantly otherwhere.
So many fields 'twas ours to gain,
They shall sing against us no scornful strain."

As the Franks the heathen power descried,
Filling the champaign from side to side,
Loud unto Roland they made their call,
And to Olivier and their captains all,
Spake the Archbishop as him became:
"O barons, think not one thought of shame;
Fly not, for sake of our God I pray.
That on you be chaunted no evil lay.
Better by far on the field to die;
For in sooth I deem that our end is nigh.
But in holy Paradise ye shall meet,
And with the innocents be your seat."
The Franks exult his words to hear,
And the cry "*Montjoie*" resoundeth clear.

King Marsil on the hill-top bides,
While Grandonie with his legion rides.

He nails his flag with three nails of gold:
"Ride ye onwards, my barons bold."
Then loud a thousand clarions rang.
And the Franks exclaimed as they heard the clang—
"O God, our Father, what cometh on!
Woe that we ever saw Ganelon:
Foully, by treason, he us betrayed."
Gallantly then the Archbishop said,
"Soldiers and lieges of God are ye,
And in Paradise shall your guerdon be.
To lie on its holy flowerets fair,
Dastard never shall enter there."
Say the Franks, "We will win it every one."
The Archbishop bestoweth his benison.
Proudly mounted they at his word,
And, like lions chafed, at the heathen spurred.

Thus doth King Marsil divide his men:
He keeps around him battalions ten.
As the Franks the other ten descry,
"What dark disaster," they said, "is nigh?
What doom shall now our peers betide?"
Archbishop Turpin full well replied.
"My cavaliers, of God the friends,
Your crown of glory to-day He sends,
To rest on the flowers of Paradise,
That never were won by cowardice."
The Franks made answer, "No cravens we,
Nor shall we gainsay God's decree;
Against the enemy yet we hold,—
Few may we be, but stanch and bold."
Their spurs against the foe they set,
Frank and paynim—once more they met.

A heathen of Saragossa came.
Full half the city was his to claim.
It was Climorin: hollow of heart was he,
He had plighted with Gan in perfidy,
What time each other on mouth they kissed,

And he gave him his helm and amethyst.
He would bring fair France from her glory down,
And from the Emperor wrest his crown.
He sate upon Barbamouche, his steed,
Than hawk or swallow more swift in speed.
Pricked with the spur, and the rein let flow,
To strike at the Gascon of Bordeaux,
Whom shield nor cuirass availed to save.
Within his harness the point he drave,
The sharp steel on through his body passed,
Dead on the field was the Gascon cast.
Said Climorin, "Easy to lay them low:
Strike in, my pagans, give blow for blow."
For their champion slain, the Franks cry woe.

Sir Roland called unto Olivier,
"Sir Comrade, dead lieth Engelier;
Braver knight had we none than he."
"God grant," he answered, "revenge to me."
His spurs of gold to his horse he laid,
Grasping Hauteclere with his bloody blade.
Climorin smote he, with stroke so fell,
Slain at the blow was the infidel.
Whose soul the Enemy bore away.
Then turned he, Alphaien, the Duke, to slay;
From Escababi the head he shore,
And Arabs seven to the earth he bore.
Saith Roland, "My comrade is much in wrath;
Won great laud by my side he hath;
Us such prowess to Karl endears.
Fight on, fight ever, my cavaliers."

. . . . . .

The battle is wondrous yet, and dire,
And the Franks are cleaving in deadly ire;
Wrists and ribs and chines afresh,
And vestures, in to the living flesh;
On the green grass streaming the bright blood ran,
"O mighty country, Mahound thee ban!
For thy sons are strong over might of man."

And one and all unto Marsil cried,
"Hither, O king, to our succor ride."

. . . . . .

Knightly the deeds by Roland done,
Respite or rest for his Franks is none;
Hard they ride on the heathen rear,
At trot or gallop in full career.
With crimson blood are their bodies stained,
And their brands of steel are snapped or strained;
And when the weapons their hands forsake,
Then unto trumpet and horn they take.
Serried they charge, in power and pride;
And the Saracens cry—"May ill betide
The hour we came on this fatal track!"
So on our host do they turn the back,
The Christians cleaving them as they fled,
Till to Marsil stretcheth the line of dead.

. . . . . .

The Archbishop began the fight once more;
He rode the steed he had won of yore,
When in Denmark Grossaille the King he slew.
Fleet the charger, and fair to view:
His feet were small and fashioned fine,
Long the flank, and high the chine,
Chest and croup full amply spread,
With taper ear and tawny head,
And snow-white tail and yellow mane:
To seek his peer on earth were vain.
The Archbishop spurred him in fiery haste,
And, on the moment Abime he faced,

Came down on the wondrous shield the blow,
The shield with amethysts all aglow,
Carbuncle and topaz, each priceless stone;
'Twas once the Emir Galafir's own;
A demon gave it in Metas vale;
But when Turpin smote it might nought avail—
From side to side did his weapon trace,
And he flung him dead in an open space.

Say the Franks, "Such deeds beseem the brave.
Well the Archbishop his cross can save."

Count Roland Olivier bespake:
"Sir comrade, dost thou my thought partake?
A braver breathes not this day on earth
Than our Archbishop in knightly worth.
How nobly smites he with lance and blade!"
Saith Olivier, "Yea, let us yield him aid:"
And the Franks once more the fight essayed.
Stern and deadly resound the blows.
For the Christians, alas, 'tis a tale of woes!

The Franks of France of their arms are reft,
Three hundred blades alone are left.
The glittering helms they smite and shred,
And cleave asunder full many a head;
Through riven helm and hauberk rent,
Maim head and foot and lineament.
"Disfigured are we," the heathens cry.
"Who guards him not hath but choice to die."

Right unto Marsil their way they take.
"Help, O King, for your people's sake!"
King Marsil heard their cry at hand,
"Mahound destroy thee, O mighty land;
Thy race came hither to crush mine own.
What cities wasted and overthrown,
Doth Karl of the hoary head possess!
Rome and Apulia his power confess,
Constantinople and Saxony;
Yet better die by the Franks than flee.
On, Saracens! recreant heart be none;
If Roland live, we are all foredone."

Then with the lance did the heathens smite
On shield and gleaming helmet bright;
Of steel and iron arose the clang,
Towards heaven the flames and sparkles sprang;

Brains and blood on the champaign flowed:
But on Roland's heart is a dreary load,
To see his vassals lie cold in death;
His gentle France he remembereth,
And his uncle, the good King Carlemaine;
And the spirit within him groans for pain.

Count Roland entered within the prease,
And smote full deadly without surcease;
While Durindana aloft he held,
Hauberk and helm he pierced and quelled,
Intrenching body and hand and head.
The Saracens lie by the hundred dead,
And the heathen host is discomfited.

Valiantly Olivier, otherwhere,
Brandished on high his sword Hauteclere—
Save Durindana, of swords the best.
To the battle proudly he him addressed.
His arms with the crimson blood were dyed.
"God, what a vassal!" Count Roland cried.
"O gentle Baron, so true and leal,
This day shall set on our love the seal!
The Emperor cometh to find us dead,
For ever parted and severèd.
France never looked on such woeful day;
Nor breathes a Frank but for us will pray,—
From the cloister cells shall the orisons rise,
And our souls find rest in Paradise."
Olivier heard him, amid the throng,
Spurred his steed to his side along.
Saith each to other, "Be near me still;
We will die together, if God so will."

Roland and Olivier then are seen
To lash and hew with their falchions keen;
With his lance the Archbishop thrusts and slays,
And the numbers slain we may well appraise;
In charter and writ is the tale expressed—

Beyond four thousand, saith the geste.
In four encounters they sped them well:
Dire and grievous the fifth befell.
The cavaliers of the Franks are slain
All but sixty, who yet remain;
God preserved them, that ere they die,
They may sell their lives full hardily.

THE HORN

As Roland gazed on his slaughtered men,
He bespake his gentle compeer agen:
"Ah, dear companion, may God thee shield!
Behold, our bravest lie dead on field!
Well may we weep for France the fair,
Of her noble barons despoiled and bare.
Had he been with us, our King and friend!
Speak, my brother, thy counsel lend,—
How unto Karl shall we tidings send?"
Olivier answered, "I wist not how.
Liefer death than be recreant now."

"I will sound," said Roland, "upon my horn,
Karl, as he passeth the gorge, to warn.
The Franks, I know, will return apace."
Said Olivier, "Nay, it were foul disgrace
On your noble kindred to wreak such wrong;
They would bear the stain their lifetime long.
Erewhile I sought it, and sued in vain;
But to sound thy horn thou wouldst not deign.
Not now shall mine assent be won,
Nor shall I say it is knightly done.
Lo! both your arms are streaming red,"
"In sooth," said Roland, "good strokes I sped."

Said Roland, "Our battle goes hard, I fear;
I will sound my horn that Karl may hear."
" 'Twere a deed unknightly," said Olivier;
"Thou didst disdain when I sought and prayed:

Saved had we been with our Karl to aid;
Unto him and his host no blame shall be:
By this my beard, might I hope to see
My gentle sister Alda's face,
Thou shouldst never hold her in thine embrace."

"Ah, why on me doth thine anger fall?"
"Roland, 'tis thou who hast wrought it all.
Valor and madness are scarce allied,—
Better discretion than daring pride.
All of thy folly our Franks lie slain,
Nor shall render service to Karl again,
As I implored thee, if thou hadst done,
The King had come and the field were won;
Marsil captive, or slain, I trow.
Thy daring, Roland, hath wrought our woe.
No service more unto Karl we pay,
That first of men till the judgment day;
Thou shalt die, and France dishonored be
Ended our loyal company—
A woeful parting this eve shall see."

Archbishop Turpin their strife hath heard,
His steed with the spurs of gold he spurred,
And thus rebuked them, riding near:
"Sir Roland, and thou, Sir Olivier,
Contend not, in God's great name, I crave.
Not now availeth the horn to save;
And yet behoves you to wind its call,—
Karl will come to avenge our fall,
Nor hence the foemen in joyance wend.
The Franks will all from their steeds
descend;
When they find us slain and martyred here,
They will raise our bodies on mule and bier,
And, while in pity aloud they weep,
Lay us in hallowed earth to sleep;
Nor wolf nor boar on our limbs shall feed."
Said Roland, "Yea, 'tis a goodly rede."

Then to his lips the horn he drew,
And full and lustily he blew.
The mountain peaks soared high around;
Thirty leagues was borne the sound.
Karl hath heard it, and all his band.
"Our men have battle," he said, "on hand."
Ganelon rose in front and cried,
"If another spake, I would say he lied."

With deadly travail, in stress and pain,
Count Roland sounded the mighty strain.
Forth from his mouth the bright blood sprang,
And his temples burst for the very pang.
On and onward was borne the blast,
Till Karl hath heard as the gorge he passed,
And Naimes and all his men of war.
"It is Roland's horn," said the Emperor,
"And, save in battle, he had not blown."
"Battle," said Ganelon, "is there none.
Old are you grown—all white and hoar;
Such words bespeak you a child once more.
Have you, then, forgotten Roland's pride,
Which I marvel God should so long abide,
How he captured Noples without your hest?
Forth from the city the heathen pressed,
To your vassal Roland they battle gave,—
He slew them all with the trenchant glaive,
Then turned the waters upon the plain,
That trace of blood might none remain.
He would sound all day for a single hare:
'Tis a jest with him and his fellows there;
For who would battle against him dare?
Ride onward—wherefore this chill delay?
Your mighty land is yet far away."

On Roland's mouth is the bloody stain,
Burst asunder his temple's vein;
His horn he soundeth in anguish drear;
King Karl and the Franks around him hear.

Said Karl, "That horn is long of breath."
Said Naimes, " 'Tis Roland who travaileth.
There is battle yonder by mine avow.
He who betrayed him deceives you now.
Arm, sire; ring forth your rallying cry,
And stand your noble household by;
For you hear your Roland in jeopardy."

The King commands to sound the alarm.
To the trumpet the Franks alight and arm;
With casque and corselet and gilded brand,
Buckler and stalwart lance in hand,
Pennons of crimson and white and blue,
The barons leap on their steeds anew,
And onward spur the passes through;
Nor is there one but to other saith,
"Could we reach but Roland before his death,
Blows would we strike for him grim and great."
Ah! what availeth!—'tis all too late.

The evening passed into brightening dawn.
Against the sun their harness shone;
From helm and hauberk glanced the rays,
And their painted bucklers seemed all ablaze.
The Emperor rode in wrath apart.
The Franks were moody and sad of heart;
Was none but dropped the bitter tear,
For they thought of Roland with deadly fear.—
Then bade the Emperor take and bind
Count Gan, and had him in scorn consigned
To Besgun, chief of his kitchen train.
"Hold me this felon," he said, "in chain."

Then full a hundred round him pressed,
Of the kitchen varlets the worst and best;
His beard upon lip and chin they tore,
Cuffs of the fist each dealt him four,
Roundly they beat him with rods and staves;
Then around his neck those kitchen knaves

Flung a fetterlock fast and strong,
As ye lead a bear in a chain along;
On a beast of burthen the count they cast,
Till they yield him back to Karl at last.

. . . . . .

Roland looketh to hill and plain,
He sees the lines of his warriors slain,
And he weeps like a noble cavalier,
"Barons of France, God hold you dear,
And take you to Paradise's bowers,
Where your souls may lie on the holy flowers;
Braver vassals on earth were none,
So many kingdoms for Karl ye won;
Years a-many your ranks I led,
And for end like this were ye nuturèd.
Land of France, thou art soothly fair;
To-day thou liest bereaved and bare;
It was all for me your lives you gave,
And I was helpless to shield or save.
May the great God save you who cannot lie.
Olivier, brother, I stand thee by;
I die of grief, if I 'scape unslain:
In, brother, in to the fight again."

. . . . . .

DEATH OF OLIVIER

When Roland saw the abhorrèd race,
Than blackest ink more black in face,
Who have nothing white but the teeth alone,
"Now," he said, "it is truly shown,
That the hour of our death is close at hand.
Fight, my Franks, 'tis my last command."
Said Olivier, "Shame is the laggard's due."
And at his word they engage anew.

When the heathen saw that the Franks were few,
Heart and strength from the sight they drew;
They said, "The Emperor hath the worse."

The Algalif sat on a sorrel horse;
He pricked with spurs of the gold refined,
Smote Olivier in the back behind.
On through his harness the lance he pressed,
Till the steel came out at the Baron's breast.
"Thou hast it!" the Algalif, vaunting, cried,
"Ye were sent by Karl in an evil tide.
Of his wrongs against us he shall not boast;
In thee alone I avenge our host."

Olivier felt the deadly wound,
Yet he grasped Hauteclere, with its steel
embrowned;
He smote on the Algalif's crest of gold,—
Gem and flowers to the earth were rolled;
Clave his head to the teeth below,
And struck him dead with the single blow.
"All evil, caitiff, thy soul pursue.
Full well our Emperor's loss I knew;
But for thee—thou goest not hence to boast
To wife or dame on thy natal coast,
Of one denier from the Emperor won,
Or of scathe to me or to others done."
Then Roland's aid he called upon.

Olivier knoweth him hurt to death;
The more to vengeance he hasteneth;
Knightly as ever his arms he bore,
Staves of lances and shields he shore;
Sides and shoulders and hands and feet,—
Whose eyes soever the sight would greet,
How the Saracens all disfigured lie,
Corpse upon corpse, each other by,
Would think upon gallant deeds; nor yet
Doth he the war-cry of Karl forget—
"*Montjoie!*" he shouted, shrill and clear;
Then called he Roland, his friend and peer,
"Sir, my comrade, anear me ride;
This day of dolor shall us divide."

Roland looked Olivier in the face,—
Ghastly paleness was there to trace;
Forth from his wound did the bright blood flow,
And rain in showers to the earth below.
"O God!" said Roland, "is this the end
Of all thy prowess, my gentle friend?
Nor know I whither to bear me now:
On earth shall never be such as thou.
Ah, gentle France, thou art overthrown,
Reft of thy bravest, despoiled and lone;
The Emperor's loss is full indeed!"
At the word he fainted upon his steed.

See Roland there on his charger swooned,
Olivier smitten with his death wound.
His eyes from bleeding are dimmed and dark,
Nor mortal, near or far, can mark;
And when his comrade beside him pressed,
Fiercely he smote on his golden crest;
Down to the nasal the helm he shred,
But passed no further, nor pierced his head.
Roland marveled at such a blow,
And thus bespake him soft and low:
"Hast thou done it, my comrade, wittingly?
Roland who loves thee so dear, am I,
Thou hast no quarrel with me to seek?"
Olivier answered, "I hear thee speak,
But I see thee not. God seeth thee.
Have I struck thee, brother? Forgive it me."
"I am not hurt, O Olivier;
And in sight of God, I forgive thee here."
Then each to other his head has laid,
And in love like this was their parting made.

Olivier feeleth his throe begin;
His eyes are turning his head within,
Sight and hearing alike are gone.
He alights and couches the earth upon;
His *Mea Culpa* aloud he cries,

And his hands in prayer unto God arise,
That he grant him Paradise to share,
That he bless King Karl and France the fair,
His brother Roland o'er all mankind;
Then sank his heart, and his head declined,
Stretched at length on the earth he lay—
So passed Sir Olivier away.
Roland was left to weep alone:
Man so woeful hath ne'er been known.

When Roland saw that life had fled,
And with face to earth his comrade dead,
He thus bewept him, soft and still:
"Ah, friend, thy prowess wrought thee ill!
So many days and years gone by
We lived together, thou and I:
And thou hast never done me wrong,
Nor I to thee, our lifetime long.
Since thou art dead, to live is pain."
He swooned on Veillantif again,
Yet may not unto earth be cast,
His golden stirrups held him fast.

When passed away had Roland's swoon,
With sense restored, he saw full soon
What ruin lay beneath his view.
His Franks have perished all save two—
The Archbishop and Walter of Hum alone.
From the mountain-side hath Walter flown,
Where he met in battle the bands of Spain,
And the heathen won and his men were slain.
In his own despite to the vale he came;
Called unto Roland, his aid to claim.
"Ah, Count! brave gentleman, gallant peer!
Where art thou? With thee I know not fear.
I am Walter, who vanquished Maelgut of yore,
Nephew to Drouin, the old and hoar.
For knightly deeds I was once thy friend.
I fought the Saracen to the end;

My lance is shivered, my shield is cleft,
Of my broken mail are but fragments left.
I bear in my body eight thrusts of spear;
I die, but I sold my life right dear."
Count Roland heard as he spake the word,
Pricked his steed, and anear him spurred.

"Walter," said Roland, "thou hadst affray
With the Saracen foe on the heights to-day.
Thou wert wont a valorous knight to be:
A thousand horsemen gave I thee;
Render them back, for my need is sore."
"Alas, thou seest them never more!
Stretched they lie on the dolorous ground,
Where myriad Saracen swarms we found,—
Armenians, Turks, and the giant brood
Of Balisa, famous for hardihood,
Bestriding their Arab coursers fleet,
Such host in battle 'twas ours to meet;
Nor vaunting thence shall the heathen go,—
Full sixty thousand on earth lie low.
With our brands of steel we avenged us well,
But every Frank by the foeman fell.
My hauberk plates are riven wide,
And I bear such wounds in flank and side,
That from every part the bright blood flows,
And feebler ever my body grows.
I am dying fast, I am well aware:
Thy liegeman I, and claim thy care.
If I fled perforce, thou wilt forgive,
And yield me succor while thou dost live."
Roland sweated with wrath and pain,
Tore the skirts of his vest in twain,
Bound Walter's every bleeding vein.

In Roland's sorrow his wrath arose,
Hotly he struck at the heathen foes,
Nor left he one of a score alive;
Walter slew six, the Archbishop five.

The heathens cry, "What a felon three!
Look to it, lords, that they shall not flee.
Dastard is he who confronts them not;
Craven, who lets them depart this spot."
Their cries and shoutings begin once more,
And from every side on the Franks they pour.

Count Roland in sooth is a noble peer;
Count Walter, a valorous cavalier;
The Archbishop, in battle proved and tried.
Each struck as if knight there were none beside.
From their steeds a thousand Saracens leap,
Yet forty thousand their saddles keep;
I trow they dare not approach them near,
But they hurl against them lance and spear,
Pike and javelin, shaft and dart.
Walter is slain as the missiles part;
The Archbishop's shield in pieces shred,
Riven his helm, and pierced his head;
His corselet of steel they rent and tore,
Wounded his body with lances four;
His steed beneath him dropped withal:
What woe to see the Archbishop fall!

When Turpin felt him flung to ground,
And four lance wounds within him found,
He swiftly rose, the dauntless man,
To Roland looked, and nigh him ran.
Spake but, "I am not overthrown—
Brave warrior yields with life alone."
He drew Almace's burnished steel,
A thousand ruthless blows to deal.
In after time, the Emperor said
He found four hundred round him spread,—
Some wounded, others cleft in twain;
Some lying headless on the plain.
So Giles the saint, who saw it, tells,
For whom High God wrought miracles.
In Laon cell the scroll he wrote;
He little weets who knows it not.

Count Roland combateth nobly yet,
His body burning and bathed in sweat;
In his brow a mighty pain, since first,
When his horn he sounded, his temple
burst;
But he yearns of Karl's approach to know,
And lifts his horn once more—but oh,
How faint and feeble a note to blow!
The Emperor listened, and stood full still.
"My lords," he said, "we are faring ill.
This day is Roland my nephew's last;
Like dying man he winds that blast.
On! Who would aid, for life must press.
Sound every trump our ranks possess."
Peal sixty thousand clarions high,
The hills re-echo, the vales reply.
It is now no jest for the heathen band.
"Karl!" they cry, "it is Karl at hand!"

They said, "'Tis the Emperor's advance,
We hear the trumpets resound of France.
If he assail us, hope is vain;
If Roland live, 'tis war again,
And we lose for aye the land of Spain."
Four hundred in arms together drew,
The bravest of the heathen crew;
With serried power they on him press,
And dire in sooth is the Count's distress.

When Roland saw his coming foes,
All proud and stern his spirit rose;
Alive he shall never be brought to yield:
Veillantif spurred he across the field,
With golden spurs he pricked him well,
To break the ranks of the infidel;
Archbishop Turpin by his side.
"Let us flee, and save us," the heathen cried;
"These are the trumpets of France we hear—
It is Karl, the mighty Emperor, near."

SARACEN WARRIOR

Count Roland never hath loved the base,
Nor the proud of heart, nor the dastard race,—
Nor knight, but if he were vassal good,—
And he spake to Turpin, as there he stood;
"On foot are you, on horseback I;
For your love I halt, and stand you by.
Together for good and ill we hold;
I will not leave you for man of mold.
We will pay the heathen their onset back,
Nor shall Durindana of blows be slack."
"Base," said Turpin, "who spares to smite:
When the Emperor comes, he will all requite."

The heathens said, "We were born to shame.
This day for our disaster came:
Our lords and leaders in battle lost,
And Karl at hand with his marshaled host;
We hear the trumpets of France ring out,
And the cry '*Montjoie!*' their rallying shout.
Roland's pride is of such a height,
Not to be vanquished by mortal wight;
Hurl we our missiles, and hold aloof."
And the word they spake, they put in proof—
They flung, with all their strength and craft,
Javelin, barb, and plumèd shaft.
Roland's buckler was torn and frayed,
His cuirass broken and disarrayed,
Yet entrance none to his flesh they made.
From thirty wounds Veillantif bled,
Beneath his rider they cast him, dead;
Then from the field have the heathen flown:
Roland remaineth, on foot, alone.

THE LAST BENEDICTION OF THE ARCHBISHOP

The heathens fly in rage and dread;
To the land of Spain have their footsteps sped;
Nor can Count Roland make pursuit—
Slain is his steed, and he rests afoot;

To succor Turpin he turned in haste,
The golden helm from his head unlaced,
Ungirt the corselet from his breast,
In stripes divided his silken vest;
The Archbishop's wounds hath he stanched and bound,
His arms around him softly wound;
On the green sward gently his body laid,
And, with tender greeting, thus him prayed:
"For a little space, let me take farewell;
Our dear companions, who round us fell,
I go to seek; if I haply find,
I will place them at thy feet reclined."
"Go," said Turpin; "the field is thine—
To God the glory, 'tis thine and mine."

. . . . . .

Once more to the field doth Roland wend,
Till he findeth Olivier his friend;
The lifeless form to his heart he strained,
Bore him back with what strength remained,
On a buckler laid him, beside the rest,
The Archbishop assoiled them all, and blessed.
Their dole and pity anew find vent,
And Roland maketh his fond lament:
"My Olivier, my chosen one,
Thou wert the noble Duke Renier's son,
Lord of the March unto Rivier vale.
To shiver lance and shatter mail,
The brave in council to guide and cheer,
To smite the miscreant foe with fear—
Was never on earth such cavalier."

Dead around him his peers to see,
And the man he had loved so tenderly,
Fast the tears of Count Roland ran,
His visage discolored became, and wan,
He swooned for sorrow beyond control.
"Alas," said Turpin, "how great thy dole!"

To look on Roland swooning there,
Surpassed all sorrow he ever bare;
He stretched his hand, the horn he took—
Through Roncesvalles there flowed a brook—
A draught to Roland he thought to bring;
But his steps were feeble and tottering,
Spent his strength, from waste of blood—
He struggled on for scarce a rood,
When sank his heart, and drooped his frame,
And his mortal anguish on him came.

Roland revived from his swoon again;
On his feet he rose, but in deadly pain;
He looked on high, and he looked below,
Till, a space his other companions fro,
He beheld the Baron, stretched on sward,
The Archbishop, vicar of God our Lord.
Mea Culpa was Turpin's cry,
While he raised his hands to heaven on high,
Imploring Paradise to gain.
So died the soldier of Carlemaine—
With word or weapon, to preach or fight,
A champion ever of Christian right,
And a deadly foe of the infidel.
God's benediction within him dwell!

When Roland saw him stark on earth
(His very vitals were bursting forth,
And his brain was oozing from out him head),
He took the fair white hands outspread,
Crossed and clasped them upon his breast,
And thus his plaint to the dead addressed—
So did his country's law ordain:
"Ah, gentleman of noble strain,
I trust thee unto God the True,
Whose service never man shall do
With more devoted heart and mind:
To guard the faith, to win mankind,
From the apostles' days till now,

Such prophet never rose as thou.
Nor pain or torment thy soul await,
But of Paradise the open gate."

THE DEATH OF ROLAND

Roland feeleth his death is near,
His brain is oozing by either ear.
For his peers he prayed—God keep them well;
Invoked the angel Gabriel.
That none reproach him, his horn he clasped;
His other hand Durindana grasped;
Then, far as quarrel from crossbow sent,
Across the march of Spain he went.
Where, on a mound, two trees between,
Four flights of marble steps were seen;
Backward he fell, on the field to lie;
And he swooned anon, for the end was nigh.

High were the mountains and high the trees,
Bright shone the marble terraces;
On the green grass Roland hath swooned away.
A Saracen spied him where he lay:
Stretched with the rest he had feigned him dead,
His face and body with blood bespread.
To his feet he sprang, and in haste he hied—
He was fair and strong and of courage tried,
In pride and wrath he was overbold,—
And on Roland, body and arms, laid hold.
"The nephew of Karl is overthrown!
To Araby bear I this sword, mine own."
He stooped to grasp it, but as he drew,
Roland returned to his sense anew.

He saw the Saracen seize his sword;
His eyes he oped, and he spake one word—
"Thou art not one of our band, I trow,"
And he clutched the horn he would ne'er forego;
On the golden crest he smote him full,

Shattering steel and bone and skull,
Forth from his head his eyes he beat,
And cast him lifeless before his feet.
"Miscreant, makest thou then so free,
As, right or wrong, to lay hold on me?
Who hears it will deem thee a madman born;
Behold the mouth of mine ivory horn
Broken for thee, and the gems and gold
Around its rim to earth are rolled."

Roland feeleth his eyesight reft,
Yet he stands erect with what strength is left;
From his bloodless cheek is the hue dispelled,
But his Durindana all bare he held.
In front a dark brown rock arose—
He smote upon it ten grievous blows.
Grated the steel as it struck the flint,
Yet it brake not, nor bore its edge one dint.
"Mary, Mother, be thou mine aid!
Ah, Durindana, my ill-starred blade,
I may no longer thy guardian be!
What fields of battle I won with thee!
What realms and regions 'twas ours to gain,
Now the lordship of Carlemaine!
Never shalt thou possessor know
Who would turn from face of mortal foe;
A gallant vassal so long thee bore,
Such as France the free shall know no more."

He smote anew on the marble stair.
It grated, but breach nor notch was there.
When Roland found that it would not break,
Thus began he his plaint to make.
"Ah, Durindana, how fair and bright
Thou sparklest, flaming against the light!
When Karl in Maurienne valley lay,
God sent his angel from heaven to say—
'This sword shall a valorous captain's be,'
And he girt it, the gentle King, on me.

With it I vanquished Poitou and Maine,
Provence I conquered and Aquitaine;
I conquered Normandy the free,
Anjou, and the marches of Brittany;
Romagna I won, and Lombardy,
Bavaria, Flanders from side to side,
And Burgundy, and Poland wide;
Constantinople affiance vowed,
And the Saxon soil to his bidding bowed;
Scotia, and Wales, and Ireland's plain,
Of England made he his own domain.
What mighty regions I won of old,
For the hoary-headed Karl to hold!
But there presses on me a grievous pain,
Lest thou in heathen hands remain.
O God our Father, keep France from stain!"

His strokes once more on the brown rock fell,
And the steel was bent past words to tell;
Yet it break not, nor was notched the grain,
Erect it leaped to the sky again.
When he failed at the last to break his blade,
His lamentation he inly made.
"Oh, fair and holy, my peerless sword,
What relics lie in thy pommel stored!
Tooth of Saint Peter, Saint Basil's blood,
Hair of Saint Denis beside them strewed,
Fragment of holy Mary's vest.
'Twere shame that thou with the heathen rest;
Thee should the hand of a Christian serve
One who would never in battle swerve.
What regions won I with thee of yore,
The empire now of Karl the hoar!
Rich and mighty is he therefore."

That death was on him he knew full well;
Down from his head to his heart it fell.
On the grass beneath a pine-tree's shade,
With face to earth, his form he laid,

Beneath him placed he his horn and sword,
And turned his face to the heathen horde.
Thus hath he done the sooth to show,
That Karl and his warriors all may know,
That the gentle Count a conqueror died.
Mea Culpa full oft he cried;
And, for all his sins, unto God above,
In sign of penance, he raised his glove.

Roland feeleth his hour at hand;
On a knoll he lies towards the Spanish land.
With one hand beats he upon his breast:
"In thy sight, O God, be my sins confessed.
From my hour of birth, both the great and small,
Down to this day, I repent of all."
As his glove he raises to God on high,
Angels of heaven descend him nigh.

Beneath a pine was his resting-place,
To the land of Spain hath he turned his face,
On his memory rose full many a thought—
Of the lands he won and the fields he fought;
Of his gentle France, of his kin and line;
Of his nursing father, King Karl benign;
He may not the tear and sob control,
Nor yet forgets he his parting soul.
To God's compassion he makes his cry:
"O Father true, who canst not lie,
Who didst Lazarus raise unto life agen,
And Daniel shield in the lions' den;
Shield my soul from its peril, due
For the sins I sinned my lifetime through."
He did his right-hand glove uplift—
Saint Gabriel took from his hand the gift;
Then drooped his head upon his breast,
And with clasped hands he went to rest.
God from on high sent down to him
One of his angel Cherubim—
Saint Michael of Peril of the sea,

Saint Gabriel in company—
From heaven they came for that soul of price,
And they bore it with them to Paradise.

Reprisals. The third part of the poem gives us an account of what occurred in the Christian camp when they heard the horn of Roland; of the vengeance taken by Charlemagne upon the Saracens for their dastardly attack; of the punishment of Ganelon, and of the grief of Alda. The King's discovery of Roland's body and his extreme grief are narrated as follows:

Unto Roncesvalles King Karl hath sped,
And his tears are falling above the dead;
"Ride, my barons, at gentle pace—
I will go before, a little space,
For my nephew's sake, whom I fain would find.
It was once in Aix, I recall to mind,
When we met at the yearly festal-tide—
My cavaliers in vaunting vied
Of stricken fields and joustings proud—
I heard my Roland declare aloud,
In foreign land would he never fall
But in front of his peers and his warriors all,
He would lie with head to the foeman's shore,
And make his end like a conqueror."
Then far as man a staff might fling,
Clomb to a rising knoll the King.

As the King in quest of Roland speeds,
The flowers and grass throughout the meads
He sees all red with our barons' blood,
And his tears of pity break forth in flood.
He upward climbs, till, beneath two trees,
The dints upon the rock he sees.
Of Roland's corse he was then aware;

Stretched it lay on the green grass bare.
No marvel sorrow the King oppressed;
He alighted down, and in haste he pressed,
Took the body his arms between,
And fainted: dire his grief I ween.

As did reviving sense begin,
Naimes, the Duke, and Count Acelin,
The noble Geoffrey of Anjou,
And his brother Henry nigh him drew.
They made a pine-tree's trunk his stay;
But he looked to earth where his nephew lay,
And thus all gently made his dole:
"My friend, my Roland, God guard thy soul!
Never on earth such knight hath been,
Fields of battle to fight and win.
My pride and glory, alas, are gone!"
He endured no longer; he swooned anon.

As Karl the King revived once more,
His hands were held by barons four.
He saw his nephew, cold and wan;
Stark his frame, but his hue was gone;
His eyes turned inward, dark and dim;
And Karl in love lamented him:
"Dear Roland, God thy spirit rest
In Paradise, amongst His blest!
In evil hour thou soughtest Spain:
No day shall dawn but sees my pain,
And me of strength and pride bereft,
No champion of mine honor left;
Without a friend beneath the sky;
And though my kindred still be nigh,
Is none like thee their ranks among."
With both his hands his beard he wrung.
The Franks bewailed in unison;
A hundred thousand wept like one.

"Dear Roland, I return again
To Laon, to mine own domain;

Where men will come from many a land,
And seek Count Roland at my hand.
A bitter tale must I unfold—
'In Spanish earth he lieth cold.'
A joyless realm henceforth I hold,
And weep with daily tears untold.

"Dear Roland, beautiful and brave,
All men of me will tidings crave,
When I return to La Chapelle.
Oh, what a tale is mine to tell!
That low my glorious nephew lies.
Now will the Saxon foeman rise;
Bulgar and Hun in arms will come,
Apulia's power, the might of Rome,
Palermitan and Afric bands,
And men from fierce and distant lands.
To sorrow sorrow must succeed;
My hosts to battle who shall lead,
When the mighty captain is overthrown?
Ah! France deserted now, and lone.
Come, death, before such grief I bear."
Once more his beard and hoary hair
Began he with his hands to tear;
A hundred thousand fainted there.

"Dear Roland, and was this thy fate?
May Paradise thy soul await.
Who slew thee wrought fair France's
bane;
I cannot live, so deep my pain.
For me my kindred lie undone;
And would to Holy Mary's Son,
Ere I at Cizra's gorge alight,
My soul may take its parting flight:
My spirit would with theirs abide;
My body rest their dust beside."
With sobs his hoary beard he tore.
"Alas!" said Naimes, "for the Emperor."

There is in the poem no love episode, but it does tell us about Alda when she heard of the death of Roland:

From Spain the Emperor made retreat,
To Aix in France, his kingly seat;
And thither, to his halls, there came,
Alda, the fair and gentle dame.
"Where is my Roland, sire," she cried,
"Who vowed to take me for his bride?"
O'er Karl the flood of sorrow swept;
He tore his beard and loud he wept.
"Dear sister, gentle friend," he said,
"Thou seekest one who lieth dead:
I plight to thee my son instead,—
Louis, who lord of my realm shall be."
"Strange," she said, "seems this to me.
God and his angels forbid that I
Should live on earth if Roland die."
Pale grew her cheek—she sank amain,
Down at the feet of Carlemaine.
So died she. God receive her soul!
The Franks bewail her in grief and dole.

So to her death went Alda fair.
The King but deemed she fainted there.
While dropped his tears of pity warm,
He took her hands and raised her form.
Upon his shoulder drooped her head,
And Karl was ware that she was dead.
When thus he saw that life was o'er,
He summoned noble ladies four.
Within a cloister was she borne;
They watched beside her until morn;
Beneath a shrine her limbs were laid;—
Such honor Karl to Alda paid.

CHAPTER III

LITERATURE OF THE MIDDLE AGES (CONTINUED)

II. EPICS OF COURTESY

MARIE OF FRANCE. Under the title *Epics of Courtesy* may be grouped those early French tales whose origin is uncertain, but which extend to Byzantine or Celtic manners for their origin. The heroic song, of which we have just had so telling an example, preceded by a short time the epics of courtesy, from which it differs in every respect. The latter possessed all the dreaminess, mystery and delicacy of Celtic imagination, and the legends for a great part revolved around the history of King Arthur and his knights, such tales as came to be so large a part of our English literature. In France these stories gained an immense popularity, and some of the most beautiful and original poems of the Middle Ages were among them. The verse in

which they appear is light and pleasing; the rhymes are sometimes regular and sometimes the assonant style is employed.

Somewhere in the twelfth century lived a woman whose name was Marie and who wrote in French a series of poems, or *lays,* of exquisite beauty. Whether she was a French woman living at the English court or an English woman writing in French cannot be definitely ascertained; the critics have never satisfied themselves as to any material facts of her life. All we know is that she felt great pride in her work, sought conscientiously and faithfully to do the best she could, and was very particular that nothing should tarnish the reputation of herself or her work. Such things are learned from her stories. One of the early writers speaks of her as follows: "And also Dame Marie, who turned into rhyme and made verses of 'Lays' which are not in the least true. For these she is much praised, and her rhyme is loved everywhere; for counts, barons and knights greatly admire it, and hold it dear. And they love her writing so much, and take such pleasure in it, that they have it read, and often copied. These 'Lays' are wont to please ladies, who listen to them with delight, for they are after their own hearts."

Her stories are not original, and they are taken from a multitude of sources, but her rendition of each is thoroughly original and altogether her own. Love is the subject of all the stories, and it was the love of the Middle

Ages, which, it must be remembered, was not under the same code of morals as it is in the present day; consequently, the lays in many instances turn upon events and happenings that are rather trying to modern sensibilities. Nevertheless, the poems are wonderful achievements in form and sentiment when we consider the circumstances under which they must have been written.

II. "The Lay of Graelent." Among the tales of Marie of France perhaps the one usually considered her best is *The Lay of Eliduc,* but for many readers the story of *Graelent* is even more attractive. It is given here in the prose translation of Eugene Mason:

Now will I tell you the adventure of Graelent, even as it was told to me, for the Lay is sweet to hear, and the tune thereof lovely to bear in mind.

Graelent was born in Brittany of a gentle and noble house, very comely of person and very frank of heart. The King who held Brittany in that day, made mortal war upon his neighbors, and commanded his vassals to take arms in his quarrel. Amongst these came Graelent, whom the King welcomed gladly, and since he was a wise and hardy knight greatly was he honored and cherished by the Court. So Graelent strove valiantly at tourney and at joust, and pained himself mightily to do the enemy all the mischief that he was able. The Queen heard tell the prowess of her knight, and loved him in her heart for reason of his feats of arms and of the good men spoke of him. So she called her chamberlain apart, and said,

"Tell me truly, hast thou not often heard speak of that fair knight, Sir Graelent, whose praise is in all men's mouths?"

"Lady," answered the chamberlain, "I know him for a courteous gentleman, well spoken of by all."

"I would he were my friend," replied the lady, "for I am in much unrest because of him. Go thou, and bid him come to me, so he would be worthy of my love."

"Passing gracious and rich is your gift, lady, and doubtless he will receive it with marvelous joy. Why, from here to Troy there is no priest even, however holy, who in looking on your face would not lose Heaven in your eyes."

Thereupon the chamberlain took leave of the Queen, and seeking Graelent within his lodging saluted him courteously, and gave him the message, praying him to come without delay to the palace.

"Go before, fair friend," answered the knight, "for I will follow you at once."

So when the chamberlain was gone Graelent caused his gray horse to be saddled, and mounting thereon, rode to the castle, attended by his squire. He descended without the hall, and passing before the King entered within the Queen's chamber. When the lady saw him she embraced him closely, and cherished and honored him sweetly. Then she made the knight to be seated on a fair carpet, and to his face praised him for his exceeding comeliness. But he answered her very simply and courteously, saying nothing but what was seemly to be said. Then the Queen kept silence for a great while, considering whether she should require him to love her for the love of love; but at the last, made bold by passion, she asked if his heart was set on any maid or dame.

"Lady," said he, "I love no woman, for love is a serious business, not a jest. Out of five hundred who speak glibly of love, not one can spell the first letter of his name. With such it is idleness, or fullness of bread, or fancy, masking in the guise of love. Love requires of his servants chastity in thought, in word and in deed. If one of two lovers is loyal, and the other jealous and false, how may their friendship last, for Love is slain! But sweetly and discreetly love passes from person to

person, from heart to heart, or it is nothing worth. For what the lover would, that would the beloved; what she would ask of him that should he go before to grant. Without accord such as this, love is but a bond and a constraint. For above all things Love means sweetness, and truth, and measure; yea, loyalty to the loved one and to your word. And because of this I dare not meddle with so high a matter."

The Queen heard Graelent gladly, finding him so tripping of tongue, and since his words were wise and courteous, at the end she discovered to him her heart.

"Friend, Sir Graelent, though I am a wife, yet have I never loved my lord. But I love you very dearly, and what I have asked of you will you not go before to grant?"

"Lady," said he, "give me pity and forgiveness, but this may not be. I am the vassal of the King, and on my knees have pledged him loyalty and faith, and sworn to defend his life and honor. Never shall he have shame because of me."

With these words Sir Graelent took his leave of the Queen, and went his way.

Seeing him go in this fashion the Queen commenced to sigh. She was grieved in her heart, and knew not what to do. But whatever chanced she would not renounce her passion, so often she required his love by means of soft messages and costly gifts, but he refused them all. Then the Queen turned from love to hate, and the greatness of her passion became the measure of her wrath, for very evilly she spoke of Graelent to the King. So long as the war endured Graelent remained in that realm. He spent all that he had upon his company, for the King grudged wages to his men. The Queen persuaded the King to this, counseling him that by withholding the pay of the sergeants, Graelent might in no wise flee the country, nor take service with another lord. So at the end Graelent was wonderfully downcast, nor was it strange that he was sad, for there remained nothing which he might pledge, but one poor

steed, and when this was gone, no horse had he to carry him from the country.

It was now the month of May, when the hours are long and warm. The burgess, with whom Graelent lodged, had risen early in the morning, and with his wife had gone to eat with neighbors in the town. No one was in the house except Graelent, no squire, nor archer, nor servant, save only the daughter of his host, a very courteous maid. When the hour for dinner was come she prayed the knight that they might sit at board together. But he had no heart for mirth, and seeking out his squire bade him bridle and saddle his horse, for he had no care to eat.

"I have no saddle," replied the squire.

"Friend," said the demoiselle, "I will lend you bridle and saddle as well."

So when the harness was done upon him, Graelent mounted his horse, and went his way through the town, clad in a cloak of sorry fur, which he had worn overlong already. The townsfolk in the street turned and stared upon him, making a jest of his poverty, but of their jibes he took no heed, for such act but after their kind, and seldom show kindliness or courtesy.

Now without the town there spread a great forest, thick with trees, and through the forest ran a river. Towards this forest Graelent rode, deep in heavy thought, and very dolent. Having ridden for a little space beneath the trees, he spied within a leafy thicket a fair white hart, whiter even than snow on winter branches. The hart fled before him, and Graelent followed so closely in her track that man and deer presently came together to a grassy lawn, in the midst of which sprang a fountain of clear sweet water. Now in this fountain a demoiselle disported herself for her delight. Her raiment was set on a bush near by, and her two maidens stood on the bank busied in their lady's service. Graelent forgot the chase at so sweet a sight, since never in his life had he seen so lovely a dame. For the lady was slender in shape and white, very gracious and dainty

of color, with laughing eyes and an open brow, certainly the most beautiful thing in all the world. Graelent dared not draw nigh the fountain for fear of troubling the dame, so he came softly to the bush to set hands upon her raiment. The two maidens marked his approach, and at their fright the lady turned, and calling him by name, cried with great anger,

"Graelent, put my raiment down, for it will profit you little even if you carry it away, and leave me naked in this wood. But if you are indeed too greedy of gain to remember your knighthood, at least return me my shift, and content yourself with my mantle, since it will bring you money, as it is very good."

"I am not a merchant's son," answered Graelent merrily, "nor am I a huckster to sell mantles in a booth. If your cloak were worth the spoil of three castles I would not now carry it from the bush. Come forth from your bathing, fair friend, and clothe yourself in your vesture, for you have to say a certain word to me."

"I will not trust myself to your hand, for you might seize upon me," answered the lady, "and I tell you frankly that I put no faith in your word, nor have had any dealings with your school."

Then Graelent answered still more merrily,

"Lady, needs must I suffer your wrath. But at least I will guard your raiment till you come forth from the well and, fairest, very dainty is your body in my eyes."

When the lady knew that Graelent would not depart, nor render again her raiment, then she demanded surety that he would do her no hurt. This thing was accorded between them, so she came forth from the fountain, and did her vesture upon her. Then Graelent took her gently by the left hand, and prayed and required of her that she would grant him love for love. But the lady answered,

"I marvel greatly that you should dare to speak to me in this fashion, for I have little reason to think you

discreet. You are bold, sir knight, and overbold, to seek to ally yourself with a woman of my lineage."

Sir Graelent was not abashed by the dame's proud spirit, but wooed and prayed her gently and sweetly, promising that if she granted him her love he would serve her in all loyalty, and never depart therefrom all the days of his life. The demoiselle hearkened to the words of Graelent, and saw plainly that he was a valiant knight, courteous and wise. She thought within herself that should she send him from her, never might she find again so sure a friend. Since, then, she knew him worthy of her love, she kissed him softly, and spoke to him in this manner,

"Graelent, I will love you none the less truly, though we have not met until this day. But one thing is needful that our love may endure. Never must you speak a word by which this hidden thing may become known. I will furnish you with deniers in your purse, with cloth of silk, with silver and with gold. Night and day will I stay with you, and great shall be the love between us twain. You shall see me riding at your side; you may talk and laugh with me at your pleasure, but I must never be seen of your comrades, nor must they know aught concerning your bride. Graelent, you are loyal, brave, and courteous, and comely enough to the view. For you I spread my snare at the fountain; for you shall I suffer heavy pains, as well I knew before I set forth on this adventure. Now must I trust to your discretion, for if you speak vainly and boastfully of this thing then am I undone. Remain now for a year in this country, which shall be for you a home that your lady loves well. But noon is past, and it is time for you to go. Farewell, and a messenger shortly shall tell you that which I would have you do."

Graelent took leave of the lady, and she sweetly clasped and kissed him farewell. He returned to his lodging, dismounted from his steed, and entering within a chamber, leaned from the casement, considering this strange adventure. Looking towards the forest he saw

a varlet issue therefrom riding upon a palfrey. He drew rein before Graelent's door, and taking his feet from the stirrup, saluted the knight. So Graelent inquired from whence he rode, and of his name and business.

"Sir," answered he, "I am the messenger of your lady. She sends you this destrier by my hand, and would have me enter in your service, to pay your servitors their wages and to take charge of your lodging."

When Graelent heard this message he thought it both good and fair. He kissed the varlet upon the cheek, and accepting his gift, caused the destrier—which was the noblest, the swiftest and the most speedy under the sun—to be led to the stable. Then the varlet carried his baggage to his master's chamber, and took therefrom a large cushion and a rich coverlet which he spread upon the couch. After this he drew thereout a purse containing much gold and silver, and stout cloth fitting for the knight's apparel. Then he sent for the host, and paying him what was owing, called upon him to witness that he was recompensed most largely for the lodging. He bade him also to seek out such knights as should pass through the town to refresh and solace themselves in the company of his lord. The host was a worthy man. He made ready a plenteous dinner, and inquired through the town for such poor knights as were in misease by reason of prison or of war. These he brought to the hostelry of Sir Graelent, and comforted them with instruments of music, and with all manner of mirth. Amongst them sat Graelent at meat, gay and debonair, and richly appareled. Moreover, to these poor knights and the harpers Graelent gave goodly gifts, so that there was not a citizen in all the town who did not hold him in great worship, and regard him as his lord.

From this moment Graelent lived greatly at his ease, for not a cloud was in his sky. His lady came at will and pleasure; all day long they laughed and played together, and at night she lay softly at his side. What truer happiness might he know than this? Often,

besides, he rode to such tournaments of the land as he was able, and all men esteemed him for a stout and worthy knight. Very pleasant were his days, and his love, and if such things might last for ever he had nothing else to ask of life.

When a full year had passed by, the season drew to the Feast of Pentecost. Now it was the custom of the King to summon at that tide his barons and all who held their fiefs of him to his Court for a rich banquet. Amongst these lords was bidden Sir Graelent. After men had eaten and drunk the whole day, and all were merry, the King commanded the Queen to put off her royal robes, and to stand forth upon the dais. Then he boasted before the company,

"Lord barons, how seems it to you? Beneath the sky is there a lovelier Queen than mine, be she maid, lady or demoiselle?"

So all the lords made haste to praise the Queen, and to cry and affirm that in all the world was neither maid nor wife so dainty, fresh and fair. Not a single voice but bragged of her beauty, save only that of Graelent. He smiled at their folly, for his heart remembered his friend, and he held in pity all those who so greatly rejoiced in the Queen. So he sat with covered head, and with face bent smiling to the board. The Queen marked his discourtesy, and drew thereto the notice of the King.

"Sire, do you observe this dishonor! Not one of these mighty lords but has praised the beauty of your wife, save Graelent only, who makes a mock of her. Always has he held me in envy and despite."

The King commanded Graelent to his throne, and in the hearing of all bade the knight to tell, on his faith as vassal to his liege, for what reason he had hid his face and laughed.

"Sire," answered Graelent to the King, "Sire, hearken to my words. In all the world no man of your lineage does so shameful a deed as this. You make your wife a show upon a stage. You force your lords

to praise her just with lies, saying that the sun does not shine upon her peer. One man will tell the truth to your face, and say that very easily can be found a fairer dame than she."

Right heavy was the King when he heard these words. He conjured Graelent to tell him straightly if he knew a daintier dame.

"Yes, Sire, and thirty times more gracious than the Queen."

The Queen was marvelously wrathful to hear this thing, and prayed her husband of his grace to compel the knight to bring that woman to the Court of whose beauty he made so proud a boast.

"Set us side by side, and let the choice be made between us. Should she prove the fairer let him go in peace; but if not, let justice be done on him for his calumny and malice."

So the King bade his guards to lay hands on Graelent, swearing that between them never should be love nor peace, nor should the knight issue forth from prison, until he had brought before him her whose beauty he had praised so much.

Graelent was held a captive. He repented him of his hasty words, and begged the King to grant him respite. He feared to have lost his friend, and sweated grievously with rage and mortification. But though many of the King's house pitied him in his evil case, the long days brought him no relief, until a full year went by, and once again the King made a great banquet to his barons and his lieges. Then was Graelent brought to hall, and put to liberty on such terms that he would return bringing with him her whose loveliness he had praised before the King. Should she prove so desirable and dear, as his boast, then all would be well, for he had naught to fear. But if he returned without his lady, then he must go to judgment, and his only hope would be in the mercy of the King.

Graelent mounted his good horse, and parted from the Court sad and wrathful. He sought his lodging,

and inquired for his servant, but might not find him. He called upon his friend, but the lady did not heed his voice. Then Graelent gave way to despair, and preferred death to life. He shut himself within his chamber, crying upon his dear one for grace and mercy, but from her he got neither speech nor comfort. So seeing that his love had withdrawn herself from him by reason of his grievous fault, he took no rest by night or day, and held his life in utter despite. For a full year he lived in this piteous case, so that it was marvelous to those about him that he might endure his life.

On the day appointed the sureties brought Graelent where the King was set in hall with his lords. Then the King inquired of Graelent where was now his friend.

"Sire," answered the knight, "she is not here, for in no wise might I find her. Now do with me according to your will."

"Sir Graelent," said the King, "very foully have you spoken. You have slandered the Queen, and given all my lords the lie. When you go from my hands never will you do more mischief with your tongue."

Then the King spoke with a high voice to his barons.

"Lords, I pray and command you to give judgment in this matter. You heard the blame that Graelent set upon me before all my Court. You know the deep dishonor that he fastened on the Queen. How may such a disloyal vassal deal honestly with his lord, for as the proverb tells, 'Hope not for friendship from the man who beats your dog!' "

The lords of the King's household went out from before him, and gathered themselves together to consider their judgment. They kept silence for a great space, for it was grievous to them to deal harshly with so valiant a knight. Whilst they thus refrained from words a certain page hastened unto them, and prayed them not to press the matter, for (said he) "even now two young maidens, the freshest maids in all the realm, seek the Court. Perchance they bring succor to the good knight, and, so it be the will of God, may deliver him from peril."

So the lords waited right gladly, and presently they saw two damsels come riding to the palace. Very young were these maidens, very slender and gracious, and daintily cloaked in two fair mantles. So when the pages had hastened to hold their stirrup and bridle, the maidens dismounted from their palfreys and entering within the hall came straight before the King.

"Sire," said one of the two damsels, "hearken now to me. My lady commands us to pray you to put back this cause for a while, nor to deliver judgment therein, since she comes to plead with you for the deliverance of this knight."

When the Queen heard this message she was filled with shame, and made speed to get her from the hall. Hardly had she gone than there entered two other damsels, whiter and more sweetly flushed even than their fellows. These bade the King to wait for a little, since their mistress was now at hand. So all men stared upon them, and praised their great beauty, saying that if the maid was so fair, what then must be the loveliness of the dame. When, therefore, the demoiselle came in her turn, the King's household stood upon their feet to give her greeting. Never did woman show so queenly to men's sight as did this lady riding to the hall. Passing sweet she was to see, passing simple and gracious of manner, with softer eyes and a daintier face than girl of mother born. The whole Court marveled at her beauty, for no spot or blemish might be found in her body. She was richly dressed in a kirtle of vermeil silk, broidered with gold, and her mantle was worth the spoil of a king's castle. Her palfrey was of good race, and speedy; the harness and trappings upon him were worth a thousand livres in minted coin. All men pressed about her, praising her face and person, her simplicity and queenlihead. She came at slow pace before the King, and dismounting from the palfrey, spoke very courteously in this fashion.

"Sire," said she, "hearken to me, and you, lord barons, give heed to my pleading. You know the words

Graelent spake to the King, in the ears of men, when the Queen made herself a show before the lords, saying that often had he seen a fairer lady. Very hasty and foolish was his tongue, since he provoked the King to anger. But at least he told the truth when he said that there is no dame so comely but that very easily may be found one more sweet than she. Look now boldly upon my face, and judge you rightly in this quarrel between the Queen and me. So shall Sir Graelent be acquitted of this blame."

Then gazing upon her, all the King's household, lord and lackey, prince and page, cried with one voice that her favor was greater than that of the Queen. The King himself gave judgment with his barons that this thing was so; therefore Sir Graelent was acquitted of his blame, and declared a free man.

When judgment was given the lady took her leave of the King, and attended by her four damsels departed straightway from the hall upon her palfrey. Sir Graelent caused his white horse to be saddled, and mounting, followed hotly after her through the town. Day after day he rode in her track, pleading for pity and pardon, but she gave him neither good words nor bad in answer. So far they fared that at last they came to the forest, and taking their way through a deep wood rode to the bank of a fair, clear stream. The lady set her palfrey to the river, but when she saw that Graelent also would enter therein she cried to him,

"Stay, Graelent, the stream is deep, and it is death for you to follow."

Graelent took no heed to her words, but forced his horse to enter the river, so that speedily the waters closed above his head. Then the lady seized his bridle, and with extreme toil brought horse and rider back again to land.

"Graelent," said she, "you may not pass this river, however mightily you pain yourself, therefore must you remain alone on this bank."

Again the lady set her palfrey to the river, but Graelent could not suffer to see her go upon her way alone. Again he forced his horse to enter the water; but the current was very swift and the stream was very deep, so that presently Graelent was torn from his saddle, and being borne away by the stream came very nigh to drown. When the four maidens saw his piteous plight they cried aloud to their lady, and said,

"Lady, for the love of God, take pity on your poor friend. See, how he drowns in this evil case. Alas, cursed be the day you spake soft words in his ear, and gave him the grace of your love. Lady, look how the current hurries him to his death. How may your heart suffer him to drown whom you have held so close! Aid him, nor have the sin on your soul that you endured to let the man who loved you die without your help."

When the lady heard the complaint of her maidens, no longer could she hide the pity she felt in her heart. In all haste she turned her palfrey to the river, and entering the stream clutched her lover by the belt. Thus they won together to the bank. There she stripped the drowned man of his raiment, and wrapping him fast in her own dry mantle cherished him so meetly that presently he came again to life. So she brought him safely into her own land, and none has met Sir Graelent since that day.

But the Breton folk still hold firmly that Graelent yet liveth with his friend. His destrier, when he escaped him from the perilous river, grieved greatly for his master's loss. He sought again the mighty forest, yet never was at rest by night or day. No peace might he find, but ever pawed he with his hoofs upon the ground, and neighed so loudly that the noise went through all the country round about. Many a man coveted so noble a steed, and sought to put bit and bridle in his mouth, yet never might one set hands upon him, for he would not suffer another master. So each year in its season the forest was filled with the cry and the trouble of this noble horse which might not find its lord.

This adventure of the good steed and of the stout knight, who went to the land of faery with his love, was noised abroad throughout all Brittany, and the Bretons made a Lay thereof which was sung in the ears of many people, and was called a Lay of the Death of Sir Graelent.

III. CHRETIEN DE TROYES. Some time in the third quarter of the twelfth century Chretien de Troyes wrote in Champagne four romances of King Arthur's knights, and these probably are the earliest form in which the legends, that have been of such importance to Mallory, Lord Tennyson and Richard Wagner, can be found. Of the life of Chretien we know very little, but it is assumed that he was a herald-at-arms living at Troyes in the court of the Countess Marie de Champagne. His romances, which are known respectively as *Erec and Enide, Cliges, Yvain* and *Lancelot,* were written in eight-syllable rhyming couplets and give us the most complete picture we possess from any one author of the ideals of French chivalry at that time. *Erec* is the oldest surviving Arthurian romance in any language, although others must have been written before it. It is a clean story of love, estrangement and reconciliation between Erec and his charming sweetheart. The delicacy and chaste treatment of Chretien is in marked contrast with other tales of the age, in which great license was shown. *Erec* is the source of Tennyson's *Geraint* and *Enid,* and appears as the Welsh *Mabinogion.*

His contemporaries and early writers held Chretien to have been a master of the art of

story-telling, and as such he is to be read rather than as a poet, and when allowance has been made for his peculiarities, his position as the founder of wonderful literary traditions is remarkable and significant.

IV. "EREC AND ENIDE." The selections from *Erec and Enide* are taken from the prose translation of W. W. Comfort. After a few introductory words in which Chretien boasts that the story he is to tell shall be remembered as long as Christendom endures, the tale proceeds:

One Easter Day in the Springtime, King Arthur held court in his town of Cardigan. Never was there seen so rich a court; for many a good knight was there, hardy, bold, and brave, and rich ladies and damsels, gentle and fair daughters of kings. But before the court was disbanded, the King told his knights that he wished to hunt the White Stag, in order to observe worthily the ancient custom. When my lord Gawain heard this, he was sore displeased, and said: "Sire, you will derive neither thanks nor goodwill from this hunt. We all know long since what this custom of the White Stag is: whoever can kill the White Stag must forsooth kiss the fairest maiden of your court, come what may. But of this there might come great ill: for there are here five hundred damsels of high birth, gentle and prudent daughters of kings, and there is none of them but has a bold and valiant knight for her lover who would be ready to contend, whether right or wrong, that she who is his lady is the fairest and gentlest of them all." The King replies: "That I know well; yet will I not desist on that account; for a king's word ought never to be gainsaid. To-morrow morning we shall all gayly go to hunt the White Stag in the forest of adventure. And very delightful this hunt will be."

And so the affair is arranged for the next morning at daybreak. The morrow, as soon as it is day, the King gets up and dresses, and dons a short jacket for his forest ride. He commands the knights to be aroused and the horses to be made ready. Already they are ahorse, and off they go, with bows and arrows. After them the Queen mounts her horse, taking a damsel with her. A maid she was, the daughter of a king, and she rode a white palfrey. After them there swiftly followed a knight, named Erec, who belonged to the Round Table, and had great fame at the court. Of all the knights that ever were there, never one received such praise; and he was so fair that nowhere in the world need one seek a fairer knight than he. He was very fair, brave, and courteous, though not yet twenty-five years old. Never was there a man of his age of greater knighthood. And what shall I say of his virtues? Mounted on his horse, and clad in an ermine mantle, he came galloping down the road, wearing a coat of splendid flowered silk which was made at Constantinople. He had put on hose of brocade, well made and cut, and when his golden spurs were well attached, he sat securely in his stirrups. He carried no arm with him but his sword. As he galloped along, at the corner of a street he came up with the Queen, and said: "My lady, if it please you, I should gladly accompany you along this road, having come for no other purpose than to bear you company." And the Queen thanks him: "Fair friend, I like your company well, in truth; for better I could not have."

Then thy ride along at full speed until they come into the forest, where the party who had gone before them had already started the stag. Some wind the horns and others shout; the hounds plunge ahead after the stag, running, attacking, and baying; the bowmen shoot amain. And before them all rode the King on a Spanish hunter.

Queen Guinevere was in the wood listening for the dogs; beside her were Erec and the damsel, who was very courteous and fair. But those who had pursued the stag were so far from them that, however intently they

might listen to catch the sound of horn or baying of hound, they no longer could hear either horse, huntsman, or hound. So all three of them drew rein in a clearing beside the road. They had been there but a short time when they saw an armed knight coming along on his steed, with shield slung about his neck, and his lance in hand. The Queen espied him from a distance. By his right side rode a damsel of noble bearing, and before them, on a hack, came a dwarf carrying in his hand a knotted scourge. When Queen Guinevere saw the comely and graceful knight, she desired to know who he and his damsel were. So she bid her damsel go quickly and speak to him.

"Damsel," says the Queen, "go and bid yonder knight come to me and bring his damsel with him." The maiden goes on an amble straight toward the knight. But the spiteful dwarf sallies forth to meet her with his scourge in hand, crying: "Halt, maiden, what do you want here? You shall advance no farther." "Dwarf," says she, "let me pass. I wish to speak with yonder knight; for the Queen sends me hither." The dwarf, who was rude and mean, took his stand in the middle of the road, and said: "You have no business here. Go back. It is not meet that you should speak to so excellent a knight." The damsel advanced and tried to pass him by force, holding the dwarf in slight esteem when she saw that he was so small. Then the dwarf raised his whip, when he saw her coming toward him, and tried to strike her in the face. She raised her arm to protect herself, but he lifted his hand again and struck her all unprotected on her bare hand; and so hard did he strike her on the back of her hand that it turned all black and blue. When the maiden could do nothing else, in spite of herself she must needs return. So weeping she turned back. The tears came to her eyes and ran down her cheeks. When the Queen sees her damsel wounded, she is sorely grieved and angered and knows not what to do. "Ah, Erec, fair friend," she says, "I am in great sorrow for my damsel whom that dwarf has wounded. The knight must be

discourteous, indeed, to allow such a monster to strike so beautiful a creature. Erec, fair friend, do you go to the knight and bid him come to me without delay. I wish to know him and his lady." Erec starts off thither, giving spurs to his steed, and rides straight toward the knight. The ignoble dwarf sees him coming and goes to meet him. "Vassal," says he, "stand back! For I know not what business you have here. I advise you to withdraw." "Avaunt," says Erec, "provoking dwarf! Thou art vile and troublesome. Let me pass." "You shall not." "That will I." "You shall not." Erec thrusts the dwarf aside. The dwarf had no equal for villainy: he gave him a great blow with his lash right on the neck, so that Erec's neck and face are scarred with the blow of the scourge; from top to bottom appear the lines which the thongs have raised on him. He knew well that he could not have the satisfaction of striking the dwarf; for he saw that the knight was armed, arrogant, and of evil intent, and he was afraid that he would soon kill him, should he strike the dwarf in his presence. Rashness is not bravery. So Erec acted wisely in retreating without more ado. "My lady," he says, "now matters stand worse; for the rascally dwarf has so wounded me that he has badly cut my face. I did not dare to strike or touch him; but none ought to reproach me, for I was completely unarmed. I mistrusted the armed knight, who, being an ugly fellow and violent, would take it as no jest, and would soon kill me in his pride. But this much I will promise you; that if I can, I shall yet avenge my disgrace, or increase it. But my arms are too far away to avail me in this time of need; for at Cardigan did I leave them this morning when I came away. And if I should go to fetch them there, peradventure I should never again find the knight who is riding off apace. So I must follow him at once, far or near, until I find some arms to hire or borrow. If I find some one who will lend me arms, the knight will quickly find me ready for battle. And you may be sure without fail that we two shall fight until he defeat me, or I him. And if possible, I shall be

back by the third day, when you will see me home again either joyous or sad, I know not which. Lady, I cannot delay longer, for I must follow after the knight. I go. To God I commend you.'' And the Queen in like manner more than five hundred times commends him to God, that He may defend him from harm.

Erec leaves the Queen and ceases not to pursue the knight. The Queen remains in the wood, where now the King had come up with the Stag. The King himself outstripped the others at the death. Thus they killed and took the White Stag, and all returned, carrying the Stag, till they came again to Cardigan. After supper, when the knights were all in high spirits throughout the hall, the King, as the custom was, because he had taken the Stag, said that he would bestow the kiss and thus observe the custom of the Stag. Throughout the court a great murmur is heard: each one vows and swears to his neighbor that it shall not be done without the protest of sword or ashen lance. Each one gallantly desires to contend that his lady is the fairest in the hall. Their conversation bodes no good, and when my lord Gawain heard it, you must know that it was not to his liking. Thus he addressed the King: ''Sire,'' he says, ''your knights here are greatly aroused, and all their talk is of this kiss. They say that it shall never be bestowed without disturbance and a fight.'' And the King wisely replied to him: ''Fair nephew Gawain, give me counsel now, sparing my honor and my dignity: for I have no mind for any disturbance.''

To the council came a great part of the best knights of the court. King Yder arrived, who was the first to be summoned, and after him King Cadoalant, who was very wise and bold. Kay and Girflet came too, and King Amauguin was there, and a great number of other knights were there with them. The discussion was in progress when the Queen arrived and told them of the adventure which she had met in the forest, of the armed knight whom she saw, and of the malicious little dwarf who had struck her damsel on the bare hand with his

whip, and who struck Erec, too, in the same way an ugly blow on the face; but that Erec followed the knight to obtain vengeance, or increase his shame, and how he said that if possible he would be back by the third day. "Sire," says the Queen to the King, "listen to me a moment. If these knights approve what I say, postpone this kiss until the third day, when Erec will be back." There is none who does not agree with her, and the King himself approves her words.

Erec steadily follows the knight who was armed and the dwarf who had struck him until they come to a well placed town, strong and fine. They enter straight through the gate. Within the town there was great joy of knights and ladies, of whom there were many and fair. Some were feeding in the streets their sparrow-hawks and molting falcons; others were giving an airing to their tercels, their mewed birds, and young yellow hawks; others play at dice or other game of chance, some at chess, and some at backgammon. The grooms in front of the stables are rubbing down and currying the horses. The ladies are bedecking themselves in their boudoirs. As soon as they see the knight coming, whom they recognized with his dwarf and damsel, they go out three by three to meet him. The knight they all greet and salute, but they give no heed to Erec, for they did not know him. Erec follows close upon the knight through the town, until he saw him lodged. Then, very joyful, he passed on a little farther until he saw reclining upon some steps a vavasor well on in years. He was a comely man, with white locks, debonair, pleasing, and frank. There he was seated all alone, seeming to be engaged in thought. Erec took him for an honest man who would at once give him lodging. When he turned through the gate into the yard, the vavasor ran to meet him, and saluted him before Erec had said a word. "Fair sir," says he, "be welcome. If you will deign to lodge with me, here is my house all ready for you." Erec replies: "Thank you! For no other purpose have I come; I need a lodging-place this night."

Erec dismounts from his horse, which the host himself leads away by the bridle, and does great honor to his guest. The vavasor summons his wife and his beautiful daughter, who were busy in a work-room—doing I know not what. The lady came out with her daughter, who was dressed in a soft white under-robe with wide skirts hanging loose in folds. Over it she wore a white linen garment, which completed her attire. And this garment was so old that it was full of holes down the sides. Poor, indeed, was her garb without, but within her body was fair.

The maid was charming, in sooth, for Nature had used all her skill in forming her. Nature herself had marveled more than five hundred times how upon this one occasion she had succeeded in creating such a perfect thing. Never again could she so strive successfully to reproduce her pattern. Nature bears witness concerning her that never was so fair a creature seen in all the world. In truth I say that never did Iseut the Fair have such radiant golden tresses that she could be compared with this maiden. The complexion of her forehead and face was clearer and more delicate than the lily. But with wondrous art her face with all its delicate pallor was suffused with a fresh crimson which Nature had bestowed upon her. Her eyes were so bright that they seemed like two stars. God never formed better nose, mouth, and eyes. What shall I say of her beauty? In sooth, she was made to be looked at; for in her one could have seen himself as in a mirror. So she came forth from the work-room; and when she saw the knight whom she had never seen before, she drew back a little, because she did not know him, and in her modesty she blushed. Erec, for his part, was amazed when he beheld such beauty in her, and the vavasor said to her: "Fair daughter dear, take this horse and lead him to the stable along with my own horses. See that he lack for nothing: take off his saddle and bridle, give him oats and hay, look after him and curry him, that he may be in good condition."

The maiden takes the horse, unlaces his breast-strap, and takes off his bridle and saddle. Now the horse is in good hands, for she takes excellent care of him. She throws a halter over his head, rubs him down, curries him, and makes him comfortable. Then she ties him to the manger and puts plenty of fresh sweet hay and oats before him. Then she went back to her father, who said to her: "Fair daughter dear, take now this gentleman by the hand and show him all honor. Take him by the hand upstairs." The maiden did not delay (for in her there was no lack of courtesy) and led him by the hand upstairs. The lady had gone before and prepared the house. She had laid embroidered cushions and speads upon the couches, where they all three sat down—Erec with his host beside him, and the maiden opposite. Before them the fire burns brightly. The vavasor had only one manservant, and no maid for chamber or kitchen work. This one man was busy in the kitchen preparing meat and birds for supper. A skillful cook was he, who knew how to prepare meat in boiling water and birds on the spit. When he had the meal prepared in accordance with the orders which had been given him, he brought them water for washing in two basins. The table was soon set, cloths, bread, and wine set out, and they sat down to supper. They had their fill of all they needed. When they had finished and when the table was cleared, Erec thus addressed his host, the master of the house: "Tell me, fair host," he asked, "why your daughter, who is so passing fair and clever, is so poorly and unsuitably attired." "Fair friend," the vavasor replies, "many a man is harmed by poverty, and even so am I. I grieve to see her so poorly clad, and yet I cannot help it, for I have been so long involved in war that I have lost or mortgaged or sold all my land. And yet she would be well enough dressed if I allowed her to accept everything that people wish to give her. The lord of this castle himself would have dressed her in becoming fashion and would have done her every manner of favor, for she is his niece and he is a count. And there is no nobleman

in this region, however rich and powerful, who would not willingly have taken her to wife had I given my consent. But I am waiting yet for some better occasion, when God shall bestow still greater honor upon her, when fortune shall bring hither some king or count who shall lead her away. For there is under Heaven no king or count who would be ashamed of my daughter, who is so wondrous fair that her match cannot be found. Fair, indeed, she is; but yet greater far than her beauty is her intelligence. God never created any one so discreet and of such an open heart. When I have my daughter beside me, I don't care a marble about all the rest of the world. She is my delight and my pastime, she is my joy and comfort, my wealth and my treasure, and I love nothing so much as her own precious self."

When Erec had listened to all that his host told him, he asked him to inform him whence came all the chivalry that was quartered in the town. For there was no street or house so poor and small but it was full of knights and ladies and squires. And the vavasor said to him: "Fair friend, these are the nobles of the country round; all, both young and old, have come to a fête which is to be held in this town to-morrow; therefore the houses are so full. When they shall all have gathered, there will be a great stir to-morrow; for in the presence of all the people there will be set upon a silver perch a sparrow-hawk of five or six moltings—the best you can imagine. Whoever wishes to gain the hawk must have a mistress who is fair, prudent, and courteous. And if there be a knight so bold as to wish to defend the worth and the name of the fairest in his eyes, he will cause his mistress to step forward and lift the hawk from the perch, if no one dares to interpose. This is the custom they are observing, and for this each year they gather here." Thereupon Erec speaks and asks him: "Fair host, may it not displease you, but tell me, if you know, who is a certain knight bearing arms of azure and gold, who passed by here not long ago, having close beside him a courtly damsel, preceded by a hump-backed dwarf." To him

the host then made reply: "That is he who will win the hawk without any opposition from the other knights. I don't believe that any one will offer opposition; this time there will be no blows or wounds. For two years already he has won it without being challenged; and if he wins it again this year, he will have gained permanent possession of it. Every succeeding year he may keep it without contest or challenge." Quickly Erec makes reply: "I do not like that knight. Upon my word, had I some arms I should challenge him for the hawk. Fair host, I beg you as a boon to advise me how I may be equipped with arms—whether old or new, poor or rich, it matters not." And he replies to him generously: "It were a pity for you to feel concern on that score! I have good fine arms which I shall be glad to lend you. In the house I have a triple-woven hauberk, which was selected from among five hundred. And I have some fine valuable greaves, polished, handsome, and light in weight. The helmet is bright and handsome, and the shield fresh and new. Horse, sword, and lance—all I will lend you, of course; so let no more be said." "Thank you kindly, fair gentle host! But I wish for no better sword than this one which I have brought with me, nor for any other horse than my own, for I can get along well enough with him. If you will lend me the rest, I shall esteem it a great favor. But there is one more boon I wish to ask of you, for which I shall make just return if God grant that I come off from the battle with honor." And frankly he replies to him: "Ask confidently for what you want, whatever it be, for nothing of mine shall lack you." Then Erec said that he wished to defend the hawk on behalf of his daughter; for surely there will be no damsel who is one hundredth part as beautiful as she. And if he takes her with him, he will have good and just reason to maintain and to prove that she is entitled to carry away the hawk. Then he added: "Sire, you know not what guest you have sheltered here, nor do you know my estate and kin. I am the son of a rich and puissant king: my father's name is King Lac, and the Bretons call me

Erec. I belong to King Arthur's court, and have been with him now three years. I know not if any report of my father or of me has ever reached this land. But I promise you and vow that if you will fit me out with arms, and will give me your daughter to-morrow when I strive for the hawk, I will take her to my country, if God grant me the victory, and I will give her a crown to wear, and she shall be queen of three cities." "Ah, fair sir! Is it true that you are Erec, the son of Lac?" "That is who I am, indeed," quoth he. Then the host was greatly delighted and said: "We have indeed heard of you in this country. Now I think all the more of you, for you are very valiant and brave. Nothing now shall you be refused by me. At your request I give you my fair daughter." Then taking her by the hand, he says: "Here, I give her to you." Erec received her joyfully, and now has all he desired. Now they are all happy there: the father is greatly delighted, and the mother weeps for joy. The maiden sat quiet; but she was very happy and glad that she was betrothed to him, because he was valiant and courteous: and she knew that he would some day be king, and she should receive honor and be crowned a rich queen.

They had sat up very late that night. But now the beds were prepared with white sheets and soft pillows, and when the conversation flagged they all went to bed in happy frame. Erec slept little that night, and the next morn, at crack of dawn, he and his host rose early. They both go to pray at church, and hear a hermit chant the Mass of the Holy Spirit, not forgetting to make an offering. When they had heard Mass both kneel before the altar and then return to the house. Erec was eager for the battle; so he asks for arms, and they are given to him. The maiden herself puts on his arms (though she casts no spell or charm), laces on his iron greaves, and makes them fast with thong of deer-hide. She puts on his hauberk with its strong meshes, and laces on his ventail. The gleaming helmet she sets upon his head, and thus arms him well from tip to toe. At his side she fastens his

sword, and then orders his horse to be brought, which is done. Up he jumped clear of the ground. The damsel then brings the shield and the strong lance; she hands him the shield, and he takes it and hangs it about his neck by the strap. She places the lance in his hand, and when he had grasped it by the butt-end, he thus addressed the gentle vavasor: "Fair sire," quoth he, "if you please, make your daughter ready now; for I wish to escort her to the sparrow-hawk in accordance with our agreement." The vavasor then without delay had saddled a bay palfrey. There can nothing be said of the harness because of the dire poverty with which the vavasor was afflicted. Saddle and bridle were put on, and up the maiden mounted all free and in light attire, without waiting to be urged. Erec wished to delay no longer; so off he starts with the host's daughter by his side, followed by the gentleman and his lady.

Erec rides with lance erect and with the comely damsel by his side. All the people, great and small, gaze at them with wondering eyes as they pass through the streets, and thus they question each other: "Who is yonder knight? He must be doughty and brave, indeed, to act as escort for this fair maid. His efforts will be well employed in proving that this damsel is the fairest of them all." One man to another says: "In very truth, she ought to have the sparrow-hawk." Some praised the maid, while many said: "God! who can this knight be, with the fair damsel by his side?" "I know not." "Nor I." Thus spake each one. "But his gleaming helmet becomes him well, and the hauberk, and shield, and his sharp steel sword. He sits well upon his steed and has the bearing of a valiant vassal, well-shapen in arm, in limb and foot." While all thus stand and gaze at them, they for their part made no delay to take their stand by the sparrow-hawk, where to one side they awaited the knight. And now behold! they see him come, attended by his dwarf and his damsel. He had heard the report that a knight had come who wished to obtain the sparrow-hawk, but he did not believe there could be in the world a knight so bold

as to dare to fight with him. He would quickly defeat him and lay him low. All the people knew him well, and all welcome him and escort him in a noisy crowd: knights, squires, ladies, and damsels make haste to run after him. Leading them all the knight rides proudly on, with his damsel and his dwarf at his side, and he makes his way quickly to the sparrow-hawk. But all about there was such a press of the rough and vulgar crowd that it was impossible to touch the hawk or to come near where it was. Then the Count arrived on the scene, and threatened the populace with a switch which he held in his hand. The crowd drew back, and the knight advanced and said quietly to his lady: "My lady, this bird, which is so perfectly molted and so fair, should be yours as your just portion; for you are wondrous fair and full of charm. Yours it shall surely be so long as I live. Step forward, my dear, and lift the hawk from the perch." The damsel was on the point of stretching forth her hand when Erec hastened to challenge her, little heeding the other's arrogance. "Damsel," he cries, "stand back! Go dally with some other bird, for to this one you have no right. In spite of all, I say this hawk shall never be yours. For a better one than you claims it—aye, much more fair and more courteous." The other knight is very wroth; but Erec does not mind him, and bids his own maiden step forward. "Fair one," he cries, "come forth. Lift the bird from the perch, for it is right that you should have it. Damsel, come forth! For I will make boast to defend it if any one is so bold as to intervene. For no woman excels you in beauty or worth, in grace or honor any more than the moon outshines the sun." The other could suffer it no longer, when he hears him so manfully offer himself to do battle. "Vassal," he cries, "who art thou who dost thus dispute with me the hawk?" Erec boldly answers him: "A knight I am from another land. This hawk I have come to obtain; for it is right, I say it in spite of all, that this damsel of mine should have it." "Away!" cries the other, "it shall never be. Madness has brought thee here. If thou

dost wish to have the hawk, thou shalt pay right dearly for it." "Pay, vassal; and how?" "Thou must fight with me, if thou dost not resign it to me." "You talk madness," cries Erec; "for me these are idle threats; for little enough do I fear you." "Then I defy thee here and now. The battle is inevitable." Erec replies: "God help me now; for never did I wish for aught so much." Now soon you will hear the noise of battle.

The large place was cleared, with the people gathered all around. They draw off from each other the space of an acre, then drive their horses together; they reach for each other with the tips of their lances, and strike each other so hard that the shields are pierced and broken; the lances split and crack; the saddle-bows are knocked to bits behind. They must needs lose their stirrups, so that they both fall to the ground, and the horses run off across the field. Though smitten with the lances, they are quickly on their feet again, and draw their swords from the scabbards. With great fierceness they attack each other, and exchange great sword blows, so that the helmets are crushed and made to ring. Fierce is the clash of the swords, as they rain great blows upon neck and shoulders. For this is no mere sport: they break whatever they touch, cutting the shields and shattering the hauberks. The swords are red with crimson blood. Long the battle lasts; but they fight so lustily that they become weary and listless. Both the damsels are in tears, and each knight sees his lady weep and raise her hands to God and pray that He may give the honors of the battle to the one who strives for her. "Ha! vassal," quoth the knight to Erec, "let us withdraw and rest a little; for too weak are these blows we deal. We must deal better blows than these; for now it draws near evening. It is shameful and highly discreditable that this battle should last so long. See yonder that gentle maid who weeps for thee and calls on God. Full sweetly she prays for thee, as does also mine for me. Surely we should do our best with our blades of steel for the sake of our lady-loves." Erec replies: "You have spoken well." Then they take

a little rest, Erec looking toward his lady as she softly prays for him. While he sat and looked on her, great strength was recruited within him. Her love and beauty inspired him with great boldness. He remembered the Queen, to whom he pledged his word that he would avenge the insult done him, or would make it greater yet. "Ah! wretch," says he, "why do I wait? I have not yet taken vengeance for the injury which this vassal permitted when his dwarf struck me in the wood." His anger is revived within him as he summons the knight: "Vassal," quoth he, "I call you to battle anew. Too long we have rested; let us now renew our strife." And he replies: "That is no hardship to me." Whereupon, they again fall upon each other. They were both expert fencers. At his first lunge the knight would have wounded Erec had he not skillfully parried. Even so, he smote him so hard over the shield beside his temple that he struck a piece from his helmet. Closely shaving his white coif, the sword descends, cleaving the shield through to the buckle, and cutting more than a span from the side of his hauberk. Then he must have been well stunned, as the cold steel penetrated to the flesh on his thigh. May God protect him now! If the blow had not glanced off, it would have cut right through his body. But Erec is in no wise dismayed: he pays him back what is owing him, and, attacking him boldly, smites him upon the shoulder so violent a blow that the shield cannot withstand it, nor is the hauberk of any use to prevent the sword from penetrating to the bone. He made the crimson blood flow down to his waist-band. Both of the vassals are hard fighters: they fight with honors even, for one cannot gain from the other a single foot of ground. Their hauberks are so torn and their shields so hacked, that there is actually not enough of them left to serve as a protection. So they fight all exposed. Each one loses a deal of blood, and both grow weak. He strikes Erec and Erec strikes him. Erec deals him such a tremendous blow upon the helmet that he quite stuns him. Then he lets him have it again and again, giving him three blows

in quick succession, which entirely split the helmet and cut the coif beneath it. The sword even reaches the skull and cuts a bone of his head, but without penetrating the brain. He stumbles and totters, and while he staggers, Erec pushes him over, so that he falls upon his right side. Erec grabs him by the helmet and forcibly drags it from his head, and unlaces the ventail, so that his head and face are completely exposed. When Erec thinks of the insult done him by the dwarf in the wood, he would have cut off his head, had he not cried for mercy. "Ah! vassal," says he, "thou hast defeated me. Mercy now, and do not kill me, after having overcome me and taken me prisoner: that would never bring thee praise or glory. If thou shouldst touch me more, thou wouldst do great villainy. Take here my sword; I yield it thee." Erec, however, does not take it, but says in reply: "I am within an ace of killing thee." "Ah! gentle knight, mercy! For what crime, indeed, or for what wrong shouldst thou hate me with mortal hatred? I never saw thee before that I am aware, and never have I been engaged in doing thee any shame or wrong." Erec replies: "Indeed you have." "Ah, sire, tell me when! For I never saw you, that I can remember, and if I have done you any wrong, I place myself at your mercy." Then Erec said: "Vassal, I am he who was in the forest yesterday with Queen Guinevere, when thou didst allow thy ill-bred dwarf to strike my lady's damsel. It is disgraceful to strike a woman. And afterwards he struck me, taking me for some common fellow. Thou wast guilty of too great insolence when thou sawest such an outrage and didst complacently permit such a monster of a lout to strike the damsel and myself. For such a crime I may well hate thee; for thou hast committed a grave offense. Thou shalt now constitute thyself my prisoner, and without delay go straight to my lady whom thou wilt surely find at Cardigan, if thither thou takest thy way. Thou wilt reach there this very night, for it is not seven leagues from here, I think. Thou shalt hand over to her thyself, thy damsel, and thy dwarf, to do as she may dictate;

and tell her that I send her word that to-morrow I shall come contended, bringing with me a damsel so fair and wise and fine that in all the world she has not her match. So much thou mayst tell her truthfully. And now I wish to know thy name.'' Then he must needs say in spite of himself: ''Sire, my name is Yder, son of Nut. This morning I had not thought than any single man by force of arms could conquer me. Now I have found by experience a man who is better than I. You are a very valiant knight, and I pledge you my faith here and now that I will go without delay and put myself in the Queen's hands. But tell me without reserve what your name may be. Who shall I say it is that sends me? For I am ready to start.'' And he replies: ''My name I will tell thee without disguise: it is Erec. Go, and tell her that it is I who have sent thee to her.'' ''Now I'll go, and I promise you that I will put my dwarf, my damsel, and myself altogether at her disposal (you need have no fear), and I will give her news of you and of your damsel.'' Then Erec received his plighted word, and the Count and all the people round about—the ladies and the gentlemen—were present at the agreement. Some were joyous, and some downcast; some were sorry, and others glad. The most rejoiced for the sake of the damsel with the white raiment, the daughter of the poor vavasor—she of the gentle and open heart; but his damsel and those who were devoted to him were sorry for Yder.

Yder, compelled to execute his promise, did not wish to tarry longer, but mounted his steed at once. But why should I make a long story? Taking his dwarf and his damsel, they traversed the woods and the plain, going on straight until they came to Cardigan. In the bower outside the great hall, Gawain and Kay the seneschal and a great number of other lords were gathered. The seneschal was the first to espy those approaching, and said to my lord Gawain: ''Sire, my heart divines that the vassal who yonder comes is he of whom the Queen spoke as having yesterday done her such an insult. If I am not mistaken, there are three in the party; for I see the dwarf

and the damsel." "That is so," says my lord Gawain; "it is surely a damsel and a dwarf who are coming straight toward us with the knight. The knight himself is fully armed, but his shield is not whole. If the Queen should see him, she would know him. Hello, seneschal, go call her now!" So he went straightway and found her in one of the apartments. "My lady," says he, "do you remember the dwarf who yesterday angered you by wounding your damsel?" "Yes, I remember him right well. Seneschal, have you any news of him? Why have you mentioned him?" "Lady, because I have seen a knight-errant armed coming upon a gray horse, and if my eyes have not deceived me, I saw a damsel with him; and it seems to me that with him comes the dwarf, who still holds the scourge from which Erec received his lashing." Then the Queen rose quickly and said: "Let us go quickly, seneschal, to see if it is the vassal. If it is he, you may be sure that I shall tell you so, as soon as I see him." And Kay said: "I will show him to you. Come up into the bower where your knights are assembled. It was from there we saw him coming, and my lord Gawain himself awaits you there. My lady, let us hasten thither, for here we have too long delayed." Then the Queen bestirred herself, and coming to the windows she took her stand by my lord Gawain, and straightway recognized the knight. "Ha! my lords," she cries, "it is he. He has been through great danger. He has been in a battle. I do not know whether Erec has avenged his grief, or whether this knight has defeated Erec. But there is many a dent upon his shield, and his hauberk is covered with blood, so that it is rather red than white." " In sooth, my lady," quoth my lord Gawain, "I am very sure that you are quite right. His hauberk is covered with blood, and pounded and beaten, showing plainly that he has been in a fight. We can easily see that the battle has been hot. Now we shall soon hear from him news that will give us joy or gloom: whether Erec sends him to you here as a prisoner at your discretion, or whether he comes in pride of heart to boast

before us arrogantly that he has defeated or killed Erec. No other news can he bring, I think.'' The Queen says: ''I am of the same opinion.'' And all the others say: ''It may well be so.''

Meanwhile Yder enters the castle gate, bringing them news. They all came down from the bower, and went to meet him. Yder came up to the royal terrace and there dismounted from his horse. And Gawain took the damsel and helped her down from her palfrey; the dwarf, for his part, dismounted too. There were more than one hundred knights standing there, and when the three newcomers had all dismounted they were led into the King's presence. As soon as Yder saw the Queen, he bowed low and first saluted her, then the King and his knights, and said: ''Lady, I am sent here as your prisoner by a gentleman, a valiant and noble knight, whose face yesterday my dwarf made smart with his knotted scourge. He has overcome me at arms and defeated me. Lady, the dwarf I bring you here: he has come to surrender to you at discretion. I bring you myself, my damsel, and my dwarf to do with us as you please.'' The Queen keeps her peace no longer, but asks him for news of Erec: ''Tell me,'' she says, ''if you please, do you know when Erec will arrive?'' ''To-morrow, lady, and with him a damsel he will bring, the fairest of all I ever knew.'' When he had delivered his message, the Queen, who was kind and sensible, said to him courteously: ''Friend, since thou hast thrown thyself upon my mercy, thy confinement shall be less harsh; for I have no desire to seek thy harm. But tell me now, so help thee God, what is thy name?'' And he replies: ''Lady, my name is Yder, son of Nut.'' And they knew that he told the truth. Then the Queen arose, and going before the King, said: ''Sire, did you hear? You have done well to wait for Erec, the valiant knight. I gave you good advice yesterday, when I counseled you to await his return. This proves that it is wise to take advice.'' The King replies: ''That is no lie; rather is it perfectly true that he who takes advice is no fool. Happily we followed your advice

yesterday. But if you care anything for me, release this knight from his durance, provided he consent to join henceforth my household and court; and if he does not consent, let him suffer the consequence." When the King had thus spoken, the Queen straightway released the knight; but it was on this condition, that he should remain in the future at the court. He did not have to be urged before he gave his consent to stay. Now he was of the court and household to which he had not before belonged. Then valets were at hand to run and relieve him of his arms.

For his service and on account of his love for the maiden, Erec demands that she go with him to the court of King Arthur to be married, and the vavasor consents; but when a wealthy cousin would array the maiden splendidly, Erec insists that she must go with him poorly dressed, as she is, so that Queen Guinevere may clothe her properly. Erec proceeds with his betrothed to the court of King Arthur and presents her to the Queen, who welcomes her joyously and clothes her sumptuously. When the King sees Enide so splendidly arrayed, he is so struck by her beauty that he asks the court if it will not meet with their approval for him to bestow upon her the honor of the White Stag. No one objects, for she is more beautiful by far than any of the ladies of the court.

Not long after this Erec is married to Enide, and then, for the first time in the story, her name is given. The wedding ceremonies and the rejoicings that accompany them last for a week or two, and then follows a great tournament in which Erec meets all comers success-

fully and wins increased renown. Later he visits his father, the King of Wales, and then for a long time the young knight is content to live in luxury and pleasant dalliance with his young wife. After a time, however, she is impressed with the fact that through her influence Erec is losing his knightly valor and she urges him to set forth as a knight errant.

Roused from his inaction by this appeal, Erec arms himself, mounts his charger, and, starting out with his wife alone, rides on his quest as chance dictates. He enjoins Enide on no account to address him, and they ride in silence for a long time, until the fond wife sees three robbers charging quietly upon Erec and about to surprise him. She calls out a warning, and Erec kills the robbers and takes their horses, but he chides Enide severely for speaking to him. A similar adventure with five robbers brings a second chiding, and Enide is left sadly to lead the eight horses of the dead robbers. That night Erec, worn out with his battles, rests and sleeps, while Enide watches by his side.

In the morning a squire appears who offers them food, serves it daintily and praises Erec, who presents him with a dappled horse taken from one of the robbers. When the gracious young squire returns to his castle, his lord the Count asks where the animal was obtained, and on being told he calls upon the wanderers, falls in love with Enide, and threatens her with death unless she consents to his wooing. Grown

shrewd in her husband's cause, she feigns compliance and arranges a plan by which Erec may be killed so that she can marry the Count. At the first opportunity, however, she discloses her plan to Erec, who escapes with her. The Count pursues, Enide warns Erec for the third time; he reproves her more bitterly than ever, and then fights the Count, whom he leaves for dead, but who afterward recovers.

His next adventure is with a small knight on a huge horse, who fights manfully, but when he is worsted by Erec confesses his name to be Guivret the Little, and the two form a passionate friendship which lasts to the end.

Riding on, Erec approaches a forest in which King Arthur is hunting with his knights, and meets Kay, the seneschal, who is mounted on the horse of Gawain and bears the latter's shield and lance. Kay does not recognize Erec, fights with him, and is overthrown, whereupon he begs mercy and, confessing that the arms and horse are not his own, asks Erec's permission to return them to Gawain. When Kay returns to the court with the arms of Gawain, the King and all are anxious to entertain the brave unknown knight, and the King sends Gawain with an invitation. Erec discloses his identity, but refuses to turn aside to join the King, who thereupon moves the camp into the road that Erec is traveling, and the latter, with Enide, spend the night with their friends. But in the morning the two are again upon their way and meet with the following adventure:

Entering a forest, they rode on without halting till hour of prime. While they thus traversed the wood, they heard in the distance the cry of a damsel in great distress. When Erec heard the cry, he felt sure from the sound that it was the voice of one in trouble and in need of help. Straightway calling Enide, he says: "Lady, there is some maiden who goes through the wood calling aloud. I take it that she is in need of aid and succor. I am going to hasten in that direction and see what her trouble is. Do you dismount and await me here, while I go yonder." "Gladly, sire," she says. Leaving her alone, he makes his way until he found the damsel, who was going through the wood, lamenting her lover whom two giants had taken and were leading away with very cruel treatment. The maiden was rending her garments, and tearing her hair and her tender crimson face. Erec sees her and, wondering greatly, begs her to tell him why she cries and weeps so sore. The maiden cries and sighs again, then sobbing, says: "Fair sire, it is no wonder if I grieve, for I wish I were dead. I neither love nor prize my life, for my lover has been led away prisoner by two wicked and cruel giants who are his mortal enemies. God! what shall I do? Woe is me! deprived of the best knight alive, the most noble and the most courteous. And now he is in great peril of death. This very day, and without cause, they will bring him to some vile death. Noble knight, for God's sake, I beg you to succor my lover, if now you can lend him any aid. You will not have to run far, for they must still be close by." "Damsel," says Erec, "I will follow them, since you request it, and rest assured that I shall do all within my power: either I shall be taken prisoner along with him, or I shall restore him to you safe and sound. If the giants let him live until I can find him, I intend to measure my strength with theirs." "Noble knight," the maiden said, "I shall always be your servant if you restore to me my lover. Now go in God's name, and make haste, I beseech you." "Which way lies their path?" "This way, my lord. Here is the path with the

footprints." Then Erec started at a gallop, and told her to await him there. The maid commends him to the Lord, and prays God very fervently that He should give him force by His command to discomfit those who intend evil toward her lover.

Erec went off along the trail, spurring his horse in pursuit of the giants. He followed in pursuit of them until he caught sight of them before they emerged from the wood; he saw the knight with bare limbs mounted naked on a nag, his hands and feet bound as if he were arrested for highway robbery. The giants had no lances, shields or whetted swords; but they both had clubs and scourges, with which they were beating him so cruelly that already they had cut the skin on his back to the bone. Down his sides and flanks the blood ran, so that the nag was all covered with blood down to the belly. Erec came along alone after them. He was very sad and distressed about the knight whom he saw them treat so spitefully. Between two woods in an open field he came up with them, and asks: "My lords," says he, "for what crime do you treat this man so ill and lead him along like a common thief? You are treating him too cruelly. You are driving him just as if he had been caught stealing. It is a monstrous insult to strip a knight naked, and then bind him and beat him so shamefully. Hand him over to me, I beg of you with all good-will and courtesy. I have no wish to demand him of you forcibly." "Vassal," they say, "what business is this of yours? You must be mad to make any demand of us. If you do not like it, try and improve matters." Erec replies: "Indeed, I like it not, and you shall not lead him away so easily. Since you have left the matter in my hands, I say whoever can get possession of him let him keep him. Take your positions. I challenge you. You shall not take him any farther before some blows have been dealt." "Vassal," they reply, "you are mad, indeed, to wish to measure your strength with us. If you were four instead of one, you would have no more strength against us than one lamb against two wolves."

"I do not know how it will turn out," Erec replies; "if the sky falls and the earth melts, then many a lark will be caught. Many a man boasts loudly who is of little worth. On guard now, for I am going to attack you."

The giants were strong and fierce, and held in their clenched hands their big clubs tipped with iron. Erec went at them, lance in rest. He fears neither of them, in spite of their menace and their pride, and strikes the foremost of them through the eye so deep into the brain that the blood and brains spurt out at the back of his neck; that one lies dead and his heart stops beating. When the other saw him dead, he had reason to be sorely grieved. Furious, he went to avenge him: with both hands he raised his club on high and thought to strike him squarely upon his unprotected head; but Erec watched the blow and received it on his shield. Even so, the giant landed such a blow that it quite stunned him, and almost made him fall to earth from his steed. Erec covers himself with his shield and the giant, recovering himself, thinks to strike again quickly upon his head. But Erec had drawn his sword, and attacked him with such fierceness that the giant was severely handled: he strikes him so hard upon the neck that he splits him down to the saddle-bow. He scatters his bowels upon the earth, and the body falls full length, split in two halves. The knight weeps with joy and, worshiping, praises God who has sent him this aid. Then Erec unbound him, made him dress and arm himself, and mount one of the horses; the other he made him lead with his right hand, and asks him who he is. And he replied: "Noble knight, thou art my liege lord. I wish to regard thee as my lord, as by right I ought to do, for thou hast saved my life, which but now would have been cut off from my body with great torment and cruelty. What chance, fair gentle sire, in God's name, guided thee hither to me, to free me by thy courage from the hands of my enemies? Sire, I wish to do thee homage. Henceforth, I shall always accompany thee and serve thee as my lord." Erec sees that he is disposed to serve him gladly, if he may,

and says: "Friend, for your service I have no desire; but you must know that I came hither to succor you at the instance of your lady, whom I found sorrowing in this wood. Because of you, she grieves and moans; for full of sorrow is her heart. I wish to present you to her now. As soon as I have reunited you with her, I shall continue my way alone; for you have no call to go with me. I have no need of your company; but I fain would know your name." "Sire," say he, "as you wish. Since you desire to know my name, it must not be kept from you. My name is Cadoc of Tabriol: know that thus I am called. But since I must part from you, I should like to know, if it may be, who you are and of what land, where I may sometime find and search for you, when I shall go away from here." Erec replies: "Friend, that I will never confide to you. Never speak of it again; but if you wish to find it out and do me honor in any wise go quickly now without delay to my lord, King Arthur, who with might and main is hunting the stag in yonder wood, as I take it, not five short leagues from here. Go thither quickly and take him word that you are sent to him as a gift by him whom yestere'en within his tent he joyfully received and lodged. And be careful not to conceal from him from what peril I set free both your life and body. I am dearly cherished at the court, and if you present yourself in my name you will do me a service and honor. There you shall ask who I am; but you cannot know it otherwise." "Sire," says Cadoc, "I will follow your bidding in all respects. You need never have any fear that I do not go with a glad heart. I shall tell the King the full truth regarding the battle which you have fought on my behalf." Thus speaking, they continued their way until they came to the maiden where Erec had left her. The damsel's joy knew no bounds when she saw coming her lover whom she never thought to see again. Taking him by the hand, Erec presents him to her with the words: "Grieve no longer, demoiselle! Behold your lover glad and joyous." And she with prudence makes reply: "Sire, by right you have

won us both. Yours we should be, to serve and honor. But who could ever repay half the debt we owe you?'' Erec makes answer: ''My gentle lady, no recompense do I ask of you. To God I now commend you both, for too long, methinks, I have tarried here.'' Then he turns his horse about, and rides away as fast as he can. Cadoc of Tabriol with his damsel rides off in another direction; and soon he told the news to King Arthur and the Queen.

After this great adventure Erec rides some distance and then faints from loss of blood. Enide believes him dead and is indulging in inconsolable grief when a Count appears, who is so fascinated by her beauty that he sends for his chaplain and marries the heartbroken widow, who, however, refuses absolutely to have anything to do with him. All this takes place beside the body of Erec, who suddenly recovers from his swoon, kills the Count, frightens the people, who think a corpse has come to life, finds his own horse, and rides away with Enide on the same animal.

In his enfeebled state, Erec now meets Guivret, who does not recognize his friend, but overthrows him in the combat which follows. Enide intercedes for her lover, and when Guivret knows with whom he has fought he takes his fainting foe to the castle and cures him of his wounds. Then, together they start for the court of King Arthur. On the way they arrive at Brandigant, where Erec learns of the most dangerous adventure called the Joy of the Court. Neither Guivret nor any of Erec's friends are willing that he should

undertake the adventure, but he obstinately refuses to take their advice and insists upon engaging in the Dangerous Passage:

All that night they talked of it, until the beds were prepared and they went to rest. In the morning, when it was daylight, Erec, who was on the watch, saw the clear dawn and the sun, and quickly rising, clothed himself. Enide again is in distress, very sad and ill at ease; all night she is greatly disquieted with the solicitude and fear which she felt for her lord, who is about to expose himself to great peril. But nevertheless he equips himself, for no one can make him change his mind. For his equipment the King sent him, when he arose, arms which he put to good use. Erec did not refuse them, for his own were worn and impaired and in bad state. He gladly accepted the arms and had himself equipped with them in the hall. When he was armed, he descends the steps and finds his horse saddled and the King who had mounted. Every one in the castle and in the houses of the town hastened to mount. In all the town there remained neither man nor woman, erect or deformed, great or small, weak or strong, who is able to go and does not do so. When they start, there is a great noise and clamor in all the streets; for those of high and low degree alike cry out: "Alas, alas! oh knight, the Joy that thou wishest to win has betrayed thee, and thou goest to win but grief and death." And there is not one but says: "God curse this Joy! which has been the death of so many gentlemen. To-day it will wreak the worst woe that it has ever yet wrought." Erec hears well and notes that up and down they said of him: "Alas, alas, ill-starred wert thou, fair, gentle, skillful knight! Surely it would not be just that thy life should end so soon, or that harm should come to wound and injure thee." He hears clearly the words and what they said; but notwithstanding, he passes on without lowering his head, and without the bearing of a craven. Whoever may speak, he longs to see and know and understand why they are

all in such distress, anxiety, and woe. The King leads him without the town into a garden that stood near by; and all the people follow after, praying that from this trial God may grant him a happy issue. But it is not meet that I should pass on, from weariness and exhaustion of tongue, without telling you the whole truth about the garden, according as the story runs.

The garden had around it no wall or fence except of air; yet, by a spell, the garden was on all sides so shut in by the air that nothing could enter there any more than if the garden were enclosed in iron, unless it flew in over the top. And all through the summer and the winter, too, there were flowers and ripe fruits there; and the fruit was of such a nature that it could be eaten inside; the danger consisted in carrying it out; for whoever should wish to carry out a little would never be able to find the gate, and never could issue from the garden until he had restored the fruit to its place. And there is no flying bird under heaven, pleasing to man, but it sings there to delight and to gladden him, and can be heard there in numbers of every kind. And the earth, however far it stretch, bears no spice or root of use in making medicine, but it had been planted there, and was to be found in abundance. Through a narrow entrance the people entered—King Evrain and all the rest. Erec went riding, lance in rest, into the middle of the garden, greatly delighting in the song of the birds which were singing there; they put him in mind of his Joy—the thing he most was longing for. But he saw a wondrous thing, which might arouse fear in the bravest warrior of all whom we know, be it Thiebaut the Esclavon, or Ospinel, or Fernagu. For before them, on sharpened stakes, there stood bright and shining helmets, and each one had beneath the rim a man's head. But at the end there stood a stake where as yet there was nothing but a horn. He knows not what this signifies, yet draws not back a step for that; rather does he ask the King, who was beside him at the right, what this can be. The King speaks and explains to him:

"Friend," he says, "do you know the meaning of this thing that you see here? You must be in great terror of it, if you care at all for your own body; for this single stake which stands apart, where you see this horn hung up, has been waiting a very long time, but we know not for whom, whether for you or some one else. Take care lest thy head be set up there; for such is the purpose of the stake. I had warned you well of that before you came here. I do not expect that you will escape hence, but that you will be killed and rent apart. For this much we know, that the stake awaits your head. And if it turns out that it be placed there, as the matter stands agreed, as soon as thy head is fixed upon it another stake will be set up beside it which will await the arrival of some one else—I know not when or whom. I will tell you nothing of the horn; but never has any one been able to blow it. However, he who shall succeed in blowing it—his fame and honor will grow until it distance all those of his country, and he shall find such renown that all will come to do him honor, and will hold him to be the best of them all. Now there is no more of this matter. Have your men withdraw; for 'the Joy' will soon arrive, and will make you sorry, I suspect."

Meanwhile King Evrain leaves his side, and Erec stoops over before Enide, whose heart was in great distress, although she held her peace; for grief on lips is of no account unless it also touch the heart. And he who well knew her heart, said to her: "Fair sister dear, gentle, loyal, and prudent lady, I am acquainted with your thoughts. You are in fear, I see that well, and yet you do not know for what; but there is no reason for your dismay until you shall see that my shield is shattered and that my body is wounded, and until you see the meshes of my bright hauberk covered with blood, and my helmet broken and smashed, and me defeated and weary, so that I can no longer defend myself, but must beg and sue for mercy against my will; then you may lament, but now you have begun too soon. Gentle lady, as yet you know not what this is to be; no more do I.

You are troubled without cause. But know this truly: if there were in me only so much courage as your love inspires, truly I should not fear to face any man alive. But I am foolish to vaunt myself; yet I say it not from any pride, but because I wish to comfort you. So comfort yourself, and let it be! I cannot longer tarry here, nor can you go along with me; for, as the King has ordered, I must not take you beyond this point.'' Then he kisses her and commends her to God, and she him. But she is much chagrined that she cannot follow and escort him, until she may learn and see what this adventure is to be, and how he will conduct himself. But since she must stay behind and cannot follow him, she remains sorrowful and grieving. And he went off alone down a path, without companion of any sort, until he came to a silver couch with a cover of gold-embroidered cloth, beneath the shade of a sycamore; and on the bed a maiden of comely body and lovely face, completely endowed with all beauty, was seated all alone. I intended to say no more of her; but whoever could consider well all her attire and her beauty might well say that never did Lavinia of Laurentum, who was so fair and comely, possess the quarter of her beauty. Erec draws near to her, wishing to see her more closely, and the onlookers go and sit down under the trees in the orchard. Then behold, there comes a knight armed with vermilion arms, and he was wondrous tall; and if he were not so immeasurably tall, under the heavens there would be none fairer than he; but, as every one averred, he was a foot taller than any knight he knew. Before Erec caught sight of him, he cried out: ''Vassal, vassal! You are mad, upon my life, thus to approach my damsel. I should say you are not worthy to draw near her. You will pay dearly for your presumption, by my head! Stand back!'' And Erec stops and looks at him, and the other, too, stood still. Neither made advance until Erec had replied all that he wished to say to him. ''Friend,'' he says, ''one can speak folly as well as good sense. Threaten as much as you please, and I will keep silence; for in

threatening there is no sense. Do you know why? A man sometimes thinks he has won the game who afterward loses it. So he is manifestly a fool who is too presumptuous and who threatens too much. If there are some who flee there are plenty who chase, but I do not fear you so much that I am going to run away yet. I am ready to make such defense, if there is any who wishes to offer me battle, that he will have to do his uttermost, or otherwise he cannot escape." "Nay," quoth he, "so help me God! know that you shall have the battle, for I defy and challenge you." And you may know, upon my word, that then the reins were not held in. The lances they had were not light, but were big and square; nor were they planed smooth, but were rough and strong. Upon the shields with mighty strength they smote each other with their sharp weapons, so that a fathom of each lance passes through the gleaming shields. But neither touches the other's flesh, nor was either lance cracked; each one, as quickly as he could, draws back his lance, and both rushing together, return to the fray. One against the other rides, and so fiercely they smite each other that both lances break and the horses fall beneath them. But they, being seated on their steeds, sustain no harm; so they quickly rise, for they were strong and lithe. They stand on foot in the middle of the garden, and straightway attack each other with their green swords of German steel, and deal great wicked blows upon their bright and gleaming helmets, so that they hew them into bits, and their eyes shoot out flame. No greater efforts can be made than those they make in striving and toiling to injure and wound each other. Both fiercely smite with the gilded pommel and the cutting edge.

Such havoc did they inflict upon each other's teeth, cheeks, nose, hands, arms, and the rest, upon the temples, neck, and throat that their bones all ache. They are very sore and very tired; yet they do not desist, but rather only strive the more. Sweat, and the blood which flows down with it, dim their eyes, so that they can hardly see a thing; and very often they missed their

blows, like men who did not see to wield their swords upon each other. They can scarcely harm each other now; yet, they do not desist at all from exercising all their strength. Because their eyes are so blinded that they completely lose their sight, they let their shields fall to the ground, and seize each other angrily. Each pulls and drags the other, so that they fall upon their knees. Thus, long they fight until the hour of noon is past, and the big knight is so exhausted that his breath quite fails him. Erec has him at his mercy, and pulls and drags so that he breaks all the lacing of his helmet, and forces him over at his feet. He falls over upon his face against Erec's breast, and has not strength to rise again. Though it distresses him, he has to say and own: "I cannot deny it, you have beaten me; but much it goes against my will. And yet you may be of such degree and fame that only credit will redound to me; and insistently I would request, if it may be in any way, that I might know your name, and be thereby somewhat comforted. If a better man has defeated me, I shall be glad, I promise you; but if it has so fallen out that a baser man than I has worsted me, then I must feel great grief indeed." "Friend, dost thou wish to know my name?" says Erec; "Well, I shall tell thee ere I leave here; but it will be upon condition that thou tell me now why thou art in this garden. Concerning that I will know all—what is thy name and what the Joy; for I am very anxious to hear the truth from beginning to end of it." "Sire," says he, "fearlessly I will tell you all you wish to know." Erec no more withholds his name, but says: "Didst thou ever hear of King Lac and his son Erec?" "Yea, sire, I knew him well; for I was at his father's court for many a day before I was knighted, and, if he had had his will, I should never have left him for anything." "Then thou oughtest to know me well, if thou wert ever with me at the court of my father, the King." "Then, upon my faith, it has turned out well. Now hear who has detained me so long in this garden. I will tell the truth in accordance with your injunction, whatever it may cost me.

KNIGHT IN ARMOR

A LAY FIGURE IN THE GOVERNMENT ARMORY, MADRID.

That damsel who yonder sits loved me from childhood and I loved her. It pleased us both, and our love grew and increased, until she asked a boon of me, but did not tell me what it was. Who would deny his mistress aught? There is no lover but would surely do all his sweetheart's pleasure without default or guile, whenever he can in any way. I agreed to her desire; but when I had agreed, she would have it, too, that I should swear. I would have done more than that for her, but she took me at my word. I made her a promise, without knowing what. Time passed until I was made a knight. King Evrain, whose nephew I am, dubbed me a knight in the presence of many honorable men in this very garden where we are. My lady, who is sitting there, at once recalled to me my word, and said that I had promised her that I would never go forth from here until there should come some knight who should conquer me by trial of arms. It was right that I should remain, for rather than break my word, I should never have pledged it. Since I knew the good there was in her, I could not reveal or show to the one whom I hold most dear that in all this I was displeased; for if she had noticed it, she would have withdrawn her heart, and I would not have had it so for anything that might happen.

Thus my lady thought to detain me here for a long stay; she did not think that there would ever enter this garden any vassal who could conquer me. In this way she intended to keep me absolutely shut up with her all the days of my life. And I should have committed an offense if I had had resort to guile and not defeated all those against whom I could prevail; such escape would have been a shame. And I dare to assure you that I have no friend so dear that I would have feigned at all in fighting with him. Never did I weary of arms, nor did I ever refuse to fight. You have surely seen the helmets of those whom I have defeated and put to death; but the guilt of it is not mine, when one considers it aright. I could not help myself, unless I were willing to be false and recreant and disloyal. Now I have told you the

truth, and be assured that it is no small honor which you have gained. You have given great joy to the court of my uncle and my friends; for now I shall be released from here; and because all those who are at the court will have joy of it, therefore those who awaited the joy called it 'Joy of the Court.' They have awaited it so long that now it will be granted them by you who have won it by your fight. You have defeated and bewitched my prowess and my chivalry. Now it is right that I tell you my name, if you would know it. I am called Mabonagrain; but I am not remembered by that name in any land where I have been, save only in this region; for never, when I was a squire, did I tell or make known my name. Sire, you know the truth concerning all that you asked me. But I must still tell you that there is in this garden a horn which I doubt not you have seen. I cannot issue forth from here until you have blown the horn; but then you will have released me, and then the Joy will begin. Whoever shall hear and give it heed—no hindrance will detain him, when he shall hear the sound of the horn, from coming straightway to the court. Rise up, sire! Go quickly now! Go take the horn right joyfully; for you have no further cause to wait; so do that which you must do." Now Erec rose, and the other rises with him, and both approach the horn. Erec takes it and blows it, putting into it all his strength, so that the sound of it reaches far. Greatly did Enide rejoice when she heard the note, and Guivret was greatly delighted too. The King is glad, and so are his people; there is not one who is not well suited and pleased at this. No one ceases or leaves off from making merry and from song. Erec could boast that day, for never was such rejoicing made; it could not be described or related by mouth of man, but I will tell you the sum of it briefly and with few words. The news spreads through the country that thus the affair has turned out. Then there was no holding back from coming to the court. All the people hasten thither in confusion, some on foot and some on horse, without waiting for each other. And

those who were in the garden hastened to remove Erec's arms, and in emulation they all sang a song about the Joy; and the ladies made up a lay which they called "the Lay of Joy," but the lay is not well known.

In the person of the young lady to whom the Scarlet Knight is devoted Enide finds her cousin, and three full days are spent in rejoicings over the successful outcome of the Dangerous Passage. Then Erec, Guivret and Enide, with their followers, journey to Arthur's court, where at the King's request they agree to stay for three years in more quiet service. This is the end of Erec's errantry, though the story further tells of the death of his father and of the way in which Erec was crowned successor:

The King had two thrones of white ivory, well constructed and new, of one pattern and style. He who made them beyond a doubt was a very skilled and cunning craftsman. For so precisely did he make the two alike in height, in breadth, and in ornamentation, that you could not look at them from every side to distinguish one from the other and find in one aught that was not in the other. There was no part of wood, but all of gold and fine ivory. Well were they carved with great skill, for the two corresponding sides of each bore the representation of a leopard, and the other two a dragon's shape. A knight named Bruiant of the Isles had made a gift and present of them to King Arthur and the Queen. King Arthur sat upon the one, and upon the other he made Erec sit, who was robed in watered silk. As we read in the story, we find the description of the robe, and, in order that no one may say that I lie, I quote as my authority Macrobius, who devoted himself to the description of it. Macrobius instructs me how to des-

cribe, according as I have found it in the book, the workmanship and the figures of the cloth. Four fairies had made it with great skill and mastery. One represented there geometry, how it estimates and measures the extent of the heavens and the earth, so that nothing is lacking there; and then the depth and the height, and the width, and the length; then it estimates, besides, how broad and deep the sea is, and thus measures the whole world. Such was the work of the first fairy. And the second devoted her effort to the portrayal of arithmetic, and she strove hard to represent clearly how it wisely enumerates the days and the hours of time, and the water of the sea drop by drop, and then all the sand, and the stars one by one, knowing well how to tell the truth, and how many leaves there are in the woods: such is the skill of arithmetic that numbers have never deceived her, nor will she ever be in error when she wishes to apply her sense to them. The third design was that of music, with which all merriment finds itself in accord, songs and harmonies, and sounds of string, of harp, of Breton violin, and of viol. This piece of work was good and fine; for upon it were portrayed all the instruments and all the pastimes. The fourth, who next performed her task, executed a most excellent work; for the best of the arts she there portrayed. She undertook astronomy, which accomplishes so many marvels and draws inspiration from the stars, the moon, and the sun. Nowhere else does it seek counsel concerning aught which it has to do. They give it good and sure advice. Concerning whatever inquiry it make of them, whether in the past or in the future, they give it information without falsehood and without deception. This work was portrayed on the stuff of which Erec's robe was made, all worked and woven with thread of gold. The fur lining that was sewed within, belonged to some strange beasts whose heads are all white, and whose necks are as black as mulberries, and which have red backs and green bellies, and a dark blue tail. These beasts live in India and they are called "barbiolets." They eat nothing but spices, cin-

namon, and fresh cloves. What shall I tell you of the mantle? It was very rich and fine and handsome: it had four stones in the tassels—two chrysolites on one side, and two amethysts on the other, which were mounted in gold.

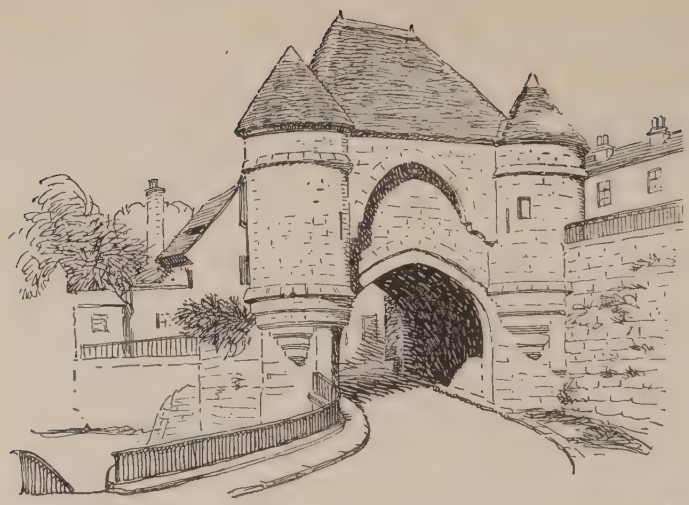
As yet Enide had not come to the palace. When the King sees that she delays, he bids Gawain go quickly to bring her and the Queen. Gawain hastens and was not slow, and with him King Cadoalant and the generous King of Galloway. Guivret the Little accompanies them, followed by Yder the son of Nut. So many of the other nobles ran thither to escort the two ladies that they would have sufficed to overcome a host; for there were more than a thousand of them. The Queen had made her best effort to adorn Enide. Into the palace they brought her—the courteous Gawain escorting her on one side, and on the other the generous King of Galloway, who loved her dearly on account of Erec who was his nephew. When they came to the palace, King Arthur came quickly toward them, and courteously seated Enide beside Erec; for he wished to do her great honor. Now he orders to be brought forth from his treasure two massive crowns of fine gold. As soon as he had spoken and given the command, without delay the crowns were brought before him, all sparkling with carbuncles, of which there were four in each. The light of the moon is nothing compared with the light which the least of the carbuncles could shed. Because of the radiance which they shed, all those who were in the palace were so dazzled that for a moment they could see nothing; and even the King was amazed, and yet filled with satisfaction, when he saw them to be so clear and bright. He had one of them held by two damsels, and the other by two gentlemen. Then he bade the bishops and priors and the abbots of the Church step forward and anoint the new King, as the Christian practice is. Now all the prelates, young and old, came forward; for at the court there were a great number of bishops and abbots. The Bishop of Nantes himself, who was a very worthy and

saintly man, anointed the new King in a very holy and becoming manner, and placed the crown upon his head. King Arthur had a scepter brought which was very fine. Listen to the description of the scepter, which was clearer than a pane of glass, all of one solid emerald, fully as large as your fist. I dare to tell you in very truth that in all the world there is no manner of fish, or of wild beast, or of man, or of flying bird that was not worked and chiseled upon it with its proper figure. The scepter was handed to the King, who looked at it with amazement; then he put it without delay into King Erec's right hand; and now he was King as he ought to be. Then he crowned Enide in turn. Now the bells ring for Mass, and they go to the main church to hear the Mass and service; they go to pray at the cathedral. You would have seen weeping with joy the father of Queen Enide and her mother, Carsenefide. In truth this was her mother's name, and her father's name was Liconal. Very happy were they both. When they came to the cathedral, the procession came out from the church with relics and treasures to meet them. Crosses and prayerbooks and censers and reliquaries, with all the holy relics, of which there were many in the church, were all brought out to meet them; nor was there any lack of chants made. Never were seen so many kings, counts, dukes, and nobles together at a Mass, and the press was so great and thick that the church was completely filled. No low-born man could enter there, but only ladies and knights. Outside the door of the church a great number still remained, so many were there come together who could not get inside the church. When they had heard all the Mass they returned to the palace. It was all prepared and decorated: tables set and cloths spread—five hundred tables and more were there; but I do not wish to make you believe a thing which does not seem true. It would seem too great a lie were I to say that five hundred tables were set in rows in one palace, so I will not say it; rather were there five halls so filled with them that with great difficulty could one make his way among the tables. At

each table there was in truth a king or a duke or a count; and full a hundred knights were seated at each table. A thousand knights served the bread, and a thousand served the wine, and a thousand the meat—all of them dressed in fresh fur robes of ermine. All are served with divers dishes. Even if I did not see them, I might still be able to tell you about them; but I must attend to something else than to tell you what they had to eat. They had enough, without wanting more; joyfully and liberally they were served to their heart's desire.

When this celebration was concluded, the King dismissed the assemblage of kings, dukes, and counts, of which the number was immense, and of the other humble folk who had come to the festival. He rewarded them liberally with horses, arms and silver, cloths and brocades of many kinds because of his generosity, and because of Erec whom he loved so much. Here the story ends at last.

MEDIEVAL BRIDGE AT CAHORS



CHAPTER IV

LITERATURE OF THE MIDDLE AGES (CONTINUED)
III. THE CHANT-FABLE, FABLIAUX AND OTHER TALES

"AUCASSIN ET NICOLETTE." One brilliant example, delicate and full of exquisite beauty, has come down to us, of mingled narration in verse and prose. The unknown author in light, clear verse and graceful prose has created a charming work which can only be fully appreciated in the reading and which represents some of the most valuable elements in French poetry of this early age. In the following resume of the story the extracts are taken from the excellent translation of Eugene Mason. The tale begins as follows:

Who will deign to hear the song
Solace of a captive's wrong,
Telling how two children met,
Aucassin and Nicolette;
How by grievous pains distraught,
Noble deeds the varlet wrought
For his love, and her bright face!
Sweet my rhyme, and full of grace,
Fair my tale, and debonair.
He who lists—though full of care,
Sore astonied, much amazed,
All cast down, by men mispraised,
Sick in body, sick in soul,
Hearing shall be glad and whole,
So sweet the tale.

Now they say and tell and relate:

How the Count Bougars of Valence made war on Count Garin of Beaucaire, war so great, so wonderful, and so mortal, that never dawned the day but that he was at the gates and walls and barriers of the town, with a hundred knights and ten thousand men-at-arms, on foot and on horse. So he burned the Count's land, and spoiled his heritage, and dealt death to his men. The Count Garin of Beaucaire was full of years, and frail; he had long outworn his day. He had no heir, neither son nor daughter, save one only varlet, and he was such as I will tell you. Aucassin was the name of the lad. Fair he was, and pleasant to look upon, tall and shapely of body in every whit of him. His hair was golden, and curled in little rings about his head; he had gray and dancing eyes, a clear, oval face, a nose high and comely, and he was so gracious in all good graces that nought in him was found to blame, but good alone. But Love, that high prince, so utterly had cast him down, that he cared not to become knight, neither to bear arms, nor to tilt at tourneys, nor yet to do aught that it became his name to do.

His father and his mother spake him thus—

"Son, don now thy mail, mount thy horse, keep thy land, and render aid to thy men. Should they see thee amongst them the better will the men-at-arms defend their bodies and their substance, thy fief and mine."

"Father," said Aucassin, "why speakest thou in such fashion to me? May God give me nothing of my desire if I become knight, or mount to horse, or thrust into the press to strike other or be smitten down, save only that thou give me Nicolette, my sweet friend, whom I love so well."

"Son," answered the father, "this may not be. Put Nicolette from mind. For Nicolette is but a captive maid, come hither from a far country, and the Viscount of this town bought her with money from the Saracens, and set her in this place. He hath nourished and baptized her, and held her at the font. On a near day he will give her to some young bachelor, who will gain her bread in all honor. With this what hast thou to do? Ask for a wife, and I will find thee the daughter of a king, or a count. Were he the richest man in France his daughter shalt thou have, if so thou wilt."

"Faith, my father," said Aucassin, "what honor of all this world would not Nicolette, my very sweet friend, most richly become! Were she Empress of Byzantium or of Allemaigne, or Queen of France or England, low enough would be her degree, so noble is she, so courteous and debonair, and gracious in all good graces."

Now is sung:

Aucassin was of Beaucaire,
Of the mighty castle there,
But his heart was ever set
On his fair friend, Nicolette.
Small he heeds his father's blame,
Or the harsh words of his dame.
"Fool, to weep the livelong day,
Nicolette trips light and gay.
Scouring she from far Carthage,
Bought of Paynims for a wage.

Since a wife beseems thee good
Take a wife of wholesome blood."
"Mother, naught for this I care,
Nicolette is debonair;
Slim the body, fair the face,
Make my heart a lighted place;
Love has set her as my peer,
Too sweet, my dear."

Now they say and tell and relate:

When the Count Garin of Beaucaire found that in nowise could he withdraw Aucassin his son from the love of Nicolette, he sought out the Viscount of the town, who was his man, and spake him thus—

"Sir Count, send Nicolette your god-child straightly from this place. Cursed be the land wherefrom she was carried to this realm; for because of her I lose Aucassin, who will not become knight, nor do aught that it becometh knight to do. Know well that were she once within my power I would hurry her to the fire; and look well to yourself, for you stand in utmost peril and fear."

"Sire," answered the Viscount, "this lies heavy upon me, that ever Aucassin goes and he comes seeking speech with my ward. I have bought her with my money, and nourished and baptized her, and held her at the font. Moreover, I am fain to give her to some young bachelor, who will gain her bread in all honor. With this Aucassin your son had nought to do. But since this is your will and your pleasure, I will send her to so far a country that nevermore shall he see her with his eyes."

"Walk warily," replied the Count Garin, "for great evil easily may fall to you of this."

So they went their ways.

Now the Viscount was a very rich man, and had a rich palace standing within a garden. In a certain chamber of an upper floor he set Nicolette in ward, with an old woman to bear her company, and to watch; and he put there bread and meat and wine and all things for their need. Then he placed a seal upon the door,

so that none might enter in, nor issue forth, save only that there was a window looking on the garden, strict and close, whereby they breathed a little fresh air.

Now is sung:

Nicolette is prisoned fast,
In a vaulted chamber cast,
Shaped and carven wondrous well,
Painted as by miracle.
At the marble casement stayed
On her elbow leaned the maid;
Golden showed her golden hair,
Softly curved her eyebrows rare,
Fair her face, and brightly flushed,
Sweeter maiden never blushed.
In the garden from her room
She might watch the roses bloom,
Hear the birds make tender moan;
Then she knew herself alone.
" 'Lack, great pity 'tis to place
Maid in such an evil case.
Aucassin, my liege, my squire,
Friend, and dear, and heart's desire,
Since thou dost not hate me quite
Men have done me foul despite,
Sealed me in this vaulted room,
Thrust me to this bitter doom.
But by God, Our Lady's Son,
Soon will I from here begone,
So it be won."

Now they say and tell and relate:

Nicolette was prisoned in the chamber, as you have heard and known. The cry and the haro went through all the land that Nicolette was stolen away. Some said that she had fled the country, and some that the Count Garin of Beaucaire had done her to death. Whatever man may have rejoiced, Aucassin had no joy therein, so he sought out the Viscount of the town and spake him thus—

"Sir Viscount, what have you done with Nicolette, my very sweet friend, the thing that most I love in all the world? Have you borne her off, or hidden her from my sight? Be sure that should I die hereof, my blood will be required of you, as is most just, for I am slain of your two hands, since you steal from me the thing that most I love in all the world."

"Fair sire," answered the Viscount, "put this from mind. Nicolette is a captive maid whom I brought here from a far country. For her price I trafficked with the Saracens, and I have bred and baptized her, and held her at the font. I have nourished her duly, and on a day will give her to some young bachelor who will gain her bread in honorable fashion. With this you have nought to do; but only to wed the daughter of some count or king. Beyond this, what profit would you have, had you become her lover, and taken her to your bed? Little enough would be your gain therefrom, for your soul would lie tormented in Hell all the days of all time, so that to Paradise never should you win."

"In Paradise what have I to do? I care not to enter, but only to have Nicolette, my very sweet friend, whom I love so dearly well. For into Paradise go none but such people as I will tell you of. There go those agèd priests, and those old cripples, and the maimed, who all day long and all night cough before the altars, and in the crypts beneath the churches; those who go in worn old mantles and old tattered habits; who are naked, and barefoot, and full of sores; who are dying of hunger and of thirst, of cold and of wretchedness. Such as these enter in Paradise, and with them have I nought to do. But in Hell will I go. For to Hell go the fair clerks and the fair knights who are slain in the tourney and the great wars, and the stout archer and the loyal man. With them will I go. And there go the fair and courteous ladies, who have friends, two or three, together with their wedded lords. And there pass the gold and the silver, the ermine and all rich furs, harpers and minstrels, and the happy of the world. With these

will I go, so only that I have Nicolette, my very sweet friend, by my side."

"Truly," cried the Viscount, "you talk idly, for never shall you see her more; yea, and if perchance you spoke together, and your father heard thereof, he would burn both me and her in one fire, and yourself might well have every fear."

"This lies heavy upon me," answered Aucassin.

Thus he parted from the Viscount making great sorrow.

Now is sung:

Aucassin departed thus
Sad at heart and dolorous;
Gone is she his fairest friend,
None may comfort give or mend,
None by counsel make good end.
To the palace turned he home,
Climbed the stair, and sought his room.
In the chamber all alone
Bitterly he made his moan,
Presently began to weep
For the love he might not keep.
"Nicolette, so gent, so sweet,
Fair the faring of thy feet,
Fair thy laughter, sweet thy speech,
Fair our playing each with each,
Fair thy clasping, fair thy kiss,
Yet it endeth all in this.
Since from me my love is ta'en
I misdoubt that I am slain;
Sister, sweet friend."

Now they say and tell and relate:

Whilst Aucassin was in the chamber lamenting Nicolette, his friend, the Count Bougars of Valence, wishful to end the war, pressed on his quarrel, and setting his pikemen and horsemen in array, drew near the castle to take it by storm. Then the cry arose, and the tumult; and the knights and the men-at-arms took their weapons,

and hastened to the gates and the walls to defend the castle, and the burgesses climbed to the battlements, flinging quarrels and sharpened darts upon the foe. Whilst the siege was so loud and perilous the Count Garin of Beaucaire sought the chamber where Aucassin lay mourning, assotted upon Nicolette, his very sweet friend, whom he loved so well.

"Ha, son," cried he, "craven art thou and shamed, that seest thy best and fairest castle so hardly beset. Know well that if thou lose it thou art a naked man. Son, arm thyself lightly, mount to horse, keep thy land, aid thy men, hurtle into the press. Thou needest not to strike another, neither to be smitten down, but if they see thee amongst them, the better will they defend their goods and their bodies, thy land and mine. And thou art so stout and strong that very easily thou canst do this thing, as is but right."

"Father," answered Aucassin, "what sayest thou now? May God give me nought that I require of Him if I become knight, or mount to horse, or thrust into the press to strike knight or be smitten down, save only thou givest me Nicolette, my sweet friend, whom I love so well."

"Son," replied the father, "this can never be. Rather will I suffer to lose my heritage, and go bare of all, than that thou shouldest have her, either as woman or as dame."

So he turned without farewell. But when Aucassin saw him part he stayed him, saying—

"Father, come now, I will make a true bargain with thee."

"What bargain, fair son?"

"I will arm me, and thrust into the press on such bargain as this, that if God bring me again safe and sound, thou wilt let me look on Nicolette, my sweet friend, so long that I may have with her two words or three, and kiss her one only time."

"I pledge my word to this," said the father.

Of this covenant had Aucassin much joy.

Now is sung:

Aucassin the more was fain
Of the kiss he sought to gain,
Rather than his coffers hold
A hundred thousand marks of gold.
At the call his squire drew near,
Armed him fast in battle gear;
Shirt and hauberk donned the lad,
Laced the helmet on his head,
Girt his golden-hilted sword,
Came the war-horse at his word,
Gripped the buckler and the lance,
At the stirrups cast a glance;
Then most brave from plume to heel
Pricked the charger with the steel,
Called to mind his absent dear,
Passed the gateway without fear
Straight to the fight.

Although Aucassin, armed and properly horsed, went into the combat, his mind was so fully taken up with his recollection of Nicolette that he moved as in a dream and was easily taken captive by the enemy; but, nappening to remember that if he remained in captivity he would have no further chance of seeing his sweetheart, he roused himself, fought his way to freedom, captured the Count Bougars and led him in captivity to the castle of Count Garin.

However, the Count, his father, refused to keep his agreement, and Aucassin was not allowed to see Nicolette, but was thrown into prison, where he sang of her in great grief and anxiety:

Nicolette, white lily-flow'r,
Sweetest lady found in bow'r;
Sweet as grape that brimmeth up
Sweetness in the spicèd cup.
On a day this chanced to you;
Out of Limousin there drew
One, a pilgrim, sore adread,
Lay in pain upon his bed,
Tossed, and took with fear his breath,
Very dolent, near to death.
Then you entered, pure and white,
Softly to the sick man's sight,
Raised the train that swept adown,
Raised the ermine-bordered gown,
Raised the smock, and bared to him
Daintily each lovely limb.
Then a wondrous thing befell,
Straight he rose up sound and well,
Left his bed, took cross in hand,
Sought again his own dear land.
Lily-flow'r, so white, so sweet,
Fair the faring of thy feet,
Fair thy laughter, fair thy speech,
Fair our playing each with each.
Sweet thy kisses, soft thy touch,
All must love thee over much.
'Tis for thee that I am thrown
In this vaulted cell alone;
'Tis for thee that I attend
Death, that comes to make an end,
For thee, sweet friend.

By making a rope of her sheets and towels, Nicolette escaped from the window of the palace. The description of the maiden stepping out over the grass in her naked feet, with the daisies, as she treads upon them, showing black against the whiteness of her feet, is

a charming example of figurative description. The passage is as follows:

Aucassin was set in prison as you have heard tell, and Nicolette for her part was shut in the chamber. It was in the time of summer heat, in the month of May, when the days are warm, long and clear, and the nights coy and serene. Nicolette lay one night sleepless on her bed, and watched the moon shine brightly through the casement, and listened to the nightingale plain in the garden. Then she bethought her of Aucassin, her friend, whom she loved so well. She called also to mind the Count Garin of Beaucaire, her mortal foe, and feared greatly to remain lest her hiding-place should be told to him, and she be put to death in some shameful fashion. She made certain that the old woman who held her in ward was sound asleep. So she rose, and wrapped herself in a very fair silk mantle, the best she had, and taking the sheets from her bed and the towels of her bath, knotted them together to make so long a rope as she was able, tied it about a pillar of the window, and slipped down into the garden. Then she took her skirt in both hands, the one before, and the other behind, and kilted her lightly against the dew which lay thickly upon the grass, and so passed through the garden. Her hair was golden, with little love-locks; her eyes blue and laughing; her face most dainty to see, with lips more vermeil than ever was rose or cherry in the time of summer heat; her teeth white and small; her breasts so firm that they showed beneath her vesture like two rounded nuts; so frail was she about the girdle that your two hands could have spanned her, and the daisies that she brake with her feet in passing, showed altogether black against her instep and her flesh, so white was the fair young maiden.

After she entered the streets of Beaucaire, she chanced upon the tower where her lover was imprisoned and heard his song. She called

to him not to weep and said he must not waste his life for her, for she was going to a far country. Aucassin protested his love volubly, saying that she must by no means leave, and when she said she thought his love less earnest than his words, Aucassin cried:

> Alack, fair sweet friend, how can it be that thy love should be so great? Woman cannot love man, as man loves woman; for woman's love is in the glance of her eye, and the blossom of her breast, and the tip of the toe of her foot; but the love of man is set deep in the hold of his heart, from whence it cannot be torn away.

The town-watch was sent out to capture Nicolette, whose escape had been discovered, but, knowing her, the men sang a song which warned her, so that she escaped them. After many perils she found herself in a dense wood and met with some shepherds, whom she tried to engage to carry a message to Aucassin. The best they would do, however, was to promise that if Aucassin came that way they would deliver the message. Nicolette proceeded to a place where seven roads met and there built a dainty little lodge, well furnished within by a tapestry of flowers and leaves.

Word having reached Count Garin that Nicolette had disappeared and probably was dead, he released his son, whose melancholy was so serious that all his friends were deeply concerned. A friendly knight advised him to seek solace in the woods among the delights of nature. Accepting the advice, Aucassin left

and soon heard the shepherds singing a song which he recognized as one of Nicolette's. The story proceeds:

"Fair children, God keep you."

"God bless you," replied he who was readier of tongue than his fellows.

"Fair children," said he, "tell over again the song that you told but now."

"We will not tell it," answered he who was more fluent of speech than the others; "sorrow be his who sings it to you, fair sir."

"Fair children," returned Aucassin, "do you not know me?"

"Oh, yes, we know well that you are Aucassin, our young lord; but we are not your men; we belong to the Count."

"Fair children, sing me the song once more, I pray you!"

"By the Wounded Heart, what fine words! Why should I sing for you, if I have no wish to do so? Why, the richest man in all the land—saving the presence of Count Garin—would not dare to drive my sheep and oxen and cows from out his wheatfield or his pasture, for fear of losing his eyes. Wherefore, then, should I sing for you, if I have no wish to do so?"

"God keep you, fair children; yet you will do this thing for me. Take these ten sous that I have here in my purse."

"Sire, we will take the money; but I will not sing for you, since I have sworn not to do so; but I will tell it in plain prose, if such be your pleasure."

"As God pleases," answered Aucassin; "better the tale in prose than no story at all."

"Sire, we were in this glade between six and nine of the morn, and were breaking our bread by the well, just as we are doing now, when a girl came by, the loveliest thing in all the world, so fair that we doubted her a fay, and she brimmed our wood with light. She

gave us money, and made a bargain with us that if you came here we would tell you that you must hunt in this forest, for in it is such a quarry that if you may take her you would not part with one of her members for five hundred silver marks, nor for aught that man can give. For in the quest is so sweet a salve that if you take her you shall be cured of your wound; and within three days must the chase be taken, for if she be not found by then, never will you see her more. Now go to your hunting if you will, and if you will not, let it go, for truly have I carried out my bargain with her."

"Fair children," cried Aucassin, "enough have you spoken, and may God set me on her track."

Now is sung:

Aucassin's fond heart was moved
When this hidden word he proved
Sent him by the maid he loved.
Straight his charger he bestrode,
Bade farewell, and swiftly rode
Deep within the forest dim,
Saying o'er and o'er to him;
"Nicolette, so sweet, so good,
'Tis for you I search this wood;
Antlered stag nor boar I chase,
Hot I follow on your trace.
Slender shape and deep, blue eyes,
Dainty laughter, low replies,
Fledge the arrow in my heart.
Ah, to find you, ne'er to part!
Pray God give so fair an end,
Sister, sweet friend."

Now they say and tell and relate:

Aucassin rode through the wood in search of Nicolette, and the charger went right speedily. Do not think that the spines and thorns were pitiful to him. Truly it was not so; for his raiment was so torn that the least tattered of his garments could scarcely hold to his body,

and the blood ran from his arms and legs and flanks in forty places, or at least in thirty, so that you could have followed after him by the blood which he left upon the grass. But he thought so fondly of Nicolette, his sweet friend, that he felt neither ill nor dolor. Thus all day long he searched the forest in this fashion, but might learn no news of her, and when it drew towards dusk he commenced to weep because he had heard nothing. He rode at adventure down an old grass-grown road, and looking before him saw a young man standing, such as I will tell you. Tall he was, and marvelously ugly and hideous. His head was big and blacker than smoked meat; the palm of your hand could easily have gone between his two eyes; he had very large cheeks and a monstrous flat nose with great nostrils; lips redder than uncooked flesh; teeth yellow and foul; he was shod with shoes and gaiters of bull's hide, bound about the leg with ropes to well above the knee; upon his back was a rough cloak; and he stood leaning on a huge club. Aucassin urged his steed towards him, but was all afeared when he saw him as he was.

"Fair brother, God keep you."

"God bless you too," said he.

"As God keeps you, what do you here?"

"What is that to you?" said he.

"Truly, naught," answered Aucassin. "I asked with no wish to do you wrong."

"And you, for what cause do you weep?" asked the other, "and make such heavy sorrow? Certainly, were I so rich a man as you are, not the whole world should make me shed a tear."

"Do you know me, then?" said Aucassin.

"Yes, well I know you to be Aucassin, the son of the Count, and if you will tell me why you weep, well, then I will tell you what I do here."

"Certes," said Aucassin, "I will tell you with all my heart. I came this morning to hunt in the forest, and with me a white greyhound, the swiftest in the whole world. I have lost him, and that is why I weep."

"Hear him," cried he, "by the Sacred Heart, and you make all this lamentation for a filthy dog! Sorrow be his who shall esteem you more. Why, there is not a man of substance in these parts who would not give you ten or fifteen or twenty hounds—if so your father wished—and be right glad to make you the gift. But for my part I have full reason to weep and cry aloud."

"And what is your grief, brother?"

"Sire, I will tell you. I was hired by a rich farmer to drive his plow, with a yoke of four oxen. Now three days ago, by great mischance, I lost the best of my bullocks, Roget, the very best ox in the plow. I have been looking for him ever since, and have neither eaten nor drunk for three days, since I dare not go back to the town, because men would put me into prison, as I have no money to pay for my loss. Of all the riches of the world I have nought but the rags upon my back. My poor old mother, too, who had nothing but one worn-out mattress, why, they have taken that from under her, and left her lying on the naked straw. That hurts me more than my own trouble. For money comes and money goes; if I have lost to-day, why, I may win to-morrow; and I will pay for my ox when pay I can. Not for this will I wring my hands. And you—you weep aloud for a filthy cur. Sorrow take him who shall esteem you more."

"Certes, thou art a true comforter, fair brother, and blessed may you be. What is the worth of your bullock?"

"Sire, the villain demands twenty sous for his ox. I cannot beat the price down by a single farthing."

"Hold out your hand," said Aucassin; "take these twenty sous which I have in my purse, and pay for your ox."

"Sire," answered the hind, "many thanks, and God grant you find that for which you seek."

So they parted from each other, and Aucassin rode upon his way. The night was beautiful and still, and so he fared along the forest path until he came to the seven cross-roads where Nicolette had builded her bower.

Very pretty it was, and very dainty, and well furnished both outside and in, ceiling and floor, with arras and carpet of freshly plucked flowers; no sweeter habitation could man desire to see. When Aucassin came upon it he reined back his horse sharply, and the moonbeams fell within the lodge.

"Dear God," cried Aucassin, "here was Nicolette, my sweet friend, and this has she builded with her fair white hands. For the sweetness of the house and for love of her, now will I dismount, and here will I refresh me this night."

He withdrew his foot from the stirrup, and the charger was tall and high. He dreamed so deeply on Nicolette, his very sweet friend, that he fell heavily upon a great stone, and his shoulder came from its socket. He knew himself to be grievously wounded, but he forced him to do all that he was able, and fastened his horse with the other hand to a thorn. Then he turned on his side, and crawled as best he might into the lodge. Looking through a crevice of the bower he saw the stars shining in the sky, and one brighter than all the others, so he began to repeat—

Now is sung:

Little Star I gaze upon
Sweetly drawing to the moon,
In such golden haunt is set
Love, and bright-haired Nicolette.
God hath taken from our war
Beauty, like a shining star.
Ah, to reach her, though I fell
From her Heaven to my Hell.
Who were worthy such a thing,
Were he emperor or king?
Still you shine, oh, perfect Star,
Beyond, afar.

Now they say and tell and relate:

When Nicolette heard Aucassin speak these words she hastened to him from where she was hidden near by.

She entered in the bower, and clasping her arms about his neck, kissed and embraced him straitly.

"Fair sweet friend, very glad am I to find you."

"And you, fair sweet friend, glad am I to meet."

So they kissed, and held each other fast, and their joy was lovely to see.

"Ah, sweet friend," cried Aucassin, "it was but now that I was in grievous pain with my shoulder, but since I hold you close I feel neither sorrow nor wound."

Nicolette searched his hurt, and perceived that the shoulder was out of joint. She handled it so deftly with her white hands, and used such skillful surgery, that by the grace of God (who loveth all true lovers) the shoulder came back to its place. Then she plucked flowers, and fresh grass and green leafage, and bound them tightly about the setting with the hem torn from her shift, and he was altogether healed.

"Aucassin," said she, "fair sweet friend, let us take thought together as to what must be done. If your father beats the wood to-morrow, and men take me, whatever may chance to you, certainly I shall be slain."

"Certes, fair sweet friend, the sorer grief would be mine. But so I may help, never shall you come to his hands."

So he mounted to horse, and setting his love before him, held her fast in his arms, kissing her as he rode, and thus they came forth to the open fields.

Now is sung:

Aucassin, that loving squire,
Dainty fair to heart's desire,
Rode from out the forest dim
Clasping her he loved to him.
'Laced upon the saddle bow
There he kissed her, chin and brow,
There embraced her, mouth and eyes.
But she spake him, sweetly wise;
"Love, a term to dalliance,
Since for us no home in France

Seek we Rome or far Byzance?''
''Sweet my love, all's one to me,
Dale or woodland, earth or sea;
Nothing care I where we ride
So I hold you at my side.''
So, enlaced, the lovers went,
Skirting town and battlement,
Rocky scaur, and quiet lawn;
Till one morning, with the dawn,
Broke the cliffs down to the shore,
Loud they heard the surges roar,
Stood by the sea.

The two lovers voyaged to the castle of Torelore, where they found the inhabitants engaged in a fierce but ridiculous warfare led by the Queen, while the husband and King was at home in bed. Aucassin interfered, drove the King to battle, and won the victory for them. The remainder of the tale is as follows:

Aucassin abode in the castle of Torelore in ease and great delight, having with him Nicolette his sweet friend, whom he loved so well. Whilst his days passed in so easy and delightful a manner a great company of Saracens came in galleys oversea and beset the castle, and presently took it by storm. They gathered together the spoil, and bore off the townsfolk, both men and women, into captivity. Amongst these were seized Nicolette and Aucassin, and having bound Aucassin, both hands and feet, they flung him into one vessel, and bestowed Nicolette upon another. Thereafter a great tempest arose at sea, and drove these galleys apart. The ship whereon Aucassin lay bound, drifted idly, here and there, on wind and tide, till by chance she went ashore near by the castle of Beaucaire, and the men of that part hurrying to the wreck, found Aucassin, and knew him again. When the men of Beaucaire saw their lord they had

much joy, for Aucassin had lived at the castle of Torelore in all ease for three full years, and his father and his mother were dead. They brought him to the castle of Beaucaire, and knelt before him; so held he his realm in peace.

Now is sung:

Aucassin hath gained Beaucaire,
Men have done him homage there;
Holds he now in peace his fief,
Castellan and count and chief.
Yet with heaviness and grief
Goeth he in that fair place,
Lacking love and one sweet face;
Grieving more for one bright head
Than he mourneth for his dead.
"Dearest love, and lady kind,
Treasure I may never find,
God hath never made that strand
Far o'er sea or long by land,
Where I would not seek such prize
And merchandise."

Now they say and tell and relate:

Now leave we Aucassin and let us tell of Nicolette. The ship which carried Nicolette belonged to the King of Carthage, and he was her father, and she had twelve brothers, all princes or kings in the land. When they saw the beauty of the girl, they made much of her, and bore her in great reverence, and questioned her straitly as to her degree, for certainly she seemed to them a very gracious lady and of high lineage. But she could not tell them aught thereof, for she was but a little child when men sold her into captivity. So the oarsmen rowed until the galley cast anchor beneath the city of Carthage, and when Nicolette gazed on the battlements and the country round about, she called to mind that there had she been cherished, and from thence borne away when but an unripe maid; yet she was not snatched away so

young but that she could clearly remember that she was the daughter of the King of Carthage, and once was nourished in the city.

Now is sung:

Nicolette, that maid demure,
Set her foot on alien shore;
Marked the city fenced with walls,
Gazed on palaces and halls.
Then she sighed, "Ah, little worth
All the pomp of all the earth,
Since the daughter of a king,
Come of Sultan's blood, they bring
Stripped to market, as a slave.
Aucassin, true heart and brave,
Sweet thy love upon me steals,
Urges, clamors, pleads, appeals;
Would to God that peril past
In my arms I held you fast;
Would to God that in this place
We were stayed in one embrace,
Fell your kisses on my face,
My dear, my fere."

Now they say and tell and relate:

When the King of Carthage heard Nicolette speak in this wise he put his arms about her neck.

"Fair sweet friend," said he, "tell me truly who you are, and be not esmayed of me."

"Sire," answered she, "truly am I daughter to the King of Carthage, and was stolen away when but a little child, full fifteen years ago."

When they heard her say this thing they were assured that her words were true, so they rejoiced greatly, and brought her to the palace in such pomp as became the daughter of a king. They sought to give her some king of those parts as husband and baron, but she had no care to marry. She stayed in the palace three or four days, and considered in her mind by what means

she might flee and seek Aucassin. So she obtained a viol, and learned to play thereon; and when on a certain day they would have given her in marriage to a rich king among the Paynim, she rose at night and stole away secretly, wandering until she came to the seaport, where she lodged with some poor woman in a house near the shore. There, by means of a herb, she stained her head and face, so that her fairness was all dark and discolored; and having made herself coat and mantle, shirt and hose, she equipped her in the guise of a minstrel. Then, taking her viol, she sought out a sailor, and persuaded him sweetly to grant her a passage in his ship. They hoisted sail, and voyaged over the rough seas until they came to the land of Provence; and Nicolette set foot on shore, carrying her viol, and fared playing through the country, until she came to the castle of Beaucaire, in the very place where Aucassin was.

Now is sung:

'Neath the keep of strong Beaucaire
On a day of summer fair,
At his pleasure, Aucassin
Sat with baron, friend and kin.
Then upon the scent of flow'rs,
Song of birds, and golden hours,
Full of beauty, love, regret,
Stole the dream of Nicolette,
Came the tenderness of years;
So he drew apart in tears.
Then there entered to his eyes
Nicolette, in minstrel guise,
Touched the viol with the bow,
Sang as I will let you know.
"Lords and ladies, list to me,
High and low, of what degree;
Now I sing, for your delight,
Aucassin, that loyal knight,
And his fond friend, Nicolette.
Such the love betwixt them set

When his kinsfolk sought her head
Fast he followed where she fled.
From their refuge in the keep
Paynims bore them o'er the deep.
Nought of him I know to end.
But for Nicolette, his friend,
Dear she is, desirable,
For her father loves her well;
Famous Carthage owns him king,
Where she has sweet cherishing.
Now, as lord he seeks for her,
Sultan, Caliph, proud Emir.
But the maid of these will none,
For she loves a dansellon,
Aucassin, who plighted troth.
Sworn has she some pretty oath
Ne'er shall she be wife or bride,
Never lie at baron's side
Be he denied."

Now they say and tell and relate:

When Aucassin heard Nicolette sing in this fashion he was glad at heart, so he drew her aside, and asked—

"Fair sweet friend," said Aucassin, "know you naught of this Nicolette, whose ballad you have sung?"

"Sire, truly, yes; well I know her for the most loyal of creatures, and as the most winning and modest of maidens born. She is daughter to the King of Carthage, who took her when Aucassin also was taken, and brought her to the city of Carthage, till he knew for certain that she was his child, whereat he rejoiced greatly. Any day he would give her for husband one of the highest kings in all Spain; but rather would she be hanged or burned than take him, however rich he be."

"Ah, fair sweet friend," cried the Count Aucassin, "if you would return to that country and persuade her to have speech with me here, I would give you of my riches more than you would dare to ask of me or to take.

Know that for love of her I choose not to have a wife, however proud her race, but I stand and wait: for never will there be wife of mine if it be not her, and if I knew where to find her I should not need to grope blindly for her thus."

"Sire," answered she, "if you will do these things I will go and seek her for your sake, and for hers too; because to me she is very dear."

He pledged his word, and caused her to be given twenty pounds. So she bade him farewell, and he was weeping for the sweetness of Nicolette. And when she saw his tears—

"Sire," said she, "take it not so much to heart; in so short a space will I bring her to this town, and you shall see her with your eyes."

When Aucassin knew this he rejoiced greatly. So she parted from him, and fared in the town to the house of the Viscountess, for the Viscount, her god-father, was dead. There she lodged, and opened her mind fully to the lady on all the business; and the Viscountess recalled the past, and knew well that it was Nicolette whom she had cherished. So she caused the bath to be heated, and made her take her ease for fully eight days. Then Nicolette sought a herb that was called celandine, and washed herself therewith, and became so fair as she had never been before. She arrayed her in a rich silken gown from the lady's goodly store; and seated herself in the chamber on a rich stuff of broidered sendal; then she whispered the dame, and begged her to fetch Aucassin, her friend. This she did. When she reached the palace, lo, Aucassin in tears, making great sorrow for the long tarrying of Nicolette, his friend; and the lady called to him, and said—

"Aucassin, behave not so wildly; but come with me, and I will show you that thing you love best in all the world; for Nicolette, your sweet friend, is here from a far country to seek her love."

So Aucassin was glad at heart.

Now is sung:

When he learned that in Beaucaire
Lodged his lady, sweet and fair,
Aucassin arose, and came
To her hostel, with the dame:
Entered in, and passed straightway
To the chamber where she lay.
When she saw him, Nicolette
Had such joy as never yet;
Sprang she lightly to her feet
Swiftly came with welcome meet.
When he saw her, Aucassin
Oped both arms, and drew her in,
Clasped her close in fond embrace,
Kissed her eyes and kissed her face.
In such greeting sped the night,
Till, at dawning of the light,
Aucassin, with pomp most rare,
Crowned her Countess of Beaucaire.
Such delight these lovers met,
Aucassin and Nicolette.
Length of days and joy did win,
Nicolette and Aucassin,
Endeth song and tale I tell
With marriage bell.

II. Fabliaux. The tales we have been considering thus far, belonging to the aristocratic classes, are concerned almost entirely with the great nobles and wealthy men of the age, but there were composed also at this time short verse narratives which dealt with the more ordinary conditions of middle-class life. These were called *fabliaux,* and as a whole are of little value, their literary style being poor and sometimes the contents exceedingly vulgar. Yet they have qualities as ancestors of the farce which have preserved them and made them of

considerable importance in the development of the literature of the country.

III. "THE THREE BLIND MEN OF COMPIEGNE." In the history of the modern novel the French *fabliaux* played no inconsiderable part. If the stories which they told were not original, they were, nevertheless, by the trouvere who wrote them put into a form which made them attractive to the public at home and in neighboring countries. Particularly in Italy were they influential, and for Italian writers an apparently never-ending source of inspiration; in translation and adaptation we see the old stories appearing time and again in new and different dress. Many of the *fabliaux* deal with the tricks played by one person upon another; an excellent example of this type is *The Three Blind Men,* written by the trouvere Courte Barbe.

A young ecclesiastic, returning to Compiegne, met on the road three blind men begging for alms. "Here," said he, "is a *besant* (valued at from three to five dollars). Take care to divide it among you equally, for it is meant for all three of you." In reality, the student gave nothing, but each blind man supposed one of the others to have the coin. Accordingly, they thanked their benefactor volubly, called the blessings of heaven upon his head, and went on their way rejoicing, the young man following them at a distance to see the result of his trick. The men went to a tavern, where they ordered everything of the

best and set in upon a deep carousal with the air of those whose pockets are well lined. Laughing, singing, drinking each other's health, the blind men ate their sumptuous meal, continually laughing at the expense of the simple young man, who was watching them gleefully from the corner. It was far into the night when they finished their joyful evening and retired. The next morning the landlord presented his bill, and one of the blind men in a lordly tone said, "Get change for a *besant*." The landlord held out his hand expectantly, and as no one handed him the coin, he said, "Which one of you has it?" Each one answered, "Not I." The angry words of the landlord and the reproaches of the blind men, each of whom accused the others of having appropriated the money, grew louder and louder, and the whole house was in confusion and uproar. Blows fell, but in the midst of the confusion the churchman appeared, offered to settle for the dinner, and the blind men went on their way. Later, however, the ecclesiastic found the means of defrauding the landlord of the amount of the bill.

IV. "The Three Thieves." The following is the substance of a *fabliau* by the trouvere Jehan de Boves:

Travers, one of three brothers who have been thieves, separates himself from the others and undertakes to live an honest life. The tale shows the endless ingenuity of the two brothers in their efforts to steal from Travers a pig

which he has just killed, and the equal ingenuity with which Travers recovers it whenever it is stolen. The trouble begins when the two brothers pay a visit to Travers and discover the pig hanging outside the house, but he is shrewd enough to suspect his brothers and hides it under a bread oven in the end of the room. At night, when the brothers came to carry away the pig, they found nothing but the string from which it had hung. Travers, hearing them hunting about, goes out to the stable to see what has caused the noise; while he is gone one of the brothers picks the lock of the door, goes to the bed of Travers' wife and, imitating the voice of her husband, asks if she remembers where he put the pig. "Why, have you forgotten?" she says, "We put it below the oven." The thieves find the pig and run away with it on their shoulders. Almost instantly Travers enters and his wife begins to poke fun at him for his lack of memory. Instantly perceiving what has happened, he runs with full speed after his brothers, who have gone into a wood where they intend to hide the body. The one who carries the pig is a little behind the other when Travers overtakes him and, assuming the voice of his brother, says, "It's about time that I should carry the load now." The thief willingly gives up his load, and Travers sets off home; but the second brother soon overtakes the first and, discovering the trick that has been played upon him, strips himself, puts on a woman's night dress

and cap and hastens to the house of Travers. When the latter appears, the brother meets him at the door as his wife and exclaims, "Well, you have got the pig. Give it to me and go out to the stable. Your brothers are breaking in." When Travers returns from the stable, where he has found nothing wrong, he discovers his wife still lamenting the loss of their pig, and learns from her that he has been cheated again. A second time he finds the thieves, this time at the foot of an oak, preparing to roast the animal over a fire they have just built. The father of the thieves has recently been hanged and, remembering the fact, Travers strips himself, climbs quietly into the oak, and, swinging out from one of the limbs, cries out in the voice of his father, "Beware, wretches, or you will end like me." The frightened brethren run away in deepest consternation, and Travers is left with his pig. This time, when he gets home, he decides to bake it at once in a pie and so prevent further loss. The brethren, however, continue their efforts, and Travers is surprised to see the pie disappearing up the chimney hanging from pieces of wood. Travers runs out, calls his brothers from the roof, and all join together to take part in feasting on the pie.

V. "The Three Humpbacks." The following is the substance of a *fabliau* by the trouvere Durand and also of another by the trouvere Piaucele, who, however, gives it a different name:

In a castle near a bridge and a short distance from a town lived a humpback nobleman, upon whose figure Nature had exhausted her ingenuity in making him ridiculous in appearance. He had an immense head, a small crooked body, short neck, thick hair and horrible features. Notwithstanding his deformity, this humpback fell in love with a beautiful young woman, the daughter of a poor but respectable townsman. As the bugbear was the wealthiest man in the place and was generous to her parents, the girl was given up to him. After the marriage, however, he was almost as miserable as she, for he was devoured by jealousy, was unable to rest by day or night when absent from the castle, and if called away returned as quickly as possible, to see that no one had entered during his absence. Standing near his castle one day at Christmas time, he was accosted by three humpbacked minstrels who claimed him as brother, begged for food and shelter and showed their humps as a title for favors. Contrary to his usual custom, the noble invited the minstrels into his kitchen, fed them heartily, gave them some money, listened to their music and dismissed them with a threat that if they ever returned he would cause them to be thrown into the river.

Smiling derisively at his threat, the minstrels took the road to the town, laughing and dancing in a grotesque manner, while the master of the castle went to walk in the fields. No sooner had he gone than his young wife,

who had heard the minstrels sing and was charmed by their voices, sent for them and was amusing herself with them, when a violent knocking at the gate threw her into a panic. Looking hastily about, she noticed three coffers setting in the room and into each of these she thrust a musician and shut down the heavy lid. When the jealous husband entered he found nothing in the conduct of his wife to excite his suspicion, and left the castle for another walk. Knowing that he would not remain long, the frightened wife ran to the coffers and opened them, where she found to her dismay that the three minstrels had been smothered. There was no time for grief or lamentation, for she must instantly find a way to dispose of the bodies; so she ran to the gate of the castle and, seeing a peasant, called him in and promised him thirty livres to take the body of one of the minstrels and throw it into the river. The man asked for a sack, unfeelingly put the carcass of the first hunchback into it, carried it to the bridge, and threw it into the river, returning to the castle to claim his reward.

"I certainly expect to pay you," said the lady, "but you must dispose of the body. Here it is in the coffer, don't you see?" and she pointed to the second coffer in which the second minstrel had expired. The clown was astounded by the sight, but thrust the second body into a sack and carried it to the river. This time he took the precaution to put the body in

head first and to wait till it sank. While he was gone the wife placed the third coffer where the first had been, and when the peasant returned she said, "You are right; he must be a sorcerer or a devil, for here he is again." "What the devil," said the clown, "am I to do nothing but carry around this accursed hunchback?" Then with terrible oaths, he lifted the body, tied a stone about its neck, and threw it into the middle of the stream, threatening to crush in its head with a cudgel. The first thing the peasant saw on returning to the castle was the hunchback master returning from his evening walk and just about to enter. Unable to restrain his fury, he shouted, "Dog of a hunchback, are you here again?" sprang upon the noble, beat him over the head, thrust him in a sack, and threw him headlong into the river after the three minstrels.

"I'll wager you haven't seen him this last time," said the peasant when he entered the room where the lady was seated. "No," she answered, "I haven't." "Well, you were not far from it," answered the clown, "for the sorcerer was at the gate when I returned, but I have taken care of him. Rest at ease; he will not be back to trouble you." The lady instantly understood what had happened, and with a great deal of satisfaction paid her debt to the peasant.

The trouvere ends his narrative with imprecations on gold and those who first used it, a probable hint to his audience. "I conclude

from his adventure," he says, "that money can do everything. It is in vain that a woman is fair—God did in vain exhaust all his power in forming her; if you have money, she may be yours—witness the hunchback chatelain in this *fabliau.*"

VI. "CENT NOUVELLES NOUVELLES." The influence of the literature of one country upon another, if not reciprocal, is yet noticeable and not always wholly explicable. The tales of Italian writers profoundly affected the writers of England, as we shall have many occasions to notice; and we have already seen that the *fabliaux* of France were carried by the trouveres to Italy and that the seed there bore fruit in a multiplicity of tales which excel the originals. Some of these found their way back into France, and were there the source of new tales of a similar nature or were themselves rewritten and varied slightly to suit the taste of the hearers. In a succeeding chapter we shall have occasion to discuss a most notable example of this imitation, but for the present we confine ourselves in this section to the consideration of one of the earliest of the imitations of Italian collections.

The *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles* (One Hundred New Tales) is a collection of lively stories full of vivid imagination and written in an agreeable style. It has not yet been as a whole translated into English, but several of the stories are well known, and it may almost be said that they have been the models

of all tales of a similar nature that have been written in France since the publication of the first folio, in 1456. In the introduction the tales are said to have been related by a company of young noblemen at the court of Burgundy, to which the Dauphin, afterward Louis XI, had retired during a quarrel with his father. The Chamberlain of the Duke, the Marshal of France, the Duke himself, the Dauphin and a number of others tell the stories, all of which, it appears, are collected and set down by the Dauphin. It is not at all probable that the stories were told in the manner indicated, but it is more than likely that they were collected for the entertainment of the Dauphin while he was in retirement. Most of the stories are ludicrous; only a very few are of a tragic nature.

We cannot here point out in detail the uses that have been made of these stories or the more modern tales that are founded upon them, but as an example of the stories we take the following:

When a certain merchant returned home after a long period of trafficking in a foreign land, he found that his wife had increased the family by one more than she should have done. Naturally enough, the man was surprised at the phenomenon, but the quick-witted wife accounted for it in that age of miracles by declaring that one day while she was out of doors a flake of snow fell into her mouth, and, like the shower of gold which Jupiter rained upon

Danae, the snowflake had become fruitful in the boy which she then carried in her arms. The merchant accepted the story without comment, and when the boy had grown into a sturdy lad took him upon an expedition to Africa and there sold him for a handsome price to be a slave to the Moors. On his return, when his wife asked him what had become of her son, he replied that the hot sun of Africa had melted the snowflake.

Of a different type is the following: A young Flemish gentleman in the service of the king of Hungary was taken prisoner and made a slave by the Turks. When years passed and he did not return, his beautiful wife was besieged by many suitors, but she resisted their pleadings from a fond hope that her husband might yet be alive. When nine years had passed, however, her relatives and those of her husband really drove her into a second marriage. A few months after the wedding her first husband escaped from slavery and returned home. The wife, hearing of his arrival, died from grief and despair.

VII. The "Roman de Renard." Resembling the *fabliaux*, but more delicate and witty and with a greater amount of dramatic skill and narrative power is a group of poems which deal satirically with the foibles and cunning of men and women, who are described and delicately reproved under the guise of animals. It is a foreshadowing of the beautiful fables later written by La Fontaine.

The greatest of these medieval beast-epics is the *Roman de Renard,* a cycle of episodes in eight-syllabled verse, evidently the production of different authors at various epochs. There are thirty "branches," consisting altogether of about thirty thousand verses.

The oldest manuscript in this compilation dates from the end of the thirteenth century, but there is a German poem about a hundred years older which was based on a still earlier French original. The gist of the tale in its completest form is that Reynard the Fox has offended the Wolf and several other animals, and for this offense he is called before the court, over which the Lion presides. At first he refuses to come, and by a variety of tricks and stratagems rids himself of those who are sent to bring him. Finally, when forced before the court, he pretends to repent and the Lion pardons him. It does not mean reformation, however, for the Fox repeats the offense and, being apprehended, is again set free. At last, the Wolf, angered by his failure to obtain justice in the courts, challenges Reynard to single combat, but the tricks and schemes of the Fox enable him to win a victory, and he is declared the real master of all the beasts. From names that are traits of character, such as Noble for the Lion; or that are names of persons, such as Isengrin, the Wolf; Bruno, the Bear; Tibert, the Cat; Bernard, the Ass; etc., the origin of different tales is traced to different localities. The poem is strong enough

to give to each one of the characters a personality and a heroic character that separates him from all other animals of the same kind and gives him a vivid reality.

In one instance Isengrin, the accuser of Renard before King Noble and his court, is for a moment defeated, and the Fox is vindicated, when suddenly Chanticleer and his four wives enter bearing upon a litter the dead body of one of their family, who is the victim of Renard's wiles. The prayers for the dead having been recited and the burial given with due honor, Renard is summoned to justice. Lie after lie fails to save him, and it is only when he has donned the pilgrim's habit and promised to seek God's pardon across the sea that he is permitted to leave the court. It is this judgment of Renard that forms the basis of *Reineke Fuchs*, so elegantly modernized by Goethe.

VIII. Religious Literature. The passion of piety found its expression in lives of the saints and other devout writings, the former being founded in the main on Latin originals and the authors frequently unknown. Some of the sacred poems are rhymed versions of Biblical stories, some from apocryphal gospels, and others from the life of the Blessed Virgin. Although many of the legends are wholly fabulous, they appear to have been none the less welcome and esteemed on that account.

Saint Alexis, a tale of Syriac origin, tells of the poverty and chastity of Alexis, who flies from his virgin bride, lives among beggars,

returns to his father's house without recognition, endures the insults of servants, and, dying at Rome, is granted high honors after his death. Finally he is rejoined by his wife in the presence of God among the great company of angels.

Among the shorter of the pious tales are brief epic poems inspired by religious feeling which often tell of miracles obtained by the intercession of the Virgin or the saints. Among these are the tale of the robber, who, having repented, was supported on the gibbet for three days by the Virgin's spotless hands and subsequently was pardoned; of the ignorant monk who lived ashamed because he knew no more of the offices than his *Ave Maria,* but who, when dead, was proved to be a holy man by the five roses which sprang from his mouth; of the nun who fled from the convent to lead a life of shame, but as each day she prayed devoutly to the Virgin and finally returned repentant to the convent, she was received without question, as the Virgin had performed all her duties during her long absence, and no one knew that she had been gone; and of the sinner who endeavored in vain for a year to fill the hermit's cask at running streams, but when one tear of true penitence fell into the cask, it was filled immediately.

IX. "OUR LADY'S TUMBLER." The following tale is one of the most exquisite of the whole number in feeling, and we quote it entire from the translation of Eugene Mason:

Amongst the lives of the ancient Fathers, wherein may be found much profitable matter, this story is told for a true ensample. I do not say that you may not often have heard a fairer story, but at least this is not to be despised, and is well worth the telling. Now therefore will I say and narrate what chanced to this minstrel.

He erred up and down, to and fro, so often and in so many places, that he took the whole world in despite, and sought rest in a certain Holy Order. Horses and raiment and money, yea, all that he had, he straightway put from him, and seeking shelter from the world, was firmly set never to put foot within it more. For this cause he took refuge in this Holy Order, amongst the monks of Clairvaux. Now, though this dancer was comely of face and shapely of person, yet when he had once entered the monastery he found that he was master of no craft practiced therein. In the world he had gained his bread by tumbling and dancing and feats of address. To leap, to spring, such matters he knew well, but of greater things he knew nothing, for he had never spelled from book—nor Paternoster, nor canticle, nor creed, nor Hail Mary, nor aught concerning his soul's salvation.

When the minstrel had joined himself to the Order he marked how the tonsured monks spoke amongst themselves by signs, no words coming from their lips, so he thought within himself that they were dumb. But when he learned that truly it was by way of penance that speech was forbidden to their mouths, and that for holy obedience were they silent, then considered he that silence became him also; and he refrained his tongue from words, so discreetly and for so long a space, that day in, day out, he spake never, save by commandment; so that the cloister often rang with the brothers' mirth. The tumbler moved amongst his fellows like a man ashamed, for he had neither part nor lot in all the business of the monastery, and for this he was right sad and sorrowful. He saw the monks and the penitents about him, each serving God, in this place and that, according to his office and degree. He marked the priests at their ritual before the

altars; the deacons at the gospels; the sub-deacons at the epistles; and the ministers about the vigils. This one repeats the introit; this other the lesson; cantors chant from the psalter; penitents spell out the Miserere—for thus are all things sweetly ordered—yea, and the most ignorant amongst them yet can pray his Paternoster. Wherever he went, here or there, in office or cloister, in every quiet corner and nook, there he found five, or three, or two, or at least one. He gazes earnestly, if so he is able, upon each. Such an one laments; this other is in tears; yet another grieves and sighs. He marvels at their sorrow. Then he said, "Holy Mary, what bitter grief have all these men that they smite the breast so grievously! Too sad of heart, meseems, are they who make such bitter dole together. Ah, St. Mary, alas, what words are these I say! These men are calling on the mercy of God, but I—what do I here! Here there is none so mean or vile but who serves God in his office and degree, save only me, for I work not, neither can I preach. Caitiff and shamed was I when I thrust myself herein, seeing that I can do nothing well, either in labor or in prayer. I see my brothers upon their errands, one behind the other; but I do naught but fill my belly with the meat that they provide. If they perceive this thing, certainly shall I be in an evil case, for they will cast me out amongst the dogs, and none will take pity on the glutton and the idle man. Truly am I a caitiff, set in a high place for a sign." Then he wept for very woe, and would that he was quiet in the grave. "Mary, Mother," quoth he, "pray now your Heavenly Father that He keep me in His pleasure, and give me such good counsel that I may truly serve both Him and you; yea, and may deserve that meat which now is bitter in my mouth."

Driven mad with thoughts such as these, he wandered about the abbey until he found himself within the crypt, and took sanctuary by the altar, crouching close as he was able. Above the altar was carved the statue of Madame St. Mary. Truly his steps had not erred when he sought that refuge; nay, but rather, God

who knows His own had led him thither by the hand. When he heard the bells ring for Mass he sprang to his feet all dismayed. "Ha!" said he; "now am I betrayed. Each adds his mite to the great offering, save only me. Like a tethered ox, naught I do but chew the cud, and waste good victuals on a useless man. Shall I speak my thought? Shall I work my will? By the Mother of God, thus am I set to do. None is here to blame. I will do that which I can, and honor with my craft the Mother of God in her monastery. Since others honor her with chant, then I will serve with tumbling."

He takes off his cowl, and removes his garments, placing them near the altar, but so that his body be not naked he dons a tunic, very thin and fine, of scarce more substance than a shirt. So, light and comely of body, with gown girt closely about his loins, he comes before the Image right humbly. Then raising his eyes, "Lady," said he, "to your fair charge I give my body and my soul. Sweet Queen, sweet Lady, scorn not the thing I know, for with the help of God I will essay to serve you in good faith, even as I may. I cannot read your Hours nor chant your praise, but at the least I can set before you what art I have. Now will I be as the lamb that plays and skips before his mother. Oh, Lady, who art nowise bitter to those who serve you with a good intent, that which thy servant is, that he is for you."

Then commenced he his merry play, leaping low and small, tall and high, over and under. Then once more he knelt upon his knees before the statue, and meekly bowed his head. "Ha!" said he, "most gracious Queen, of your pity and your charity scorn not this my service." Again he leaped and played, and for holiday and festival, made the somersault of Metz. Again he bowed before the Image, did reverence, and paid it all the honor that he might. Afterwards he did the French vault, then the vault of Champagne, then the Spanish vault, then the vaults they love in Brittany, then the vault of Lorraine, and all these feats he did as best he was able. Afterwards he did the Roman vault, and then, with hands before his

brow, danced daintily before the altar, gazing with a humble heart at the statue of God's Mother. "Lady," said he, "I set before you a fair play. This travail I do for you alone; so help me God, for you, Lady, and your Son. Think not I tumble for my own delight; but I serve you, and look for no other guerdon on my carpet. My brothers serve you, yea, and so do I. Lady, scorn not your villain, for he toils for your good pleasure; and, Lady, you are my delight and the sweetness of the world." Then he walked on his two hands, with his feet in the air, and his head near the ground. He twirled with his feet, and wept with his eyes. "Lady," said he, "I worship you with heart, with body, feet and hands, for this I can neither add to nor take away. Now am I your very minstrel. Others may chant your praises in the church, but there in the crypt will I tumble for your delight. Lady, lead me truly in your way, and for the love of God hold me not in utter despite." Then he smote upon his breast, he sighed and wept most tenderly, since he knew no better prayer than tears. Then he turned him about, and leaped once again. "Lady," said he, "as God is my Savior, never have I turned this somersault before. Never has tumbler done such a feat, and, certes, it is not bad. Lady, what delight is his who may harbor with you in your glorious manor. For God's love, Lady, grant me such fair hostelry, since I am yours, and am nothing of my own." Once again he did the vault of Metz; again he danced and tumbled. Then when the chants rose louder from the choir, he, too, forced the note, and put forward all his skill. So long as the priest was about that Mass, so long his flesh endured to dance, and leap and spring, till at the last, nigh fainting, he could stand no longer upon his feet, but fell for weariness on the ground. From head to heel sweat stood upon him, drop by drop, as blood falls from meat turning upon the hearth. "Lady," said he, "I can no more, but truly will I seek you again." Fire consumed him utterly. He took his habit once more, and when he was wrapped close therein, he rose to his feet, and bending low before

the statue, went his way. "Farewell," said he, "gentlest Friend. For God's love take it not to heart, for so I may I will soon return. Not one Hour shall pass but that I will serve you with right good will, so I may come, and so my service is pleasing in your sight." Thus he went from the crypt, yet gazing on his Lady. "Lady," said he, "my heart is sore that I cannot read your Hours. How would I love them for love of you, most gentle Lady! Into your care I commend my soul and my body."

In this fashion passed many days, for at every Hour he sought the crypt to do service, and pay homage before the Image. His service was so much to his mind that never once was he too weary to set out his most cunning feats to distract the Mother of God, nor did he ever wish for other play than this. Now, doubtless, the monks knew well enough that day by day he sought the crypt, but not a man on earth—save God alone—was aware of aught that passed there; neither would he, for all the wealth of the world, have let his goings in be seen, save by the Lord his God alone. For truly he believed that were his secret once espied he would be hunted from the cloister, and flung once more into the foul, sinful world, and for his part he was more fain to fall on death than to suffer any taint of sin. But God considering his simplicity, his sorrow for all he had wrought amiss, and the love which moved him to this deed, would that this toil should be known; and the Lord willed that the work of His friend should be made plain to men, for the glory of the Mother whom he worshiped, and so that all men should know and hear, and perceive that God refuses none who seeks His face in love, however low his degree, save only he love God and strive to do His will.

Now think you that the Lord would have accepted this service, had it not been done for love of Him? Verily and truly, no, however much this juggler tumbled; but God called him friend, because he loved Him much. Toil and labor, keep fast and vigil, sigh and weep, watch and pray, ply the sharp scourge, be diligent at Matins and at Mass, owe no man anything, give alms of all you

have—and yet, if you love not God with all your heart, all these good deeds are so much loss—mark well my words—and profit you naught for the saving of your soul. Without charity and love, works avail a man nothing. God asks not gold, neither for silver, but only for love unfeigned in His people's hearts, and since the tumbler loved Him beyond measure, for this reason God was willing to accept his service.

Thus things went well with this good man for a great space. For more years than I know the count of, he lived greatly at his ease, but the time came when the good man was sorely vexed, for a certain monk thought upon him, and blamed him in his heart that he was never set in choir for Matins. The monk marveled much at his absence, and said within himself that he would never rest till it was clear what manner of man this was, and how he spent the Hours, and for what service the convent gave him bread. So he spied and pried and followed, till he marked him plainly, sweating at his craft in just such fashion as you have heard. "By my faith," said he, "this is a merry jest, and a fairer festival than we observe altogether. Whilst others are at prayers, and about the business of the House, this tumbler dances daintily, as though one had given him a hundred silver marks. He prides himself on being so nimble of foot, and thus he repays us what he owes. Truly it is this for that; we chant for him, and he tumbles for us. We throw him largesse: he doles us alms. We weep his sins, and he dries our eyes. Would that the monastery could see him, as I do, with their very eyes; willingly therefore would I fast till Vespers. Not one could refrain from mirth at the sight of this simple fool doing himself to death with his tumbling, for on himself he has no pity. Since his folly is free from malice, may God grant it to him as penance. Certainly I will not impute it to him as sin, for in all simplicity and good faith, I firmly believe, he does this thing, so that he may deserve his bread." So the monk saw with his very eyes how the tumbler did service at all the Hours, without pause or

rest, and he laughed with pure mirth and delight, for in his heart was joy and pity.

The monk went straight to the Abbot and told him the thing from beginning to end, just as you have heard. The Abbot got him on his feet, and said to the monk, "By holy obedience I bid you hold your peace, and tell not this tale abroad against your brother. I lay on you my strict command to speak of this matter to none, save me. Come now, we will go forthwith to see what this can be, and let us pray the Heavenly King, and His very sweet, dear Mother, so precious and so bright, that in her gentleness she will plead with her Son, her Father, and her Lord, that I may look on this work—if thus it pleases Him—so that the good man be not wrongly blamed, and that God may be the more beloved, yet so that thus is His good pleasure." Then they secretly sought the crypt, and found a privy place near the altar, where they could see, and yet not be seen. From there the Abbot and his monk marked the business of the penitent. They saw the vaults he varied so cunningly, his nimble leaping and his dancing, his salutations of Our Lady, and his springing and his bounding, till he was nigh to faint. So weak was he that he sank on the ground, all outworn, and the sweat fell from his body upon the pavement of the crypt. But presently, in this his need, came she, his refuge, to his aid. Well she knew that guileless heart.

Whilst the Abbot looked, forthwith there came down from the vault a Dame so glorious, that certainly no man had seen one so precious, nor so richly crowned. She was more beautiful than the daughters of men, and her vesture was heavy with gold and gleaming stones. In her train came the hosts of Heaven, angel and archangel also; and these pressed close about the minstrel, and solaced and refreshed him. When their shining ranks drew near, peace fell upon his heart; for they contended to do him service, and were the servants of the servitor of that Dame who is the rarest Jewel of God. Then the sweet and courteous Queen herself took a white napkin

in her hand, and with it gently fanned her minstrel before the altar. Courteous and debonair, the Lady refreshed his neck, his body and his brow. Meekly she served him as a handmaid in his need. But these things were hidden from the good man, for he neither saw nor knew that about him stood so fair a company.

The holy angels honor him greatly, but they can no longer stay, for their Lady turns to go. She blesses her minstrel with the sign of God, and the holy angels throng about her, still gazing back with delight upon their companion, for they await the hour when God shall release him from the burden of the world, and they possess his soul.

This marvel the Abbot and his monk saw at least four times, and thus at each Hour came the Mother of God with aid and succor for her man. Never doth she fail her servants in their need. Great joy had the Abbot that this thing was made plain to him. But the monk was filled with shame, since God had shown His pleasure in the service of His poor fool. His confusion burnt him like fire. "Dominus," said he to the Abbot, "grant me grace. Certainly this is a holy man, and since I have judged him amiss, it is very right that my body should smart. Give me now fast or vigil or the scourge, for without question he is a saint. We are witnesses to the whole matter, nor is it possible that we can be deceived." But the Abbot replied, "You speak truly, for God has made us to know that He has bound him with the cords of love. So I lay my commandment upon you, in virtue of obedience, and under pain of your person, that you tell no word to any man of that you have seen, save to God alone and me." "Lord," said he, "thus I will do." On these words they turned them, and hastened from the crypt; and the good man, having brought his tumbling to an end, presently clothed himself in his habit, and joyously went his way to the monastery.

Thus time went and returned, till it chanced that in a little while the Abbot sent for him who was so filled with virtue. When he heard that he was bidden of the

Abbot, his heart was sore with grief, for he could think of nothing profitable to say. "Alas!" said he, "I am undone; not a day of my days but I shall know misery and sorrow and shame, for well I trow that my service is not pleasing to God. Alas! plainly doth He show that it displeases Him, since He causes the truth to be made clear. Could I believe that such work and play as mine could give delight to the mighty God! He had no pleasure therein, and all my toil was thrown away. Ah me, what shall I do? what shall I say? Fair, gentle God, what portion will be mine? Either shall I die in shame, or else shall I be banished from this place, and set up as a mark to the world and all the evil thereof. Sweet Lady, St. Mary, since I am all bewildered, and since there is none to give me counsel, Lady, come thou to my aid. Fair, gentle God, help me in my need. Stay not, neither tarry, but come quickly with Your Mother. For God's love, come not without her, but hasten both to me in my peril, for truly I know not what to plead. Before one word can pass my lips, surely will they bid me 'Begone.' Wretched that I am, what reply is he to make who has no advocate? Yet, why this dole, since go I must?" He came before the Abbot, with the tears yet wet upon his cheeks, and he was still weeping when he knelt upon the ground. "Lord," prayed he, "for the love of God deal not harshly with me. Would you send me from your door? Tell me what you would have me do, and thus it shall be done." Then replied the Abbot, "Answer me truly. Winter and summer have you lived here for a great space; now, tell me, what service have you given, and how have you deserved your bread?" "Alas!" said the tumbler, "well I knew that quickly I should be put upon the street when once this business was heard of you, and that you would keep me no more. Lord," said he, "I take my leave. Miserable I am, and miserable shall I ever be. Never yet have I made a penny for all my juggling." But the Abbot answered, "Not so said I; but I ask and require of you—nay, more, by virtue of holy obedience I command you—

to seek within your conscience and tell me truly by what craft you have furthered the business of our monastery." "Lord," cried he, "now have you slain me, for this commandment is a sword." Then he laid bare before the Abbot the story of his days, from the first thing to the last, whatsoever pain it cost him; not a word did he leave out, but he told it all without a pause, just as I have told you the tale. He told it with clasped hands, and with tears, and at the close he kissed the Abbot's feet, and sighed.

The holy Abbot leaned above him, and, all in tears, raised him up, kissing both his eyes. "Brother," said he, "hold now your peace, for I make with you this true covenant, that you shall ever be of our monastery. God grant, rather, that we may be of yours, for all the worship your have brought to ours. I and you will call each other friend. Fair, sweet brother, pray you for me, and I for my part will pray for you. And now I pray you, my sweet friend, and lay this bidding upon you, without pretense, that you continue to do your service, even as you were wont heretofore—yea, and with greater craft yet, if so you may." "Lord," said he, "truly is this so?" "Yea," said the Abbot, "and verily." So he charged him, under peril of discipline, to put all doubts from his mind; for which reason the good man rejoiced so greatly that, as telleth the rhyme, he was all bemused, so that the blood left his cheeks, and his knees failed beneath him. When his courage came back, his very heart thrilled with joy; but so perilous was that quickening that therefrom he shortly died. But theretofore with a good heart he went about his service without rest, and Matins and Vespers, night and day, he missed no Hour till he became too sick to perform his office. So sore was his sickness upon him that he might not rise from his bed. Marvelous was the shame he proved when no more was he able to pay his rent. This was the grief that lay the heaviest upon him, for of his sickness he spake never a word, but he feared greatly lest he should fall from grace since he travailed no longer at his craft.

He reckoned himself an idle man, and prayed God to take him to Himself before the sluggard might come to blame. For it was bitter to him to consider that all about him knew his case, so bitter that the burden was heavier than his heart could bear, yet there without remedy he must lie. The holy Abbot does him all honor; he and his monks chant the Hours about his bed, and in these praises of God he felt such delight that not for them would he have taken the province of Poitou, so great was his happiness therein. Fair and contrite was his confession, but still he was not at peace; yet why say more of this, for the hour had struck, and he must rise and go.

The Abbot was in that cell with all his monks; there, too, was company of many a priest and many a canon. These all humbly watched the dying man, and saw with open eyes this wonder happen. Clear to their very sight, about that lowly bed, stood the Mother of God, with angel and archangel, to wait the passing of his soul. Over against them were set, like wild beasts, devils and the Adversary, so they might snatch his spirit. I speak not to you in parable. But little profit had they for all their coming, their waiting, and their straining on the leash. Never might they have part in such a soul as his. When the soul took leave of his body, it fell not in their hands at all, for the Mother of God gathered it to her bosom, and the holy angels thronging round, quired for joy, as the bright train swept to Heaven with its burthen, according to the will of God. To these things the whole of the monastery was witness, besides such others as were there. So knew they and perceived that God sought no more to hide the love He bore to His poor servant, but rather would that his virtues should be plain to each man in that place; and very wonderful and joyful seemed this deed to them. Then with meet reverence they bore the body on its bier within the abbey church, and with high pomp commended their brother to the care of God; nor was there monk who did not chant or read his portion that day within the choir of the mighty church.

Thus with great honor they laid him to his rest, and kept his holy body amongst them as a relic. At that time spake the Abbot plainly to their ears, telling them the story of this tumbler and of all his life, just as you have heard, and of all that he himself beheld within the crypt. No brother but kept awake during that sermon. "Certes," said they, "easy is it to give credence to such a tale; nor should any doubt your words, seeing that the truth bears testimony to itself, and witness comes with need; yea, without any doubt have we full assurance that his discipline is done." Great joy amongst themselves have all within that place.

Thus endeth the story of the minstrel. Fair was his tumbling, fair was his service, for thereby gained he such high honor as is above all earthly gain. So the holy Fathers narrate that in such fashion these things chanced to this minstrel. Now, therefore, let us pray to God—He Who is above all other—that He may grant us so to do such faithful service that we may win the guerdon of His love.

Here endeth the Tumbler of Our Lady.

X. "ROMAN DE LA ROSE." The most remarkable poem of the thirteenth century is perhaps the *Roman de la Rose* (*Romance of the Rose*), a satirical allegory which reached the extraordinary length of over twenty thousand lines, and which was composed in two distinct parts. The first part, consisting of fewer than five thousand verses, was written by Guillaume de Lorris, about 1230, and the second part, of nearly twenty thousand verses, by Jean de Meung, about forty years later.

Of Lorris but little is known except that he was the author of the *Romance,* and the sudden break in the poem is supposed to have been caused by his death. Meung, who was also

called Jean Clopinel, was born about 1250, and died at the beginning of the fourteenth century. It is a mere assumption that he studied at the University of Paris, and little is known of his early life, his main title to fame being his lengthy contribution to the *Romance of the Rose,* from which, however, he gained the reputation of being one of the most original and wisest men of his age.

The purpose of Lorris was to celebrate the trials and triumphs of love, and he did it in a charming and delicate allegory. Meung, on the other hand, was a caustic, satirical writer, whose contempt for romance, superstition, monasticism and royalty has caused him to be called "the Voltaire of his day."

The introductory lines of the first part of the *Romance* tell us that in it is enclosed all the art of love. The writer, twenty years of age, in the heyday of youth, has seen his beautiful lady, been infatuated by her grace, her courtesy and loveliness, and has been graciously received by her; but after he has gained her affection her parents have interfered and thrown obstacles before the young lovers. To pluck the rose in the Garden of Delight is to win the love of the maiden. Her fears, her modesty, her kindness and her pity are the foes, and friends by which the rose is surrounded and the setting by which the actual and the ideal are harmonized is that of a dream.

L'Amant (The Lover) dreams that one day while wandering along a river bank he finds

a fair garden surrounded by an inaccessible wall, upon which are painted pictures of Hate, Envy, Sadness, Covetousness, Old Age and Avarice. The garden is owned by Pleasure, and the portress is Idleness. Undismayed by the frightful paintings on the wall, L'Amant enters the gate and finds a company of graceful dancers, including Riches, Courtesy and Beauty, led by Cupid. In a thorny hedge he sees a rosebud on which he finds his desire suddenly centered, but the bud is surrounded by a hedge armed with thorns. L'Amant is wounded by the arrows of Cupid, does homage to the god and is allowed to approach the rose, but is driven back by Danger and his companions. Finally, however, after Reason has descended from a tower and discoursed against love, the young man is admitted to the flowery enclosure and Kind Welcome allows him to kiss the rose. However, Evil Mouth gossips so much about it that Jealousy raises a wall around the rose and confines it in a tower, where it blooms safely, guarded by Danger, Fear and Shame. Unable to acquire or even to see the rose, L'Amant abandons himself to despair in a long lament, which closes the first part of the poem.

Guillaume's poem is a complete manual of the art of love as understood in the Middle Ages: it is a eulogy of women and chivalrous love, full of pleasing allegories and clever descriptions, with frequent keen analyses of human passion.

In the second part of the poem, by the aid of Cupid, Venus, Nature and her confessor Genius, the tower of Jealousy is stormed, and its walls are successfully forced, so that at last L'Amant is permitted to gather the rose. De Meung seemed little concerned for the lover and his rose, but took the opportunity in his long poem to lecture the middle classes, of which he was a member, on many matters which concerned the conduct of their lives. He was widely read, and he bolstered his opinions and criticisms of the spurious ideals of the aristocracy by quotations from Boëthius and other important writers. The condition of society, the growth of knowledge, and corrupt theology, were the subjects upon which he delighted to write, and the second part has excited a great deal of adverse criticism, especially from the priests, who found in its diatribes much that was obnoxious to their ideas.

CHATEAU DE CHILLON

CHAPTER V

LITERATURE OF THE MIDDLE AGES (CONTINUED)

IV. HISTORY

VILLEHARDOUIN. In any literature poetry usually precedes prose, but the latter follows quickly, usually in historical and personal narratives. We have seen in the previous chapter a mingling of prose with the poetry, but it was in sermons, didactic writings and history that sustained prose first took a settled form.

Earliest of the historians is Geoffroy de Villehardouin, who was born between 1150 and 1164. In 1191 he was marshal of Champagne; a few years later he negotiated with the Venetians for the transportation of the crusaders to the East, and probably became the chief agent in the intrigues which changed the ob-

jective of the First Crusade from the Holy Land to an attack upon Constantinople. He was of strong personality, a brave leader of men, a resourceful diplomatist, but still possessed by an imagination which makes his *Memoirs* excellent reading even to-day. Written at the beginning of the thirteenth century, his *Conquest of Constantinople* is the earliest example of those historical memoirs which have become so abundant in French literature, and while lacking in some of the graces and beauty of style it is a plain, straightforward account not without touches of enthusiasm.

Extracts from his writings have been included in the chapter on the Crusades in Italian literature.

II. Joinville. The finest prose narrative to which the thirteenth century gave birth is undoubtedly the *History of St. Louis,* by Jean Sire de Joinville (1224–1317), the favored companion of the King in his unlucky crusade. When the author was nearly eighty, he was invited to put on record the holy words and deeds of St. Louis. Willingly the old seneschal undertook the task, but, owing to the infirmities of his age, he did not finish it as he might have wished.

However, he did manage to write in familiar conversational style a series of reminiscences of the deeds, the words, the noble ideas of the saintly Louis and to impress indelibly upon the whole his strong personality. He was a frank, lively, good natured talker, who had a great

deal to say, and he said it well. The man and the master both appear in the pages with all their individuality, and one is able to see the two friends together—the grave, dignified, idealistic King and the lively, sensible and altogether human companion and subject.

An extract from his writings will be found in the chapter on the Crusades in the literature of Italy.

III. Froissart. Jean Froissart, born at Valenciennes about 1337, began early to write romance and poetry, but soon abandoned them to enter upon the more congenial occupation of historian and general chronicler. At one time he was *cure* of the village of Lestines, but he seems to have made no more impression upon the inhabitants there than upon those in Valenciennes, and even the time and place of his death and burial are unknown.

In his native city the splendor of medieval life was at its height, and the streets were crowded with soldiers, priests and artisans. Festivals, masks and moralities entertained the people, and war and hardship seemed remote, though ever present. These influences show themselves throughout his writings, for his mind failed to reach the inner life of chivalry, but contented itself with the splendor and exterior decorations of feudal pomp. To describe a brilliant spectacle was always his delight.

Quite early in life he fell in love with a beautiful maiden with bright blue eyes, one to

whom he could indite his love lays; but calumny interrupted the course of his love affair, and at twenty-two he was a disappointed suitor, the secretary of Queen Philippa of Hainault. Fifteen years he shared the life of her brilliant court and received her encouragement in his activities. He journeyed to London with his manuscript on the battle of Poitiers, visited Scotland, accompanied the Black Prince to Aquitaine, and later went to Milan with the Duke of Clarence.

The death of Queen Philippa left him without a patron, but he soon secured another, and later was secretary to King John of France; but ultimately, about 1410, he is said to have died in great poverty.

Froissart was a graceful writer, but with little historical sagacity. Appearances are sufficient for him, without any attempt to study the causes of events; but the vividness with which he presents medieval life, the joy he has in adventure, the picturesqueness and dramatic power of his writings have not frequently been equaled in French literature. In addition to this, he describes his characters in such a way that they appear as living beings. Sir Walter Scott found in him an inspiration for many of his stories, and realizing his indebtedness to the old chronicler, characterized his writings as follows:

> Whoever has taken up the chronicle of Froissart must have been dull indeed if he did not find himself transported back to the days of Cressy and Poitiers. In

truth, his history has less the air of a narrative than of a dramatic representation. The figures live and move before us; we not only know what they did, but learn the mode and process of the action, and the very words with which it was accompanied. This sort of colloquial history is of all others the most interesting. The simple fact, that a great battle was won or lost, makes little impression on our mind, as it occurs in the dry pages of an annalist, while our imagination and attention are alike excited by the detailed description of a much more trifling event. In Froissart, we hear the gallant knights, of whom he wrote, arrange the terms of combat and the manner of the onset; we hear their soldiers cry their war-cries; we see them strike their horses with the spur; and the liveliness of the narration hurries us along with them into the whirlwind of battle. We have no hesitation to say, that a skirmish before a petty fortress, thus told, interests us more than the general information that twenty thousand Frenchmen bled on the field of Cressy. This must ever be the case, while we prefer a knowledge of mankind to a mere acquaintance with their actions; and so long also must we account Froissart the most entertaining, and perhaps the most valuable historian of the Middle Ages.

IV. Extracts from Froissart's "Chronicles." 1. *The Battle of Crecy.* The battle of Crecy (Cressy), in which Edward III of England defeated Philip VI of France, is described as follows by Froissart. The translation is by John Bourchier, Lord Berners:

On the Friday, as I said before, the King of England lay in the fields, for the country was plentiful of wines and other victual, and if need had been, they had provision following in carts and other carriages. That night the King made a supper to all his chief lords of his host and made them good cheer; and when they were all departed to take their rest, then the King entered into

his oratory and kneeled down before the altar, praying God devoutly that if he fought the next day, that he might achieve the journey to His honor; then about midnight he laid him down to rest, and in the morning he rose betimes and heard mass, and the Prince his son with him, and the most part of his company, were confessed and houseled; and after the mass said, he commanded every man to be armed and to draw to the field to the same place before appointed. Then the King caused a park to be made by the wood-side behind his host, and there was set all carts and carriages, and within the park were all their horses, for every man was afoot; and into this park there was but one entry. Then he ordained three battles: In the first was the young Prince of Wales, with him the Earl of Warwick and Oxford, the Lord Godfrey of Harcourt, Sir Raynold Cobham, Sir Thomas Holland, the Lord Stafford, the Lord of Mohun, the Lord Delaware, Sir John Chandos, Sir Bartholomew de Burghersh, Sir Robert Nevill, the Lord Thomas Clifford, the Lord Bourchier, the Lord de Latimer, and divers other knights and squires that I cannot name; they were an eight hundred men of arms and two thousand archers, and a thousand of other with the Welshmen; every lord drew to the field appointed under his own banner and pennon. In the second battle was the Earl of Northampton, the Earl of Arundel, the Lord Ros, the Lord Lucy, the Lord Willoughby, the Lord Basset, the Lord of Saint-Aubin, Sir Louis Tufton, the Lord of Multon, the Lord Lascelles and divers other, about an eight hundred men of arms and twelve hundred archers. The third battle had the King; he had seven hundred men of arms and two thousand archers. Then the King leapt on a hobby, with a white rod in his hand, one of his marshals on the one hand and the other on the other hand: he rode from rank to rank desiring every man to take heed that day to his right and honor. He spake it so sweetly and with so good countenance and merry cheer, that all such as were discomfited took courage in the seeing and hearing of him. And when he had thus

visited all his battles, it was then nine of the day; then he caused every man to eat and drink a little, and so they did at their leisure. And afterward they ordered again their battles; then every man lay down on the earth and by him his salet and bow, to be the more fresher when their enemies should come.

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This Saturday the French King rose betimes and heard mass in Abbeville in his lodging in the abbey of St. Peter, and he departed after the sun-rising. When he was out of the town two leagues, approaching towards his enemies, some of his lords said to him, "Sir, it were good that ye ordered your battles, and let all your footmen pass somewhat on before, that they be not troubled with the horsemen." Then the King sent four knights, the Moine of Bazeilles, the Lord of Noyers, the Lord of Beaujeu, and the Lord d'Aubigny, to ride to aview the English host; and so they rode so near that they might well see part of their dealing. The Englishmen saw them well and knew well how they were come thither to aview them; they let them alone and made no countenance toward them, and let them return as they came. And when the French King saw these four knights return again, he tarried till they came to him and said, "Sirs, what tidings?" These four knights each of them looked on other, for there was none would speak before his companion, finally the King said to the Moine, who pertained to the King of Bohemia and had done in his days so much that he was reputed for one of the valiantest knights of the world, "Sir, speak you." Then he said:— "Sir, I shall speak, sith it pleaseth you, under the correction of my fellows. Sir, we have ridden and seen the behaving of your enemies: know ye for truth they are rested in three battles abiding for you. Sir, I will counsel you as for my part, saving your displeasure, that you and all your company rest here and lodge for this night; for or they that be behind of your company be come hither, and or your battles be set in good order, it will be very late, and your people be weary and out of array,

and ye shall find your enemies fresh and ready to receive you. Early in the morning ye may order your battles at more leisure and advise your enemies at more deliberation, and to regard well what way ye will assail them; for, sir, surely they will abide you."

Then the King commanded that it should be so done. Then his two marshals one rode before, another behind, saying to every banner, "Tarry and abide here in the name of God and St. Denis." They that were foremost tarried, but they that were behind would not tarry, but rode forth, and said how they would in no wise abide till they were as far forward as the foremost; and when they before saw them come on behind, then they rode forward again, so that the King nor his marshals could not rule them. So they rode without order or good array, till they came in sight of their enemies; and as soon as the foremost saw them they reculed then aback without good array, whereof they behind had marvel and were abashed, and thought that the foremost company had been fighting. Then they might have had leisure and room to have gone forward, if they had list; some went forth, and some abode still. The commons, of whom all the ways between Abbeville and Cressy were full, when they saw that they were near to their enemies, they took their swords and cried, "Down with them! let us slay them all." There is no man, though he were present at the journey, that could imagine or show the truth of the evil order that was among the French party, and yet they were a marvelous great number. That I write in this book I learned it specially of the Englishmen, who well beheld their dealing; and also certain knights of Sir John of Hainault's, who was always about King Philip, showed me as they knew.

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The Englishmen, who were in three battles lying on the ground to rest them, as soon as they saw the Frenchmen approach, they rose upon their feet fair and easily without any haste, and arranged their battles. The first, which was the Prince's battle, the archers there stood

in manner of a herse and the men of arms in the bottom of the battle. The Earl of Northampton and the Earl of Arundel with the second battle were on a wing in good order, ready to comfort the Prince's battle, if need were.

The lords and knights of France came not to the assembly together in good order, for some came before and some came after, in such haste and evil order that one of them did trouble another. When the French King saw the Englishmen his blood changed, and said to his marshals, "Make the Genoways go on before, and begin the battle, in the name of God and St. Denis." There were of the Genoways' cross-bows about a fifteen thousand, but they were so weary of going afoot that day a six leagues armed with their cross-bows, that they said to their constables, "We be not well ordered to fight this day, for we be not in the case to do any great deed of arms: we have more need of rest." These words came to the Earl of Alençon, who said, "A man is well at ease to be charged with such a sort of rascals, to be faint and fail now at most need." Also the same season there fell a great rain and a clipse with a terrible thunder, and before the rain there came flying over both battles a great number of crows for fear of the tempest coming. Then anon the air began to wax clear, and the sun to shine fair and bright, the which was right in the Frenchmen's eyes and on the Englishmen's backs. When the Genoways were assembled together and began to approach, they made a great leap and cry to abash the Englishmen, but they stood still and stirred not for all that; then the Genoways again the second time made another leap and a fell cry, and stept forward a little, and the Englishmen removed not one foot; thirdly, again they leapt and cried, and went forth till they came within shot; then they shot fiercely with their cross-bows. Then the English archers stept forth one pace and let fly their arrows so wholly together and so thick, that it seemed snow. When the Genoways felt the arrows piercing through heads, arms, and breasts, many of them cast

down their cross-bows, and did cut their strings and returned discomfited. When the French King saw them fly away, he said, "Slay these rascals, for they shall let and trouble us without reason." Then ye should have seen the men of arms dash in among them and killed a great number of them; and ever still the Englishmen shot whereas they saw thickest press: the sharp arrows ran into the men of arms and into their horses, and many fell, horse and men, among the Genoways, and when they were down, they could not relieve again; the press was so thick that one overthrew another. And also among the Englishmen there were certain rascals that went afoot with great knives, and they went in among the men of arms and slew and murdered many as they lay on the ground, both earls, barons, knights, and squires; whereof the King of England was after displeased, for he had rather they had been taken prisoners.

The valiant King of Bohemia called Charles of Luxembourg, son to the noble Emperor Henry of Luxembourg, for all that he was nigh blind, when he understood the order of the battle, he said to them about him, "Where is the Lord Charles my son?" His men said, "Sir, we cannot tell; we think he be fighting." Then he said, "Sirs, ye are my men, my companions and friends in this journey: I require you bring me so far forward that I may strike one stroke with my sword." They said they would do his commandment, and to the intent that they should not lose him in the press, they tied all their reins of their bridles each to other and set the King before to accomplish his desire, and so they went on their enemies. The Lord Charles of Bohemia his son, who wrote himself King of Almaine and bare the arms, he came in good order to the battle; but when he saw that the matter went awry on their party, he departed, I cannot tell you which way. The King his father was so far forward that he strake a stroke with his sword, yea, and more than four, and fought valiantly, and so did his company; and they adventured themselves so forward that they were there all slain, and the

next day they were found in the place about the King, and all their horses tied each to other.

The Earl of Alençon came to the battle right ordinately and fought with the Englishmen, and the Earl of Flanders also on his part. These two lords with their companies coasted the English archers and came to the Prince's battle, and there fought valiantly long. The French King would fain have come thither, when he saw their banners, but there was a great hedge of archers before him. The same day the French King had given a great black courser to Sir John of Hainault, and he made the Lord Thierry of Senzeille to ride on him and to bear his banner. The same horse took the bridle in the teeth and brought him through all the currours of the Englishmen, and as he would have returned again, he fell in a great dike and was sore hurt, and had been there dead, an his page had not been, who followed him through all the battles and saw where his master lay in the dike, and had none other let but for his horse; for the Englishmen would not issue out of their battle for taking of any prisoner. Then the page alighted and relieved his master: then he went not back again the same way that they came; there was too many in his way.

This battle between Broye and Cressy this Saturday was right cruel and fell, and many a feat of arms done that came not to my knowledge. In the night divers knights and squires lost their masters, and sometime came on the Englishmen, who received them in such wise that they were ever nigh slain; for there was none taken to mercy nor to ransom, for so the Englishmen were determined.

In the morning the day of the battle certain Frenchmen and Almains perforce opened the archers of the Prince's battle, and came and fought with the men of arms hand to hand. Then the second battle of the Englishmen came to succor the Prince's battle, the which was time, for they had as then much ado; and they with the Prince sent a messenger to the King, who was on a little windmill hill. Then the knight said to the King,

"Sir, the Earl of Warwick and the Earl of Oxford, Sir Raynold Cobham and other, such as be about the Prince your son, are fiercely fought withal and are sore handled; wherefore they desire you that you and your battle will come and aid them; for if the Frenchmen increase, as they doubt they will, your son and they shall have much ado." Then the King said, "Is my son dead, or hurt, or on the earth felled?" "No, sir," quoth the knight, "but he is hardly matched; wherefore he hath need of your aid." "Well," said the King, "return to him and to them that sent you hither, and say to them that they send no more to me for any adventure that falleth, as long as my son is alive: and also say to them that they suffer him this day to win his spurs; for if God be pleased, I will this journey be his and the honor thereof, and to them that be about him." Then the knight returned again to them and showed the King's words, the which greatly encouraged them, and repoined in that they had sent to the King as they did.

Sir Godfrey of Harcourt would gladly that the Earl of Harcourt, his brother, might have been saved; for he heard say by them that saw his banner how that he was there in the field on the French party: but Sir Godfrey could not come to him betimes, for he was slain or he could come at him, and so was also the Earl of Aumale his nephew. In another place the Earl of Alençon and the Earl of Flanders fought valiantly, every lord under his own banner; but finally they could not resist against the puissance of the Englishmen, and so there they were also slain, and divers other knights and squires. Also the Earl Louis of Blois, nephew to the French King, and the Duke of Lorraine, fought under their banners; but at last they were closed in among a company of Englishmen and Welshmen, and there were slain for all their prowess. Also there was slain the Earl of Auxerre, the Earl of Saint-Pol, and many other.

In the evening the French King, who had left about him no more than a threescore persons, one and other, whereof Sir John of Hainault was one, who had re-

mounted once the King, for his horse was slain with an arrow, then he said to the King, "Sir, depart hence, for it is time; lose not yourself willfully: if ye have loss at this time, ye shall recover it again another season." And so he took the King's horse by the bridle and led him away in a manner perforce. Then the King rode till he came to the castle of Broye. The gate was closed, because it was by that time dark: then the King called the captain, who came to the walls and said, "Who is that calleth there this time of night?" Then the King said, "Open your gate quickly, for this is the fortune of France." The captain knew then it was the King, and opened the gate and let down the bridge. Then the King entered, and he had with him but five barons, Sir John of Hainault, Sir Charles of Montmorency, the Lord of Beaujeu, the Lord d'Aubigny, and the Lord of Montsault. The King would not tarry there, but drank and departed thence about midnight, and so rode by such guides as knew the country till he came in the morning to Amiens, and there he rested.

This Saturday the Englishmen never departed from their battles for chasing of any man, but kept still their field, and ever defended themselves against all such as came to assail them. This battle ended about evensong time.

2. *Preparations for the Invasion of England.* In 1386 the French King, Charles VI, made great preparations for an invasion of England, and these are described as follows, in the adaptation by H. P. Dunster:

The King of France, his uncles and council, had been well informed of the intended expedition of the Duke of Lancaster before he had sailed from England, and on account of it, that the King of Castille might have assistance, the Duke of Burgundy had concluded a peace with the Flemings. Moreover, the young French King had a

great desire to invade England; and in this desire he was joined by all the chivalry of the realm; but especially by the Duke of Burgundy, the Constable of France, the Count de St. Pol, and the Lord de Coucy, who said, "Why should we not for once make a visit to England, and learn the way thither as well as the English have learned the way into France? This year, therefore, 1386, we will go, as well to compel the Duke of Lancaster to return home, as to alarm the English, and see how they behave." Greater armaments were prepared in France than ever before. Heavier taxes were imposed. The whole summer, until September, was employed in grinding flour, and making biscuits. Many of the high men of France were ordered to pay a third or fourth of their property, in order to build vessels of a sufficient size. There was not a vessel of any sort, from the port of Seville to Prussia, that the French could lay hands on, but was taken by fair or foul means, for the service of the King of France. Provisions were got together from all quarters; great quantities of wine, salted meats, oats, hay, onions, verjuice, biscuit, flour, butter, the yolks of eggs in powder, and rammed in barrels, and many other necessaries, were sent from Flanders. Lords and knights at great distances were requested to accompany the expedition. Indeed, never since God created the world were there seen such numbers of large ships together as filled the harbors of Sluys and Blanckenburgh when they assembled, for when counted there were 1,287 ships, whose masts and canvas from sea appeared like a thick forest.

The constable's ship was building at Treguier in Brittany, and he had there also constructed a town of framework of large timber, which was to be put together on landing in England, for the lords to retreat to as a place of safety, and to keep off any danger that might arise from nightly attacks. This town was so constructed, that when they dislodged it could be taken to pieces; and many carpenters and other workmen who had been employed upon it, were engaged at very high wages, to see it properly taken down and put together.

Whoever had been at Damme, Bruges, or Sluys at this time, and had seen how busily all were engaged in loading the vessels with hay in trusses, garlic, onions, biscuits in sacks, pease, beans, cheese-bowls, barley, oats, rye, wheat, wax candles, housings, shoes, boots, helmets, spurs, knives, hatchets, wedges, packages, hooks, wooden pegs, boxes filled with ointments, tow, bandages, coverlids for sleeping on, horseshoe nails, bottles of verjuice and vinegar, iron stone ware, pewter and wooden pots and dishes, candlesticks, basins, vases, fat pigs, hasters, kitchen furniture, utensils for the buttery, and for the other offices, and every article necessary for man and beast, would have been struck with astonishment.

The conversations which were overheard between the French showed that they considered England would be ruined and destroyed beyond resource, the men put to death, and the women and children carried in slavery to France. The King of England and his council were duly informed of these grand preparations, and it was confidently believed that the French would not fail to invade the country. Some, however, were of opinion that they intended merely to regain Calais; and others, that this armament was not destined for either England or Calais, but that when it was completed it would invest the town of Ghent. Indeed, as I was informed, the men of Ghent were seriously alarmed; but they were to blame if they showed any signs of fear, for the Duke of Burgundy wished them nothing but prosperity, although Francis Atremen, shortly after the peace, was slain at Ghent. The Duke was no way implicated in his death, for he bore him no hatred, although during the war of Ghent he had performed many gallant deeds in the service of his townsmen, as have been related in this history. If Francis Atremen came to such an end, no one was to blame but himself: for had he believed Peter du Bois, this misfortune would not have befallen him. Peter gave him notice what he might expect at the conclusion of the peace between the Duke of Burgundy and Ghent, on their return to Ghent from Tournay. When Peter was making

his preparations to accompany the Lord Bourchier to England, he said, "Francis, what do you say? Will you not go to England with us?" "No," replied he, "I shall remain in Ghent." "And how," said Peter, "do you suppose you will live here in quiet? There are many who mortally hate both you and me." "Never mind," replied Francis; "my Lord of Burgundy has pardoned all, and offers me, if I choose to reside with him, to be equerry of his stables, with four horses at my command." "In God's name!" said Peter, "I do not speak of my Lord of Burgundy, nor of his knights, for they are well inclined to keep peace, but of the Ghent men. Take my advice, and do not remain here." "I will consider of this," answered Francis; "but I am determined not to go to England." Thus the conversation ended. Francis Atremen stayed in Flanders, and Peter du Bois went with Lord Bourchier to England.

Now, soon after peace had been proclaimed, an edict was published in all towns dependent on the Duke of Burgundy, forbidding any one to wear armor or a sword, or to have arms carried by their followers. Francis Atremen having been one of the principal rulers during the war of Ghent, was accustomed, whenever he walked the streets, to be followed by thirty or forty varlets, who were well pleased to execute any order he might give them. He had kept this state so long that he was loth to give it up, and when the Duke issued his proclamation, he never imagined that it in any way concerned him; for, seven or eight days after the proclamation, the Duke's bailiff came to him and said, "Francis, why do you now go armed through the town of Ghent, followed by your varlets? We command you, in the name of the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy, that you lay your arms aside." Francis, who, in fact, meant no ill, but kept up this state through pomp, replied, "Bailiff, I shall willingly obey your orders, as it is right; but I thought I was so well considered by the town that I might have had my sword and armor borne after me without its being objected to." "You are mistaken," said the bailiff; "it is the

town's-people, to whom you have done so many services, who have interfered, and who tell me they are surprised that I can suffer it, for it seems to them that you want to renew a war to which they have no inclination." The bailiff at this departed. Francis returned to his house, and ordered his varlets to lay aside their arms. He became melancholy, and when he went abroad was alone, or with only one varlet attending him.

Not long after this conversation with the bailiff, a festival was kept at the monastery of St. Peter without Ghent, whither Francis went alone. He was watched and followed by a bastard of the late Lord de Harzelles, anxious to revenge his death, of which it was commonly reported that Francis Atremen was guilty. The bastard was provided with arms, and when at a proper distance out of the town, and no one near, he called out to him, "Francis, you are a dead man: you put my father to death, and I will do the like to you." As Francis turned round, the bastard, who was a stout fellow, struck him such a violent blow on the head, that it split his skull to the neck and felled him dead.

When news of this reached England, Peter du Bois but slightly pitied Francis, for he said, "Before I left Ghent, I told him what would happen; but he would not mind me." We must now return to the preparations going forward at Damme and Sluys, where money was no more spared then if it rained gold. The great barons of France sent their servants to Sluys to get all things ready for them. Each lord strove to have his vessel the best supplied, and the most ornamented with painting and gilding, with their arms emblazoned on them and on the flags. Painters made a good harvest, for they were paid whatever they asked. The masts were painted from top to bottom; and some, by way of magnificence, were even covered with sheets of fine gold, above which were emblazoned the arms of the different lords to whom the vessels belonged. It was told me that Sir Guy de la Tremouille expended upwards of 2,000 francs in painting and ornamenting his ship.

All that was going forward was known in England, and with many additions to the real truth. The people in several places were much alarmed, and in many towns the priests made processions three times a week, when with much devotion they offered up their prayers to God to avert this peril from them. There were upwards of 100,000 who were most desirous that the French should come to England, saying, "Let them come, and not a soul of them shall return to tell the story!" The King of England was, at this time, in Wales with the Earl of Oxford, who, in fact, governed England, for without his consent nothing was done. Indeed, the King's councilors did with him as they pleased, and carried him wherever they liked. Neither had his uncles of Cambridge and Buckingham been able to retain any influence, for they could not act without knowing whether what they intended was agreeable to the King's councilors. All these discords were known in France, and tended to hasten the invasion.

As soon as it was discovered in England that the French were ready to put to sea, the lords, prelates, and principal citizens held an assembly, in which they debated what was proper to be done. The King was requested to return to London, and, not daring to refuse, he came at once to the palace of Westminster.

Before the parliament was holden, a council was called to consider how the great discontent which appeared in the country might best be appeased. In the parliament the Earl of Salisbury, a wise and prudent man, spoke as follows: "Your majesty and my lords present need not be surprised if our adversary the King of France proposes to invade us; for since the death of that most potent and sagacious prince, Edward of happy memory, our sovereign lord, this realm has incurred several risks of being destroyed by its own subjects. It is perfectly well known in France that we disagree among ourselves, and are torn by faction, which makes them imagine that their enterprise cannot fail of success. While we remained united, the King with the people and the people

with the King, we were ever victorious and powerful. It is therefore necessary, and never was anything in England more pressing than this, that we should act in unity, if we wish to preserve our honor. This realm has long been in its flower, and you know that what is in flower has greater need of attention than if in fruit. We must therefore act as if it were in flower, for since these last sixty years, those knights and squires who have gone out of it have acquired more renown than any others. Let us exert ourselves, and preserve our honor untarnished as long as we live."

The speech of the Earl was attentively listened to, and all the lords said that his advice ought to be followed. I will not attempt to tell all that was debated, for I do not pretend to know everything; but I do know that, after proper care had been taken for the defense of Calais, all the coast of England, where it was thought the French would land, was well guarded. The Earl of Salisbury, whose estate was in the Isle of Wight, was ordered thither to defend it with men-at-arms and archers. The Earl of Devonshire was sent to Southampton, with 200 men-at-arms and 600 archers, to defend that haven. The Earl of Northumberland to the port of Rye; the Earl of Cambridge to Dover; the Earl of Buckingham to Sandwich; the Earls of Stafford and Pembroke to Orwell; Sir Henry and Sir Faulx Percy to Yarmouth; and Sir Simon Burley was appointed governor of Dover Castle. Every port and harbor from the Humber to Cornwall was well provided with men-at-arms and archers, and watchmen were posted on all the hills near the sea coast opposite to France and Flanders.

The manner of posting these watchers was as follows: They had large Gascony casks filled with sand, which they placed one on the other, rising like columns: on these were planks, where the watchmen remained night and day on the look out; and their orders were, the moment they should observe the fleet of France approaching the land, to light torches, and make great fires on the hills to alarm the country; and the forces within sight of those

fires were to hasten to the spot. It had been resolved to allow the King of France to land, and even to remain unmolested for three or four days; they were first to attack and destroy the fleet and all the stores, and then to advance to the King—not to combat him immediately, but to harass his army, so that it might be disabled and afraid to forage; the corn countries were all to be burnt—and England at best is a difficult foraging country—so that the French would soon be starved and destroyed.

Such was the plan laid down by the council of England. Rochester bridge was to be broken down, for a deep river runs under it, which flows through Sussex and Kent, and falls into the Thames, opposite the island of Sheppy. If the taxes were burdensome on towns and persons in France, I must say they were not much lighter in England, and the country suffered from them a long time afterwards, though at this time the people paid them cheerfully, in order that they might be more effectually guarded. There were 10,000 men-at-arms, and 100,000 archers, in England, notwithstanding the Duke of Lancaster had led so large a force to Castille.

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At this period (1386), so great a number of ships was collected for the invasion of England, that the oldest man living had never heard of the like. Knights and squires were arming on all sides, and leaving their homes, saying, "We will invade these cursed English, who have done us so much mischief; we will now avenge ourselves for the losses they have caused."

The middle of August had been fixed upon as the time for the invasion taking place, and when it came the King took leave of Queen Blanche, the Duchess of Orleans, and the other princesses. He heard a solemn mass in the church of Notre Dame at Paris, and then went to Senlis, and thence to Lille; Sir Oliver de Clisson was still in Brittany, making his preparations and equipping his fleet at the port of Treguier, whence he intended to embark with his wooden town which you have heard of. The flower of Breton chivalry was to accompany him;

and the constable had declared that no one ought to be employed in this expedition unless he was a good man-at-arms, and could be depended upon.

If the preparations for the invasion were great in France, those in England for its defense were not less so. The taxes in England were equally heavy with those in France, still the people paid them without complaining; for they were raised for the defense of the country. 2,000,000 of florins were collected and paid into the hands of the Archbishop of York, the Earl of Oxford, Sir Nicholas Bramber, Sir Simon Burley, and others who were appointed receivers and paymasters of the money. Sir Simon Burley was governor of Dover Castle, and from his situation received frequently intelligence from France, by means of the fishermen of the town. They informed him that the King of France was certainly determined on the invasion; that he intended to land one division at or near Dover, and another at Sandwich; and that his forces were immense. He, as well as the rest of England, believed that all this was true; and one day he set out for Canterbury, to visit the abbey and Christ church, which is very near. The abbot inquired, "What news?" when Sir Simon told him all he had heard, adding, that "the shrine of St. Thomas, so respectable and rich, was not safe in Canterbury; and if the French came, some of the pillagers would no doubt carry it off. I advise you to have it carried for safety to Dover Castle." The abbot and all the convent were so much enraged at this speech that they replied. "How, Sir Simon, would you wish to despoil this church of its jewel? If you are afraid yourself, you can shut yourself up in your castle of Dover; however, the French will not be bold enough to adventure so far." But Sir Simon persisted so long in his proposition, that the common people grew discontented, and held him for an ill-inclined person; which, as I shall relate, they afterwards showed more plainly.

The report was now daily current in Flanders and Artois, "The King will embark Saturday, Tuesday, or

Thursday.'' Every day of the week they said, ''He will embark to-morrow, or the day after.'' The Duke of Touraine, the King's brother, and many other great lords, had taken leave of the King at Lille, and returned to Paris; for the Duke had been appointed regent during his intended absence. The Duke of Berry was still loitering, for he had no great desire to go to England; at which the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy were much vexed: for very great expenses were incurred by the delay.

While the French were thus waiting for the Duke of Berry's arrival, the King of Armenia, who resided on his pension in France, made a journey to England, in hopes of bringing about a peace, or, at least, a truce between the two kingdoms. On his arrival at Dover, he was well received, and conducted by some knights to the King's uncles, who entertained him handsomely; and, at a proper opportunity, asked him what were his reasons for visiting England. To this he answered, ''that he had come to wait upon the King of England and his council, in the hopes of doing good, and to see if by any means he could negotiate a peace between them and the King of France; for this war between them,'' he added, ''is not very becoming: its long continuance has greatly emboldened and raised the pride of the Turks and Saracens. No one now makes any opposition to them; and this is the reason that I have lost my crown and kingdom. I would willingly explain this matter to the King of England.''

The English lords then asked him if the King of France had sent him. ''No,'' replied the King of Armenia, ''no one has sent me. I am come of my own accord, and solely with a view to do good.'' They then asked where the King of France was. ''I believe he is at Sluys,'' replied the King, ''and I have sent to him messengers, entreating him not to put to sea until I return. I therefore beg of you to gain for me an interview with your King.'' Thomas, Earl of Buckingham, answered, ''King of Armenia, we are here solely to guard

and defend the frontiers, and we do not concern ourselves in any way with the government of this realm. Some motives of good, or the appearance of them, have brought you hither—you are welcome; but you must not expect from us any definite answer to what you ask, though we will have you conducted to London without danger or expense." The King of Armenia thanked them, and as soon as he was able set out for London.

When his arrival in London was known, the King's council assembled at the Wardrobe to learn the news, and ascertain what could have brought him to England at this time of trouble and alarm. The King of Armenia, on entering the presence-chamber, explained fully his reasons for coming to England, stating that his great desire was to avert the pestilence which was ready to befall the country, and to make peace between the crowns of England and France. He paid many compliments both to the King and his council; but the reply he received was very brief. "Sir King, you are welcome to this country; the King, however, has not all his council present at this moment, but when they are assembled you shall have your answer." The King of Armenia upon this returned to the house where he lodged. Within four days the King of England was advised what answer to make, which was entrusted to the Archbishop of Canterbury to deliver; who, on the King of Armenia being called, spoke as follows: "King of Armenia, it is not usual, nor has it ever been admitted, that in such weighty matters as those now in dispute between France and England, the King of England should have requests made him, while an army is ready to invade his country. Our opinion is that you return to the French army, and prevail on them to retire; and when we shall be fully assured that they have done so, do you return hither, and we will pay attention to any treaty you shall propose."

The King of Armenia, the day after he had received this answer, set out for Dover, making two days' journey of it. From Dover he sailed to Calais, and thence made

his way to Sluys. He related to the King of France and his uncles the journey he had made to England, and what answer he had met with; but the King and his lords paid no attention to it, and sent him to France, for they were resolved to sail the first fair wind for England, after the arrival of the Duke of Berry and the constable. Hitherto the wind had been unfavorable; it would never have served them to land in those parts where they intended, though it was very fair to carry them to Scotland. After considerable delay the Duke of Berry arrived, and shortly after the constable. The moment the King saw the constable, he said, "Constable, what say you? when shall we set sail? I have a great desire to see England." "Sire," replied the constable, "we cannot sail until the wind be favorable. This south wind, which is completely against us, has blown so long that the sailors say they have never seen it so constant in one point as it has been these two months."

Winter had now set in, and the French lords and their army lay exposed to the cold, and were in much danger; for the Flemings, more especially the lower orders, wished they away; indeed, serious discontent was arising in Bruges and many other places against the French. This, and the impossibility of reaching England with such unfavorable winds, as winter was now advancing, induced the French to determine to defer till April or May following the intended invasion. The King was much vexed, but he could not amend it; the men-at-arms separated, some pleased and some angry; but the servants of the principal lords stayed behind, for the benefit of their masters, and to sell off their stores, in which great losses accrued, for what had cost one hundred francs was disposed of for ten, or even less. When news of this reached England, those who were afraid of the French coming was greatly rejoiced, while others were sorry, for they expected to have made themselves rich from them. A grand feast was given in the city of London to all who had been appointed to guard the different harbors. The King kept his Christmas in a solemn manner at West-

minster, and there created three dukes: the Earl of Cambridge, Duke of York; his brother, the Earl of Buckingham, Duke of Gloucester; and the Earl of Oxford, Duke of Ireland.

V. Commines. The last chronicler of the Middle Ages was Philippe de Commines, a man who lived an active life, but who really was ahead of his own time in insight and sagacity. He was not merely an annalist like Froissart, but was also a statesman and a political philosopher. He served Louis XI unscrupulously, but was thoroughly conscious of the results of his activity and portrayed the latter years of the reign of Louis XI so frankly that they have been the source of the writings of modern poets and novelists.

Philippe was born in the castle of Commines about the year 1447, when the fortunes of his family were at a very low ebb, but from the fact that Philip the Good stood sponsor to the infant, a hopeful future was argued for young Commines, under the protection of so powerful a monarch. A few years later Philippe's father and mother died, and he was placed under the guardianship of an uncle, who endeavored to save some part of his property, with, however, little success. Educated like most of the nobles of his day, Philippe was more of a soldier and athlete than a scholar, when at the age of seventeen he entered the brilliant court of Philip the Good, where he was to remain in the service of the Count of Charolois, afterward Duke of Burgundy.

From that time on, the life of Commines was that of a French courtier, looking out always for his own interests, but still faithful to those whom he served. In time he deserted the court of the Duke of Burgundy and attached himself to that of Louis XI, receiving as a reward a pension, some civil offices and the title to lands, which afterward caused him much trouble. However, the greatest gift which Commines seems to have obtained was that of the confidence of the King, and this he was able to retain until the death of that monarch. Though Charles VIII took up the patronage of Commines, his career from the accession of the new King was in the descendant, and after the death of Charles his life was embittered by lawsuits and other troublesome matters, which probably hastened his death, in October, 1511. His old biographer, Sleidan, describes him as follows:

Commines was tall, fair, well shaped, and of a comely personage. He spoke Italian, Dutch, and Spanish incomparably well; but his excellence consisted chiefly in the French, and he had read all the histories that were extant in that language, especially that of the Romans. As he grew in years, he extremely lamented his deficiency in the Latin tongue, and complained of the little care that had been taken of his education in that respect. He had a prodigious memory, and such a wonderful facility in expressing his thoughts, that he would at the same time dictate to four secretaries different things, all of them of great importance, and with the same ease and dexterity as if there had been but one. His conversation was chiefly among foreigners, as he was desirous to inform himself

of all things and places, and very careful of employing his time well; so that he was never known to be idle.

It should be remembered that when Commines wrote the confusion and strife which Froissart had chronicled had in a measure passed away, that it was at the end of the fifteenth century, and the modern world was just unfolding. Thus it is not surprising to find that while his style as a writer belonged completely in the Middle Ages, his subject matter looks forward into the Renaissance.

VI. Extracts from Commines. 1. *The Advantage of a Knowledge of History to Princes and Lords.* The following is a good example of one of those digressions from direct narrative in which he very frequently indulges:

Again, I cannot forbear blaming and discommending illiterate princes, who generally are led by the nose by certain lawyers and priests, whom they keep commonly about them, and indeed not without reason (for as they are very serviceable to a prince, and an ornament to his court, when they are persons of honor and probity, so they are as dangerous if they prove otherwise), who have always some law or precedent in their mouths, which they wrest and pervert as they please: but a wise prince, and one that has read history, will never be deluded; nor will any courtier be so audacious as to tell a lie in his presence. Believe me, God never designed the office of a king to be executed by beasts, or such as glory and pride themselves in giving such answers as these, "I am no scholar, I refer business wholly to my council, and commit all things to their management," and then devote themselves entirely to their pleasures, without further reason or expostulation. Had they been better educated in their youth, they would have been wiser, and have

earnestly desired that their person and their virtues might have been valued and esteemed by all good men. I do not say all princes employ such ill-conditioned people, but most of those whom I had ever the honor to converse with, had always abundance of them. I have known indeed, upon an exigence of affairs, some wise princes that understood how to cull and select their ministers, and employ them frankly and without complaint; but of this sort I knew none comparable to the King my master, than whom no prince better understood the merit of brave and learned persons, nor more readily advanced such to the highest posts of honor and advantage. He was not unlearned himself; he delighted much in asking questions; and would know a little of everything: his judgment and natural parts were excellent, which is better and more preferable than all that we can learn in this world; for all the books that ever were written, are only so many helps and assistances to our memory by the recapitulation of passages of old. For this reason a man has a greater insight into affairs by reading one single book in three months' time, than can be observed or understood by the age or experience of twenty men living successively one after another. So that, to finish this digression, I am of the opinion that God cannot send a greater curse or affliction upon any nation than an unlearned and inconsiderate prince; for from hence all other misfortunes and miseries arise, and in the first place wars and division, by his committing to other persons his own peculiar authority (of which he ought to be more tender than anything besides); and from this division famine and mortality arise, and all the dreadful consequences attending upon war; by which one may perceive how much all good subjects have reason to lament when they see the education of their young princes so miserably neglected, and left wholly in the power and management of persons of no qualifications nor desert.

2. *An Interview between the Kings of France and England.* In 1475 the English

landed at Calais to assist the Duke of Burgundy in making war upon the King, but after a brief campaign a truce for nine years was negotiated. The following is the account of the meeting between the kings at which this truce was arranged:

And then, in order to bring the whole affair to a conclusion, they consulted what place would be most convenient for the interview of the two kings, and persons were appointed to survey it; the Lord du Bouchage and I were chosen to represent our master; and the Lord Howard, one Chalanger, and a herald, represented the King of England. Upon our taking a view of the river, we agreed the best and securest place was Picquigny, a strong castle some three leagues from Amiens, which had been burnt not long before by the Duke of Burgundy; the town lies low, the River Somme runs through it, and is not fordable or wide near it. On the one side, by which our King was to come, was a fine champaign country; and on the other side it was the same, only when the King of England came to the river, he was obliged to pass a causeway about two bow-shots in length, with marshes on both sides, which might have produced very dangerous consequences to the English, if our intentions had not been honorable. And certainly, as I have said before, the English do not manage their treaties and capitulations with so much cunning and policy as the French do, let people say what they will, but proceed more ingenuously, and with greater straightforwardness in their affairs; yet a man must be cautious, and have a care not to affront them, for it is dangerous meddling with them.

After we had fixed upon the place, our next consultation was about a bridge which was ordered to be built, large and strong, for which purpose we furnished our carpenters with materials. In the midst of the bridge there was contrived a strong wooden lattice, such as the

lions' cages are made with, the hole between every bar being no wider than to thrust in a man's arm; the top was covered only with boards to keep off the rain, and the body of it was big enough to contain ten or twelve men of a side, with the bars running across to both sides of the bridge, to hinder any person from passing over it either to the one side or the other; and in the river there was only one little boat rowed by two men, to convey over such as had a mind to cross it.

I will now relate the reason that induced the King to have the place of their interview contrived after such a fashion, that there should be no passage from one side to the other; and perhaps the time may come, when this may be useful to some persons, who may have the same occasion. During the minority of Charles VII the kingdom of France was much infested by the English. Henry V lay before Rouen, and had straitened it very much, and the greatest part of those in the town were either subjects, or partisans of John, Duke of Burgundy, who was then reigning.

There had been a long and great difference between John, Duke of Burgundy, and the Duke of Orleans, and the whole kingdom, or most of it, was engaged in their quarrel, to the prejudice of the King's affairs; for faction never begins in any country, but it is difficult to extinguish, and dangerous in the end. In this quarrel that I speak of, the Duke of Orleans had been killed in Paris one year before. Duke John had a powerful army, and advanced to raise the siege of Rouen; that he might do it with more ease, and assure himself of the King's friendship, it was agreed that the King and he should have an interview at Montereau-Fault-Yonne, where a bridge was erected, with a barrier in the midst, and in the middle of the barrier a little wicket, which was bolted on both sides; by which means, and by the consent of both parties, they might pass to either side. The King came on one side, and Duke John on the other, both attended with a strong party of their guards, but especially Duke John; they met, and had a long conference upon the bridge, and

about the Duke's person there were not above three or four at the most. In the height of their discourse, the Duke (either by the persuasion of others, or out of a desire to pay a more than ordinary respect to his majesty) unbolted the wicket on his side, and it being opened by the others, he passed through it to the King, and was immediately slain, himself and all those who attended him; which was the occasion of abundance of mischief that ensued afterwards, as everybody knows: but this is not material to my design, so I shall speak of it no farther, only let me tell you, you have the story just as the King told it me himself, when he sent me to choose a place, commanding expressly that there should be no door; for, said he, if that had not been, there had been no means of inviting the Duke to the other side, and then that misfortune had been prevented.

The barrier being finished, and the place fitted for the interview, as you have already heard, on the next day, which was the 29th of August, 1475, the two kings appeared. The King of France came first, attended by about 800 men-at-arms: on the King of England's side, his whole army was drawn up in order of battle; and though we could not discover their whole force, yet we saw such a vast number both of horse and foot, that the body of troops that were with us seemed very inconsiderable in comparison with them; but indeed the fourth part of our army was not there. It was given out that twelve men of a side were to be with each of the kings at the interview, and that they were already chosen from among their greatest and most trusty courtiers. With us we had four of the King of England's party to view what was done among us, and they had as many of ours, on their side, to have an eye over their actions. As I said before, our King came first to the barrier, attended by twelve persons; among whom were John, Duke of Bourbon, and the Cardinal his brother. It was the King's royal pleasure (according to an old and common custom that he had), that I should be dressed like him on that day.

The King of England advanced along the causeway (which I mentioned before), very nobly attended, with the air and presence of a king: there were in his train his brother the Duke of Clarence, the Earl of Northumberland, his chamberlain the Lord Hastings, his Chancellor, and other peers of the realm; among whom there were not above three or four dressed in cloth of gold like himself. The King of England wore a black velvet cap upon his head, with a large fleur de lys made of precious stones upon it: he was a prince of a noble and majestic presence, but a little inclining to corpulence. I had seen him before when the Earl of Warwick drove him out of his kingdom; then I thought him much handsomer, and to the best of my remembrance, my eyes had never beheld a more handsome person. When he came within a little distance of the barrier, he pulled off his cap, and bowed himself within half a foot of the ground; and the King of France, who was then leaning against the barrier, received him with abundance of reverence and respect. They embraced through the holes of the grate, and the King of England making him another low bow, the King of France saluted him thus: "Cousin, you are heartily welcome; there is no person living I was so ambitious of seeing, and God be thanked that this interview is upon so good an occasion." The King of England returned the compliment in very good French.

Then the Chancellor of England (who was a prelate, and Bishop of Lisle) began his speech with a prophecy (with which the English are always provided) that at Picquigny a memorable peace was to be concluded between the English and French. After he had finished his harangue, the instrument was produced which contained the articles the King of France had sent to the King of England. The Chancellor demanded of our King, whether he had dictated the said articles? and whether he agreed to them? The King replied, "Yes:" and King Edward's letters being produced on our side, he made the same answer. The missal being then brought and opened, both the kings laid one of their hands upon

the book, and the other upon the holy true cross, and both of them swore religiously to observe the contents of the truce, which was, that it should stand firm and good for nine years complete; that the allies on both sides should be comprehended; and that the marriage between their children should be consummated, as was stipulated by the said treaty. After the two kings had sworn to observe the treaty, our King (who had always words at command) told the King of England in a jocular way, he should be glad to see his majesty at Paris; and that if he would come and divert himself with the ladies, he would assign him the Cardinal of Bourbon for his confessor, who he knew would willingly absolve him, if he should commit any sin by way of love and gallantry. The King of England was extremely pleased with his raillery, and made his majesty several good repartees, for he knew the cardinal was a jolly companion.

After some discourse to this purpose, our King, to show his authority, commanded us who attended him to withdraw, for he had a mind to have a little private discourse with the King of England. We obeyed, and those who were with the King of England, seeing us retire, did the same without waiting to be commanded. After the two kings had been alone together for some time, our master called me to him, and asked the King of England if he knew me? The King of England replied he did, and named the places where he had seen me, and told the King that formerly I had endeavored to serve him at Calais, when I was in the Duke of Burgundy's service. The King of France demanded, if the Duke of Burgundy refused to be comprehended in the treaty (as might be expected from his obstinate answer), what the King of England would have him do? The King of England replied, he would offer it him again, and if he refused it then, he would not concern himself any farther, but leave it entirely to themselves. By degrees the King came to mention the Duke of Bretagne (who indeed was the person he aimed at in the question), and made the same demand about him. The King of England desired

he would not attempt anything against the Duke of Bretagne, for in his necessity he had never found so true and faithful a friend. The King pressed him no farther, but recalling his retinue, took his leave of the King of England in the handsomest and most civil terms imaginable, and saluted all his attendants in a most particular manner: and both the kings at a time (or very near it) retired from the barrier, and mounting on horseback, the King of France returned to Amiens, and the King of England to his army. The King of England was accommodated by the King of France with whatever he wanted, even to the very torches and candles. The Duke of Gloucester, the King of England's brother, and some other persons of quality, were not present at this interview, as being averse to the treaty; but they recollected themselves afterwards, and the Duke of Gloucester waited on the King our master at Amiens, where he was splendidly entertained, and nobly presented both with plate and fine horses.

As the King returned from this interview, he spoke to me by the way upon two points: one was, that the King of England had been so easily persuaded to come to Paris. His majesty was not at all pleased with it, and he told me, "He is a very handsome prince, a great admirer of the ladies, and who knows but some of them may appear to him so charming, as may give him a desire of making us a second visit. His predecessors have been too often in Paris and Normandy already; and I do not care for his company so near, though on the other side of the water, I shall gladly esteem him as my friend and brother." Besides, the King was displeased to find him so obstinate in relation to the Duke of Bretagne, on whom he would fain have made war, and to that purpose made another overture to him by the Lord du Bouchage and the Lord of St. Pierre. But when the King of England saw himself pressed, he gave them this short but generous answer, "That if any prince invaded the Duke of Bretagne's dominions, he would cross the seas once more in his defense." They importuned him no farther.

When the King had arrived at Amiens, and was ready to go to supper, three or four of the English lords, who had attended upon the King of England at the interview, came to sup with his majesty; and the Lord Howard being of the number, he told the King in his ear, that if he desired it, he would find a way to bring his master to him to Amiens, and to Paris too, to be merry with him for some time. Though this offer and proposition were not in the least agreeable to the King, yet his majesty dissembled the matter pretty well, and fell a-washing his hands, without giving a direct answer; but he whispered me in the ear, that what he suspected was at last come really to pass. After supper they fell upon the subject again; but the King put it off with the greatest wisdom imaginable, pretending that his expedition against the Duke of Burgundy would require his departure immediately. Though these affairs were of very great importance, and great prudence was used on both sides to manage them discreetly; yet there were some pleasant occurrences among them, worthy to be transmitted to posterity. Nor ought any man to wonder (considering the great mischiefs which the English have brought upon this kingdom, and the recentness of their date), that the King of France should be at so much labor and expense to send them home in a friendly manner, that he might make them his friends for the future, or at least divert them from making war against him.

The next day, a great number of English came to Amiens, some of whom reported that the Holy Ghost had made that peace, and prophecies were produced to confirm it; but their greatest argument to support this opinion was that, during the time of their interview, a white pigeon came and sat upon the King of England's tent, and could not be frightened away by any noise they could make in the camp. But some gave another reason, and that was, that a small shower of rain having fallen that day, and soon after the sun shining out very warmly, the poor pigeon, finding that tent higher than

the rest, came thither only to dry herself. And this reason was given me by a Gascon gentleman, called Louis de Breteilles, who was in the King of England's service. He was very much displeased at this peace; and having been an old acquaintance of mine, he told me privately, that we did but laugh at the King of England. Among the rest of our discourse, I asked him how many battles the King of England had won. He told me nine, and that he had been in every one of them in person. I demanded next how many he had lost? He replied, never but one, and that was the one in which we had outwitted him now; for he was of opinion that the ignominy of his returning so soon, after such vast preparations, would be a greater disgrace and stain to his arms than all the honor he had gained in the nine former victories. I acquainted the King with this smart answer, and the King replied, "He is a shrewd fellow, I warrant him, and we must have a care of his tongue." The next day he sent for him, and had him to dinner at his own table, and made him very advantageous proposals, if he would quit his master's service, and live in France; but finding he was not to be prevailed on, he presented him with 1000 crowns, and promised that he would do great things for his brothers in France. Upon his going away, I whispered him in the ear, and desired him to employ his good offices to continue and propagate the love and good understanding which had now begun between the two kings.

The King was in the greatest concern imaginable, for fear he should drop some word or other, that might make the English suspect he had imposed upon them, and laughed at them. The next morning after the interview, his majesty being in his closet, with only three or four of us with him, he began to droll and jest about the wines and presents which he had sent to the English camp; but, turning suddenly round he perceived a merchant of Gascony, who lived in England, and had come to court to beg leave to export a certain quantity of Bordeaux wines, without paying the duties; the obtain-

ing of which privilege would have been very advantageous to him. The King was much surprised at the sight of him, and wondered how he came thither. The King asked him of what town in Guienne he was; and whether he had married in England. The merchant replied, yes, he had a wife in England, but the estate he had there was but small. Before he went out, the King appointed a person to go with him to Bordeaux, and I had also some discourse with him by his majesty's express command. The King gave him a considerable employment in the town where he was born, granted him the exemption of the duties upon his wines, and gave him 1000 francs to bring over his wife; but he was to send his brother into England for her, and not go thither to fetch her himself; and this penalty the King imposed upon himself for having used his tongue too freely.

3. *The Last Days of Louis XI.* In endeavoring to select suitable extracts from the *Memoirs* of Commines, one is troubled by the very wealth of material, for almost every page is interesting, and the frankness, wisdom, and devotion of the writer is so evident that the whole work is worth reading, even now. Perhaps, however, no portion shows him to better advantage than his description of the last days of his shrewd master:

Whatever was thought conducible to his health, was sent to him from all corners of the world. Pope Sixtus (who died lately) being informed of the King's illness, and that he, in his devotion, desired to have the corporal, or vest, which the Apostle St. Peter used when he sung mass, sent it immediately, and several relics besides, which were returned to him. The holy vial at Rheims, which had never been moved before, was brought to his chamber at Plessis, and stood upon his buffet when he died, for he designed to be anointed with it again, as

he was at his coronation. Some were of opinion that he designed to have anointed himself all over, but that was not likely, for the vial is but small, and there is no great store of oil in it. I saw it myself at the time I speak of, and also when our Lord the King was interred in the church of Notre Dame de Clery. The Great Turk that now reigns, sent an ambassador to him, who came as far as Riez, in Provence; but the King would not hear him, nor permit him to proceed any farther, though he brought him a large roll of relics which had been left at Constantinople in the hands of the Turk; all which, and a considerable sum of money besides, he offered to deliver into the King's hands, if he would keep guard over a brother of the Turk's, who was then in France, in the custody of the Knights of Rhodes, and is now at Rome, in the hands of the Pope. From all which one may be able to judge of the wisdom and greatness of our King, and of the great esteem and character he bore in the world, when spiritual things, dedicated to devotion and religion, were employed for the lengthening of his life, as well as things temporal and secular. But all endeavors to prolong his life proved ineffectual; his time was come, and he must needs follow his predecessors. Yet in one thing God Almighty favored him in a peculiar manner, for, as he had made him more prudent, liberal, and virtuous in all things than the contemporary princes, who were his neighbors and enemies, so he suffered him to survive them, though not for a very long time. For Charles, Duke of Burgundy, the Duchess of Austria his daughter, King Edward of England, Duke Galeas of Milan, and John, King of Arragon, were all dead a few years before him; but King Edward and the Duchess of Austria died very shortly before his decease. In all of them there was a mixture of bad as well as good, for they were but mortals. But, without flattery, I may say of our King, that he was possessed of more qualifications suitable to the majesty and office of a prince than any of the rest, for I had seen most of them, and knew the extent of their abilities.

In the year 1482 the King desired to see the Dauphin his son, whom he had not seen for several years; for besides his being of opinion that it was better for his son's health to have but few come near him, he was afraid lest he should be taken out of his management, and made the occasion for some conspiracy against him, as had been done by himself against his father, King Charles VII, when, at eleven years of age, he was taken away by some lords of the kingdom, and engaged in a war called the Praguerie, which lasted not long, and was merely a court faction.

Above all things, he recommended to the Dauphin certain of his servants, and laid his commands expressly upon him not to change any of his officers, declaring that upon the death of his father Charles VII, and his own accession to the throne, he had imprudently dismissed all the good officers of the kingdom, both military and civil, who had assisted his father in the conquest of Normandy and Guyenne, served him in the expulsion of the English, and contributed much to the restoration of peace and tranquillity throughout the kingdom; which rash method of proceeding proved highly to his prejudice, for it was the foundation of the war called the Public Good, which I mentioned before, and which had like to have cost him his crown. Soon after the King had given this advice to his son the illness seized him of which he died, and it lasted until the Saturday following, the last day but one of August, 1483; I was present at the termination of his illness, and therefore I think myself entitled to say something of his death.

Not long after his being seized with this last fit, he was deprived of his speech, as he had been formerly; and though he recovered that again, yet he found himself much weaker than he had ever been (though indeed he was so weak before that he had scarce strength to lift his hand to his mouth), and he became so meager and lean, that every one who saw him pitied him. The King, perceiving he had not long to live, sent for the Lord de Beaujeu (who had married his daughter, and is now

Duke of Bourbon), and commanded him to go to Amboise, to his son the King, as he called him. He recommended his son to him, and all his servants, and gave him the charge and government of the young King, and made him promise, for several good reasons, not to permit certain persons to come near him; and, if the Lord de Beaujeu had observed his commands strictly, or at least the best part of them (for some were contradictory and not to be observed), I am of opinion, considering what has since happened, it had been much better both for the kingdom and himself.

After this he sent the chancellor, with all that were under him, to carry the seals to the King his son. He also sent him some archers of his guard, several of his captains, the officers of his hounds and hawks, and all others in charge of his sports; and he desired all that were going to Amboise to pay their respects to the King his son, to be faithful and true to him; and by every one he sent him some message or other, but more especially by Stephen de Vers, who had brought up the young King, serving him in quality of first gentleman of his bedchamber, and had been made Bailiff of Meaux by King Louis. After the recovery of his speech, his senses never failed him, and indeed were never so quick, for he had a continual looseness upon him, which kept the vapors from ascending to his head. In all his sickness he never complained, as most other people do when they are ill; at least I am of that nature, and I have known many of the same temper; and the common opinion is that complaining alleviates our pain.

He was continually discoursing on some subject or another, and always with a great deal of sense and judgment. His last illness (as I said before) continued from Monday to Saturday night. Upon which account I will now make comparison between the evils and sorrows which he brought upon others, and those which he suffered in his own person: for I hope his torments here on earth, have translated him into Paradise, and will be a great part of his purgatory: and if, in respect of their

greatness and duration, his sufferings were inferior to those he had brought upon other people, yet, if you consider the grandeur and dignity of his office, and that he had never before suffered anything in his own person, but had been obeyed by all people, as if all Europe had been created for no other end, but to serve and be commanded by him; you will find that little which he endured was so contrary to his nature and custom that it was more grievous for him to bear.

His chief hope and confidence was placed in the good hermit I spoke of (who was at Plessis, and had come thither from Calabria); he sent continually to him, believing it was in his power to prolong his life if he pleased; for, notwithstanding all his precepts, he had great hopes of recovering; and if it had so happened, he would quickly have dispersed the throng he had sent to Amboise, to wait upon the new King. Finding his hopes rested so strongly upon this hermit, it was the advice of a certain grave divine, and others who were about him, that it should be declared to him that there was no hope left for him but in the mercy of God; and it was also agreed among them, that his physician, Master James Coctier (in whom he had great confidence), should be present when this declaration was made him. This Coctier received of him every month ten thousand crowns, in the hope that he would lengthen his life. This resolution was taken to the end that he should lay aside all other thoughts, and apply himself wholly to the settlement of his conscience. And as he had advanced them, as it were, in an instant, and against all reason, to employments beyond their capacities, so they took upon them fearlessly to tell him a thing that had been more proper for other people to communicate; nor did they observe that reverence and respect towards him, which was proper in such a case, and would have been used by those persons who had been brought up with him, or by those whom, in a mere whim, he had removed from court but a little before. But, as he had sent a sharp message of death to two great persons whom he had formerly be-

headed (the Duke of Nemours and the Count of St. Paul), by commissioners deputed on purpose, who in plain terms told them their sentence, appointed them confessors to arrange their consciences, and acquainted them that in a few hours they must resolve to die; so with the same bluntness, and without the least circumstance of introduction, these imprudent persons told our King: "Sire, we must do our duty; do not place your hopes any longer in this holy hermit, or anything else, for you are a dead man. Think therefore upon your conscience, for there is no remedy left." Every one added some short saying to the same purpose; to which he answered, "I hope God will assist me, for perhaps I am not so ill as you imagine."

What sorrow was this to him to hear this news! Never man was more fearful of death, nor used more means to prevent it. He had, all his life long, commanded and requested his servants, and me among the rest, that whenever we saw him in any danger of death, we should not tell him of it, but merely admonish him to confess himself, without ever mentioning that cruel and shocking word Death; for he did not believe he could ever endure to hear so cruel a sentence. However, he endured that virtuously, and several more things equally terrible, when he was ill; and indeed he bore them better than any man I ever saw die. He spoke several things, which were to be delivered to his son, whom he called King; and he confessed himself very devoutly, said several prayers suitable to the sacraments he received, and called for the sacraments himself. He spoke as judiciously as if he had never been ill, discoursed of all things which might be necessary for his son's instruction, and among the rest gave orders that . . . the King and kingdom remain free from wars, till the King should be of age, to take upon himself the administration of affairs.

You have already heard with what indiscretion and bluntness they acquainted the King with his approaching death; which I have mentioned in a more particular

manner, because in a preceding paragraph I began to compare the evils, which he had made others suffer, who lived under his dominion, with those he endured himself before his death; that it might appear that, though they were not perhaps of so long a duration, yet they were fully as great and terrible, considering his station and dignity, which required more obedience than any private person, and had found more; so that the least opposition was a great torment to him. Some five or six months before his death, he began to suspect everybody, especially those who were most capable and deserving of the administration of affairs. He was afraid of his son, and caused him to be kept close, so that no man saw or discoursed with him, but by his special command. At last he grew suspicious of his daughter, and of his son-in-law the Duke of Bourbon, and required an account of what persons came to speak with them at Plessis, and broke up a council which the Duke of Bourbon was holding there, by his order.

. . . . . .

Behold, then, if he had caused many to live under him in continual fear and apprehension, whether it was not returned to him again; for of whom could he be secure when he was afraid of his son-in-law, his daughter, and his own son? I speak this not only of him, but of all other princes who desire to be feared, that vengeance never falls on them till they grow old, and then, as a just penance, they are afraid of everybody themselves; and what grief must it have been to this poor King to be tormented with such terrors and passions?

He was still attended by his physician, Master James Coctier, to whom in five months' time he had given fifty-four thousand crowns in ready money, besides the bishopric of Amiens for his nephew, and other great offices and estates for himself and his friends; yet this doctor used him very roughly indeed; one would not have given such outrageous language to one's servants, as he gave the King, who stood in such awe of him, that he durst not forbid him his presence. It is true he complained of his

impudence afterwards, but he durst not change him as he had done all the rest of his servants; because he had told him after a most audacious manner one day, "I know well that some time or other you will dismiss me from court, as you have done the rest; but be sure (and he confirmed it with a great oath) you shall not live eight days after it;" with which expression the King was so terrified, that ever after he did nothing but flatter and bribe him, which must needs have been a great mortification to a prince who had been humbly obeyed all his life by so many good and brave men.

The King had ordered several cruel prisons to be made; some were cages of iron, and some of wood, but all were covered with iron plates both within and without, with terrible locks, about eight feet wide and seven high; the first contriver of them was the Bishop of Verdun, who was immediately put in the first of them that was made, where he continued fourteen years. Many bitter curses he has had since for his invention, and some from me as I lay in one of them eight months together in the minority of our present King. He also ordered heavy and terrible fetters to be made in Germany, and particularly a certain ring for the feet, which was extremely hard to be opened, and fitted like an iron collar, with a thick weighty chain, and a great globe of iron at the end of it, most unreasonably heavy, which engines were called the King's Nets. However, I have seen many eminent and deserving persons in these prisons, with these nets about their legs, who afterwards came forth with great joy and honor, and received great rewards from the King.

. . . . . .

This by way of digression. But to return to my principal design. As in his time this barbarous variety of prisons was invented, so before he died he himself was in greater torment, and more terrible apprehension than those whom he had imprisoned; which I look upon as a great mercy towards him, and as part of his purgatory; and I have mentioned it here to show that there is no

person, of what station or dignity soever, but suffers some time or other, either publicly or privately, especially if he has caused other people to suffer. The King, towards the latter end of his days, caused his castle of Plessis-les-Tours to be encompassed with great bars of iron in the form of thick grating, and at the four corners of the house four sparrow-nests of iron, strong, massy, and thick, were built. The grates were without the wall on the other side of the ditch, and sank to the bottom. Several spikes of iron were fastened into the wall, set as thick by one another as was possible, and each furnished with three or four points. He likewise placed ten bow-men in the ditches, to shoot at any man that durst approach the castle before the opening of the gates; and he ordered they should lie in the ditches, but retire to the sparrow-nests upon occasion. He was sensible enough that this fortification was too weak to keep out an army, or any great body of men, but he had no fear of such an attack; his great apprehension was, that some of the nobility of his kingdom, having intelligence within, might attempt to make themselves masters of the castle by night, and having possessed themselves partly of it by favor, and partly by force, might deprive him of the regal authority, and take upon themselves the administration of public affairs; upon pretense he was incapable of business, and no longer fit to govern.

The gate of the Plessis was never opened, nor the drawbridge let down, before eight o'clock in the morning, at which time the officers were let in; and the captains ordered their guards to their several posts, with pickets of archers in the middle of the court, as in a town upon the frontiers that is closely guarded: nor was any person admitted to enter except by the wicket and with the King's knowledge, unless it were the steward of his household, and such persons as were not admitted into the royal presence.

Is it possible then to keep a prince (with any regard to his quality) in a closer prison than he kept himself? The cages which were made for other people were about

eight feet square; and he (though so great a monarch) had but a small court of the castle to walk in, and seldom made use of that, but generally kept himself in the gallery, out of which he went into the chambers on his way to mass, but never passed through the court. Who can deny that he was a sufferer as well as his neighbors, considering how he was locked up and guarded, afraid of his own children and relations, and changing every day those very servants whom he had brought up and advanced; and though they owed all their preferment to him, yet he durst not trust any of them, but shut himself up in those strange chains and enclosures. If the place where he confined himself was larger than a common prison, he also was much greater than common prisoners.

. . . . . .

After so many fears, sorrows, and suspicions, God, by a kind of miracle, restored him both in body and mind, as is His divine method in such kind of wonders; for He took him out of this miserable world in perfect health of mind, and understanding, and memory; after having received the sacraments himself, discoursing without the least twinge or expression of pain, and repeating his paternosters to the very last moment of his life. He gave directions for his own burial, appointed who should attend his corpse to the grave, and declared that he desired to die on a Saturday of all days in the week; and that he hoped Our Lady would procure him that favor, for in her he had always placed great trust, and served her very devoutly. And so it happened; for he died on Saturday, the 30th of August, 1483, at about eight in the evening, in the Castle of Plessis, where his illness seized him on the Monday before. May Our Lord receive his soul, and admit it unto His kingdom of Paradise!

Small hopes and comfort ought poor and inferior people to have in this world, considering what so great a King suffered and underwent, and how he was at last forced to leave all, and could not, with all his care and diligence, protract his life one single hour. I knew him,

and was entertained in his service in the flower of his age, and at the height of his prosperity, yet I never saw him free from labor and care. Of all diversions he loved hunting and hawking in their seasons; but his chief delight was in dogs.

. . . . . .

In hunting, his eagerness and pain were equal to his pleasure, for his chase was the stag, which he always ran down. He rose very early in the morning, rode sometimes a great distance, and would not leave his sport, let the weather be never so bad; and when he came home at night he was often very weary, and generally in a violent passion with some of his courtiers or huntsmen; for hunting is a sport not always to be managed according to the master's direction; yet, in the opinion of most people, he understood it as well as any prince of his time. He was continually at these sports, lodging in the country villages to which his recreations led him, till he was interrupted by business; for during the most part of the summer there was constantly war between him and Charles, Duke of Burgundy, and in the winter they made truces.

. . . . . .

When his body was at rest his mind was at work, for he had affairs in several places at once, and would concern himself as much in those of his neighbors as in his own, putting officers of his own over all the great families, and endeavoring to divide their authority as much as possible. When he was at war he labored for a peace or a truce, and when he had obtained it, he was impatient for war again. He troubled himself with many trifles in his government, which he had better have let alone: but it was his temper, and he could not help it; besides, he had a prodigious memory, and he forgot nothing, but knew everybody, as well in other countries as in his own. And, in truth, he seemed better fitted to rule a world than to govern a single kingdom.

. . . . . .

In which season of his life, then, was it that he may be said to have enjoyed himself? I believe from his infancy and innocence to his death, his whole life was nothing but one continued scene of troubles and fatigues; and I am of opinion, that if all the days of his life were computed in which his joys and pleasures outweighed his pain and trouble, they would be found so few, that there would be twenty mournful ones to one pleasant. He lived about sixty-one years, yet he always fancied he should never outlive sixty, giving this for a reason, that for a long time no king of France had lived beyond that age. Some say, since the time of Charlemagne; but the King our master was far advanced in his sixty-first year.

CHATEAU AT CAMBOURG

CHAPTER VI

LITERATURE OF THE MIDDLE AGES (CONCLUDED)

V. FRANCOIS VILLON

BIOGRAPHY. The medieval literature of France may be said in the work of François Villon to have reached a climax which was as well the end. The birth of Villon occurred in 1431, the year which may be rated as the highest of the epoch in French national life, the year in which Joan of Arc consummated her noble life in a brave death upon the funeral pyre of Rouen. At what place this François de Montcorbier, or Corbueil, or Villon, to use the name by which he is best known, was born, the most careful investigators have been unable to ascertain, but it was probably in some village near the Paris which he loved so profoundly and

of which he always desired to be called a resident.

One only fact is known about his relatives, namely, that he had an uncle, a priest established in Anjou, who refused to recognize his nephew, as did the rest of his family. With one exception Villon appears to have had no feeling for any of them, but all through his life his love for his mother shines out of the turmoil and strife, as Gautier says, "like a white and serene lily springing from the heart of a marsh." The only mention that Villon makes of his father is to tell us that he was dead, nor have we any other information concerning the man. Of one man, the Canon of St. Benoit, Villon speaks in terms of grateful affection, calling him "more than father, who had been to me more tender than mothers to their sucking babes."

Nothing whatever is known of Villon's early life, but he must have entered the University of Paris when he was about fifteen years of age and have studied there for six years. Prior to 1455, when the blank in his life history ends, Villon must have made those disreputable acquaintances which influenced so strongly his future life. In the year last mentioned, he quarreled with and killed a priest, and was condemned to death; but later his sentence, owing to the intercession of friends, was commuted to banishment. The next year he was again in trouble, accused now of being the ring-leader of a gang of burglars and cut-throats, and with

HÔTEL DES INVALIDES

PARIS

FOUNDED BY LOUIS XIV AS A HOME FOR DISABLED SOLDIERS.
BENEATH THE DOME IS THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON I.

two of them he was sentenced to be hanged. Appealing from this sentence, he succeeded in having it reduced to banishment, but a year or two later he was back in Paris and again living in crime and debauchery. There seems no end to the disreputable and criminal acts charged against him, and when in 1463 he was caught by the police in a street brawl, he was put to the torture, imprisoned and condemned to death, but again was successful in having his sentence commuted to banishment. At this time Villon appears to have disappeared completely from human knowledge. Where he went, how long he lived, or when he died no one knows, but from his writings it is safe to infer that he could not have lived long after this date, for he was even then in the last stages of disease brought on by his debauchery, gluttony and the sufferings of torture and imprisonment. Not a pleasant life to contemplate and a worse than useless one so far as can be seen, except that through it all there burned in his soul the fire of genius, and he wrote so well that now in modern times he is universally known as the "Father of French Poetry."

It is almost inevitable that around such a life should cluster a great many tales of rascality and conscienceless tricks, many of which will not bear repetition. It is impossible to tell which are true and which are false, but there can be no doubt that Villon's career furnished justification for just such tales, and there is a book which pretends to tell many of

these stories and to recite many of the rhymes and poems of Villon to which critics give very little credit.

As an illustration of the tricks attributed to him, we may quote the following, recited by John Payne in his introduction to the works of Villon:

> Provided with stolen bread, fish, meat and other victual to their heart's desire, the jolly scoundrels remember that they owe it as a duty to themselves to get drunk and that if they would fain arrive at that desirable consummation they must needs furnish themselves with liquor at some one else's expense. Master François is equal to the occasion; taking two pitchers of precisely similar appearance, one filled with fair water and the other empty, he repairs to the celebrated tavern of the Fir Apple, situate in the Rue de la Juiverie (of which and its landlord, Robin Turgis, mention is so often made in Villon's verse), and requests to have the empty pitcher filled with the best of their white wine. This being done, in a twinkling the accomplished sharper changes the pitchers and pretending to examine the contents, asks the tapster what kind of wine he has given him, to which he replies that it is white wine of Baigneux. "Do you take me for a fool?" cries Villon. "Take back your rubbish. I asked for good white wine of Beaune and will have none other." So saying, he empties the pitcher of water into the cask of Baigneux wine—the tapster of course supposing it to be the liquor with which he had just served him—and makes off, in triumph, with the pitcherful of white wine, which he has thus obtained at the unlucky vintner's expense.

So expert was Villon in his swindling expedients that the word *villonerie* was long used among the lower classes of Paris to describe

such sharp practices as had been attributed to him.

To an early and disappointing love affair is by some attributed Villon's downfall and the source of his wretchedness. At any rate, the one chaste and real love of his life appears from his writings to have been Catherine de Vaucelles, or Vaucel, a young lady of a good, or at least respectable, family, but whose coquetries and contempt for her lover made his early life miserable. Apparently, she enjoyed mocking him, and often his anguish appears so poignant that one can scarcely fail to believe in its sincerity. "I die," he says, "a martyr to love, enrolled among the saints thereof."

II. The Poetry of Villon. That from the vulgar surroundings of his tawdry and disgraceful existence Villon should have been able to gather the material for some of his exquisite lyrics seems almost incredible, but they are the few gems among a comparatively small quantity of verse, which, however excellent it may be in form, is too coarse for pleasant reading. The old poet was a master in handling the forms of verse which belonged to the fifteenth century, the *ballade,* the *double ballade,* and the *rondel,* with their complicated rhyme schemes, their frequent repetitions and arbitrary rules. Nevertheless, he was modern in his treatment in that he abandoned allegories and moralizings and the abstract reflections which characterized medieval poets, and threw

into his work an intensity of feeling and a personal quality that mark him as great in any epoch. Coarse and vile as his images frequently are, yet it is true that nearly all of his finest work is pure and clean, and there must have been in the man somewhere a germ of a finer life than that which he lived. Melancholy was a part of his nature, and the thought of death was ever present. Under his laughter and his passion he always sees the sad and terrible end of loveliness and beauty. He smiles and he weeps, but the loathsomeness and corruption of death haunt his spirit, and he suddenly remembers them and sees, perchance, his own body hanging on the gibbet. Perhaps no better description of Villon's genius can be given to the world than is embodied in the following lines, written by Andrew Lang:

List, all that love light mirth, light tears, and all
That know the heart of shameful loves, or pure;
That know delights depart, desires endure,
A fevered tribe of ghosts funereal,
Widowed of dead delights gone out of call;
List, all that deem the glory of the rose
Is brief as last year's suns, or last year's snows
The new suns melt from off the sundial.

All this your master Villon knew and sung;
Despised delights, and faint foredone desire;
And shame, a deathless worm, a quenchless fire;
And laughter from the heart's last sorrow wrung,
When half-repentance but makes evil whole,
And prayer that cannot help wears out the soul.

III. The Works of Villon. The poems which are definitely known to have been written by Villon consist of two long ones and a number of briefer ones on various subjects. The first of the longer is known as the *Petit Testament* (*The Lesser Will*), the whimsical last will and testament of the poet, expressed in forty stanzas. The second and longer work is the *Greater Testament (The Greater Will),* a poem in similar vein, but more than four times as long and containing within it nuerous ballads and shorter lyrics of different kinds. A better idea of the genius of Villon will be obtained by reading the following selections from his works.

IV. The "Lesser Testament." Unless otherwise specified, the translations of Villon are from the pen of John Payne. The *Lesser Testament* opens with the following stanzas:

This fourteen six and fiftieth year,
I François Villon, clerk that be,
Considering, with senses clear,
Bit betwixt teeth and collar-free,
That one must needs look orderly
Unto his works (as counseleth
Vegetius, wise Roman he),
Or else amiss one reckoneth,—

In this year, as before I said,
Hard by the dead of Christmas-time,
When upon wind the wolves are fed
And for the rigor of the rime
One hugs the hearth from none to prime,
Wish came to me to break the stress

Of that most dolorous prison-clime
Wherein Love held me in duresse.

The following, occurring a little later, refers to Catherine de Vaucelles:

She that hath bound me with her eyes
(Alack, how fierce and fell to me!),
Without my fault in any wise,
Wills and ordains that I should dree
Death and leave life and liberty.
Help see I none, save flight alone:
She breaks the bonds betwixt her and me
Nor harkens to my piteous moan.

To 'scape the ills that hem me round,
It were the wiser to depart.
Adieu! To Angers I am bound,
Since she I love will not impart
Her grace nor any of her heart.
I die—with body whole enough—
For her; a martyr to Love's smart,
Enrolled among the saints thereof.

And since (need being on me laid)
I go and haply never may
Again return (not being made
Of steel or bronze or other way
Than other men: life but a day
Lasteth and death knows no relent);
For me, I journey far away;
Wherefore I make this Testament.

As an example of the legacies in this quaint will, the following may be given:

Item, I leave Jacques Raguyer
The "Puppet" Cistern, peach and pear,
Perch, chickens, custards, night and day,

At the Great Figtree choice of fare
And eke the Fircone Tavern, where
He may sit, cloaked in cloth of frieze,
Feet to the fire and back to chair,
And let the world wag at her ease.

Their names are Thibault de Vitry
And Guillaume Cotin—peaceable
Poor wights, that humble scholars be.
Latin they featly speak and spell
And at the lectern sing right well.
I do devise to them in fee
(Till better fortune with them dwell)
A rent-charge on the pillory.

Item, I leave the hospitals
My curtains spun the spiders by;
And to the lodgers 'neath the stalls
Each one a buffet on the eye
And leave to tremble, as they lie,
Bruised, frozen, drenched, unshorn and lean,
With hose shrunk half way up the thigh,
Gowns all to-clipt and woeful mien.

Unto my barber I devise
The ends and clippings of my hair;
Item, on charitable wise,
I leave my old boots, every pair,
Unto the cobbler and declare
My clothes the broker's, so these two
May when I'm dead my leavings share,
For less than what they cost when new.

V. THE "GREATER TESTAMENT." Quite similar is the *Greater Testament,* whose introduction closes as follows:

Feeling my self upon the wane,
Even more in goods than body spent,

Whilst my full senses I retain,
What little God to me hath sent
(For on no other have I leant),
I have set down of my last will
This very stable Testament,
Alone and irrevocable.

Written in the same year, sixty-one,
Wherein the good king set me free
From the dour prison of Mehun
And so to life recovered me:
Whence I to him shall bounden be
As long as life in me fail not:
I'm his till death; assuredly,
Good deeds should never be forgot.

The will then continues as follows:

HERE BEGINNETH VILLON TO ENTER UPON MATTER FULL OF ERUDITION AND OF FAIR KNOWLEDGE

Now it is trüe that after years
Of anguish and of sorrowing,
Travail and toil and groans and tears,
And many a weary wandering,
Trouble hath wrought in me to bring
To point each shifting sentiment,
Teaching me many another thing
Than Averröes his Comment.

However, at my trials' worst,
When wandering in the desert ways,
God, who the Emmaus pilgrims erst
Did comfort, as the gospel says,
Showed me a certain resting-place,
And gave me gift of hope no less;
Though vile the sinner be and base,
Nothing he hates save stubbornness.

Sinned have I oft, as well I know;
But God my death doth not require,

But that I turn from sin, and so
Live righteously and shun hell-fire.
Whether one by sincere desire
Or counsel turn unto the Lord,
He sees; and casting off his ire,
Grace to repentance doth accord.

And as of its own motion shows,
Ev'n in the very first of it,
The noble Romaunt of the Rose,
Youth to the young one should remit,
So manhood do mature the wit.
And there, alack! the song says sooth:
They that such snares for me have knit
Would have me die in time of youth.

If for my death the common weal
Might anywise embettered be,
Death my own hand to me should deal
As felon, so God 'stablish me!
But unto none, that I can see,
Hindrance I do, alive or dead;
The hills, for one poor wight, perdie,
Will not be stirred out of their stead.

Whilom, when Alexander reigned,
A man that hight Diomedes
Before the Emperor was arraigned,
Bound hand and foot, like as one sees
A thief. A skimmer of the seas
Of those that course it far and nigh
He was; and so, as one of these,
They brought him to be doomed to die.

The Emperor bespoke him thus:—
"Why art thou a sea-plunderer?"
The other, no wise timorous:—
"Why dost thou call me plunderer, sir?
Is it, perchance, because I ear

Upon so mean a bark the sea?
  Could I but arm me with thy gear,
I would be emperor like to thee.

"What wouldst thou have? From sorry Fate,
  That uses me with such despite
As I on no wise can abate,
  Arises this my evil plight.
  Let me find favor in thy sight
And have in mind the common saw:
  In penury is little right;
Necessity knows no man's law."

Whenas the Emperor to his suit
  Had harkened, much he wonderèd:
And "I thy fortune will commute
  From bad to good," to him he said;
  And did. Thenceforward Diomed
Wronged none, but was a true man aye.
  Thus have I in Valerius read,
Of Rome styled Greatest in his day.

If God had granted me to find
  A king of like greatheartedness,
That had fair fate to me assigned,
  Stooped I thenceforward to excess
  Or ill, I would myself confess
Worthy to die by fire at stake.
  Necessity makes folks transgress,
And want drives wolven from the brake.

My time of youth I do bewail,
  That more than most lived merrily,
Until old age 'gan me assail,
  For youth had passed unconsciously.
  It wended not afoot from me,
Nor yet on horseback. Ah, how then?
  It fled away all suddenly,
And never will return again.

It's gone, and I am left behind,
Poor both in knowledge and in wit,
Black as a berry, drear and dwined,
Coin, land, and goods, gone every whit;
Whilst those by kindred to me knit,
The due of Nature all forgot,
To disavow me have seen fit,
For lack of pelf to pay the scot.

. . . . . .

When I of poverty complain,
Ofttimes my heart to me hath said,
"Man, wherefore murmur thus in vain?
If thou hast no such plentihead
As had Jacques Coeur, be comforted:
Better to live and rags to wear,
Than to have been a lord, and dead,
Rot in a splendid sepulcher."

(Than to have been a lord! I say.
Alas, no longer is he one:
As the Psalm tells of it,—to-day
His place of men is all unknown.)
As for the rest, affair 'tis none
Of mine, that but a sinner be:
To theologians alone
The case belongs, and not to me.

For I am not, as well I know,
An angel's son, that crowned with light
Among the starry heavens doth go:
My sire is dead—God have his spright!
His body's buried out of sight.
I know my mother too must die,—
She knows it too, poor soul, aright,—
And soon her son by her must lie.

I know full well that rich and poor,
Villein and noble, high and low,

Laymen and clerks, gracious and dour,
Wise men and foolish, sweet of show
Of foul of favor, dames that go
Ruffed and rebatoed, great or small,
High-tired or hooded,—Death (I know)
Without exception seizes all.

Paris or Helen though one be,—
Who dies, in pain and drearihead,
For lack of breath and blood dies he,
His gall upon his heart is shed:
Then doth he sweat, God knows how dread
A sweat, and none there is to allay
His ills; child, kinsman, in his stead
None will go bail for him that day.

Death makes him shiver and turn pale,
Sharpens his nose and swells his veins,
Puffs up his throat, makes his flesh fail,
His joints and nerves greatens and strains.
Fair women's bodies, soft as skeins
Of silk, so tender, smooth and rare,
Must you too suffer all these pains?
Ay, or alive to heaven fare.

At this point is inserted *The Ballad of Dead Ladies*, which we give in the translation by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, possibly the best rendition that has yet appeared:

Tell me now in what hidden way is
Lady Flora the lovely Roman?
Where's Hipparchia, and where is Thais,
Neither of them the fairer woman?
Where is Echo, beheld of no man,
Only heard on river and mere,—
She whose beauty was more than human? . . .
But where are the snows of yester-year?

Where's Héloise, the learned nun,
For whose sake Abeillard, I ween,
Lost manhood and put priesthood on?
(From Love he won such dule and teen!)
And where, I pray you, is the Queen
Who willed that Buridan should steer
Sewed in a sack's mouth down the Seine? . . .
But where are the snows of yester-year?

White Queen Blanche, like a queen of lilies,
With a voice like any mermaiden,—
Bertha Broadfoot, Beatrice, Alice,
And Ermengarde the lady of Maine,—
And that good Joan whom Englishmen
At Rouen doomed and burned her there,—
Mother of God, where are they then? . . .
But where are the snows of yester-year?

Nay, never ask this week, fair lord,
Where they are gone, nor yet this year,
Save with thus much for an overword,—
But where are the snows of yester-year?

Following on the same subject comes *The Ballad of Old-Time Lords, No. 1,* which, as translated by Algernon Charles Swinburne, is as follows:

What more? Where is the third Calixt,
Last of that name now dead and gone,
Who held four years the Papalist?
Alfonso King of Aragon,
The gracious lord, duke of Bourbon,
And Arthur, duke of old Britaine?
And Charles the Seventh, that worthy one?
Even with the good knight Charlemain.

The Scot too, king of mount and mist,
With half his face vermilion,

Men tell us, like an amethyst
From brow to chin that blazed and shone;
The Cypriote king of old renown,
Alas! and that good king of Spain,
Whose name I cannot think upon?
Even with the good knight Charlemain.

No more to say of them I list;
'Tis all but vain, all dead and done:
For death may no man born resist,
Nor make appeal when death comes on.
I make yet one more question;
Where's Lancelot, king of far Bohain?
Where's he whose grandson called him son?
Even with the good knight Charlemain.

Where is Guesclin, the good Breton?
The lord of the eastern mountain-chain,
And the good late duke of Alençon?
Even with the good knight Charlemain.

The following ballad is inserted a little farther on in the *Testament*. It is called *The Doctrine of the Fair Helm-Maker to the Light o' Loves:*

Now think on't, Nell the glover fair,
That wont my scholar once to be,
And you, Blanche Slippermaker there,
Your case in mine I'd have you see:
Look all to right and left take ye;
Forbear no man; for trulls that bin
Old have nor course nor currency,
No more than money that's called in.

You, Sausage-buckstress debonair,
That dance and trip it brisk and free,
And Guillemette Upholstress, there,
Look you transgress not Love's decree:

Soon must you shut up shop, perdie;
Soon old you'll grow, faded and thin,
Worth, like some old priest's visnomy,
No more than money that's called in.

Jenny the hatter, have a care
Lest some false lover hamper thee;
And Kitty Spurmaker, beware;
Deny no man that proffers fee;
For girls that are not bright o' blee
Men's scorn and not their service win:
Foul eld gets neither love nor gree,
No more than money that's called in.

Wenches, give ear and list (quo' she)
Wherefore I weep and made this din;
'Tis that there is no help for me,
No more than money that's called in.

The stanzas which lead up to the famous ballad written at the request of his mother are as follows:

First, my poor soul (which God befriend)
Unto the blessed Trinity
And to our Lady I commend,
The fountain of Divinity,
Beseeching all the charity
Of the nine orders of the sky,
That it of them transported be
Unto the throne of God most high.

Item, my body I ordain
Unto the earth, our grandmother:
Thereof the worms will have small gain;
Hunger hath worn it many a year.
Let it be given straight to her;
From earth it came, to earth apace
Returns; all things, except I err,
Do gladly turn to their own place.

Item, to Guillaume de Villon,—
(My more than father, who indeed
To me more tenderness hath shown
Than mothers to the babes they feed,
Who me from many a scrape hath freed
And now of me hath scant liesse,—
I do entreat him, bended-kneed,
He leave me to my present stress,—)

I do bequeath my library,—
The "Devil's Crake" Romaunt, whilere
By Messire Guy de Tabarie,—
A right trustworthy man,—writ fair.
Beneath a bench it lies somewhere,
In quires. Though crudely it be writ,
The matter's so beyond compare
That it redeems the style of it.

I give the ballad following
To my good mother,—who of me
(God knows!) hath had much sorrowing,—
That she may worship our Ladie:
I have none other sanctuary
Whereto, when overcome with dole,
I may for help and comfort flee;
Nor hath my mother, poor good soul!

The ballad "made at the request of his mother wherewithal to do her homage to Our Lady" is in the translation of Rossetti:

Lady of Heaven and earth, and therewithal
Crowned Empress of the nether clefts of Hell,—
I, thy poor Christian, on thy name do call,
Commending me to thee, with thee to dwell,
Albeit in nought I be commendable.
But all mine undeserving may not mar
Such mercies as thy sovereign mercies are;
Without the which (as true words testify)

No soul can reach thy Heaven so fair and far.
Even in this faith I choose to live and die.

Unto thy Son say thou that I am His,
And to me graceless make Him gracious.
Sad Mary of Egypt lacked not of that bliss,
Nor yet the sorrowful clerk Theophilus,
Whose bitter sins were set aside even thus
Though to the Fiend his bounden service was.
Oh, help me, lest in vain for me should pass
(Sweet Virgin that shalt have no loss thereby!)
The blessed Host and sacring of the Mass.
Even in this faith I choose to live and die.

A pitiful poor woman, shrunk and old,
I am, and nothing learn'd in letter-lore.
Within my parish-cloister I behold
A painted Heaven where harps and lutes adore,
And eke an Hell whose damned folk seethe full sore:
One bringing fear, the other joy to me.
That joy, great Goddess, make thou mine to be,—
Thou of whom all must ask it even as I;
And that which faith desires, that let it see.
For in this faith I choose to live and die.

O excellent Virgin Princess! thou didst bear
King Jesus, the most excellent comforter,
Who even of this our weakness craved a share
And for our sake stooped to us from on high,
Offering to death His young life sweet and fair.
Such as He is, Our Lord, I Him declare,
And in this faith I choose to live and die.

The following ballad, so popular even during the lifetime of Villon and showing his devotion to Paris, is in the translation of Swinburne:

Albeit the Venice girls get praise
For their sweet speech and tender air,
And though the old women have wise ways
Of chaffering for amorous ware,
Yet at my peril dare I swear,
Search Rome, where God's grace mainly tarries,
Florence and Savoy, everywhere,
There's no good girl's lip out of Paris.

The Naples women, as folk prattle,
Are sweetly spoken and subtle enough:
German girls are good at tattle,
And Prussians make their boast thereof;
Take Egypt for the next remove,
Or that waste land the Tartar harries,
Spain or Greece, for the matter of love,
There's no good girl's lip out of Paris.

Breton and Swiss know nought of the matter,
Gascony girls or girls of Toulouse;
Two fishwomen with a half-hour's chatter
Would shut them up by threes and twos;
Calais, Lorraine, and all their crews,
(Names enow the mad song marries)
England and Picardy, search them and choose,
There's no good girl's lip out of Paris.

Prince, give praise to our French ladies
For the sweet sound their speaking carries;
'Twixt Rome and Cadiz many a maid is,
But no good girl's lip out of Paris.

The following lay, or rather, roundel, *To Death, of His Lady* is thus translated by Rossetti:

Death, of thee do I make my moan,
Who hadst my lady away from me,
Nor wilt assuage thine enmity

Till with her life thou hast mine own;
For since that hour my strength has flown.
Lo! what wrong was her life to thee,
Death?

Two we were, and the heart was one;
Which now being dead, dead I must be,
Or seem alive as lifelessly
As in the choir the painted stone,
Death!

His legacies to his friends and his enemies are numerous and sometimes bitter, sometimes amusing. Many of them it is impossible for us to understand because they are so full of local allusions whose meaning is long since lost. The following may serve as examples of the better type:

Item, a new bequest I will
To make to Master Jehan Cornu;
Who in my need hath helped me still
And done me favors not a few;
Wherefore the garden him unto
I give that Peter Bobignon
Leased me, so but he hang anew
The door and fix the gable on.

Item, I give unto Denis
(Elect of Paris) Hesselin,
Of wine of Aulnis, from Turgis
Taken at my peril, casks fourteen.
If he to drink too much begin,
That so his wit and sense decline,
Let them put water therewithin:
Many a good house is lost by wine.

Item, Jehan Raguyer I give
(That's Sergeant,—of the Twelve, indeed)

Each day, so long as he shall live,
A ramakin, that he may feed
Thereon and stay his stomach's need;
(From Bailly's table be it brought).
Let him not ask for wine or mead,
But at the fountain quench his drought.

Item, I give the Prince of Fools
A master-fool, Michault du Four,
The jolliest jester in the Schools,
That sings so well "Ma douce amour."
With that of him I'll speak no more.
Brief, if he's but in vein some jot,
He's a right royal fool, be sure,
And still is witty, where he's not.

Item, I order that Chollet
No longer hoop or saw or plane
Or head up barrels all the day.
Let him his tools change for a cane
(Or Lyons sword), so he retain
The cooper's mall; for, sooth to tell,
Though noise and strife to hate he feign,
At heart he loves them but too well.

Item, to Robinet Troussecaille
(Who's thriven rarely in his trade;
He scorns to go afoot like quail,
But sits a fat roan stoutly made)
My platter, that he is afraid
To borrow, I on him bestow;
So will he now be all arrayed:
He needed nothing else, I know.

Item, the Hospitals unto
What to bequeath I hardly know:
Here jests are neither right nor due,
For sick poor folk have ills eno':
Let each man's leavings to them go.

The Mendicants have had my goose:
Nought but the bones they'll get, I trow;
The poor can seldom pick and choose.

I give my barber (an he list)—
By name that Colin Galerne hight,
Near Angelot's the Herbalist,—
A lump of ice: let him apply't
Upon his paunch and hold it tight,
So he may freeze as seems him meet:
If thus o' winter deal the wight,
He'll not complain of summer heat.

The indentity of the orphans mentioned in the following stanzas is disputed, but his legacy is excellent:

Item, I've seen with my own eyes
That my poor orphans, all the three,
Are grown in age, and wit likewise.
No sheepsheads are they, I can see;
From here to Salins none there be
That better bear them at the schools:
Now, by the Confraternity,
Lads of this fashion are no fools.

I will that they to college go:
Whither? To Master Pierre Richer.
Donatus is too hard, I trow:
Thereat I will not have them stay.
I'd rather they should learn to say
An Ave Mary and there stand,
Without more letters; for alway
Scholars have not the upper hand.

Let them learn this and there leave off;
I do forbid them to proceed:
Meseems it is too hard and tough
For boys to understand the Creed.

I halve my long gray tabard wede
And will one half thereof to sell
And buy them pancakes: for indeed
Children did ever love cates well.

I will that they well grounded be
In manners, though it cost them dear:
Close hoods shall they wear, all the three,
And go with thumbs in girdle-gear,
Humble to all that come them near,
Saying, "Eh, what? . . . Don't mention it!"
So folk shall say, when they appear,
"These lads are gently bred," to wit.

The *Testament* includes also the following ballad, of which we use Swinburne's translation. It is entitled *Ballad Written for a Bridegroom, Which Villon Gave to a Gentleman Newly-Married, to Send to His Wife, Whom he had Won with the Sword:*

At daybreak, when the falcon claps his wings,
No whit for grief, but noble heart and high,
With loud glad noise he stirs himself and springs,
And takes his meat and toward his lure draws nigh;
Such good I wish you! Yea, and heartily
I am fired with hope of true love's meed to get;
Know that Love writes it in his book; for why,
This is the end for which we twain are met.

Mine own heart's lady with no gainsayings
You shall be always wholly till I die;
And in my right against all bitter things
Sweet laurel with fresh rose its force shall try;
Seeing reason wills not that I cast love by
(Nor here with reason shall I chide or fret
Nor cease to serve, but serve more constantly);
This is the end for which we twain are met.

And, which is more, when grief about me clings
Through Fortune's fit or fume of jealousy,
Your sweet kind eye beats down her threatenings
As wind doth smoke; such power sits in your eye.
Thus in your field my seed of harvestry
Thrives, for the fruit is like me that I set;
God bids me tend it with good husbandry;
This is the end for which we twain are met.

Princess, give ear to this my summary;
That heart of mine your heart's love should forget,
Shall never be: like trust in you put I:
This is the end for which we twain are met.

The closing stanzas, the epitaph, and the roundel of the *Grand Testament* are as follows:

Item, my body, I ordain,
Shall at St. Avoye buried be:
And that my friends may there again
My image and presentment see,
Let one the semblant limn of me
In ink, if that be not too dear.
No other monument, perdie:
'Twould overload the floor, I fear.

Item, I will that over it
That which ensues, without word more,
In letters large enough be writ:
If ink fail (as I said before),
Let them the words with charcoal score,
So they do not the plaster drag:
'Twill serve to keep my name in store,
As that of a good crack-brained wag.

EPITAPH

Here lies and slumbers in this place
One whom Love wreaked his ire upon:
A scholar, poor of goods and grace,

That hight of old François Villon:
Acre or furrow had he none.
'Tis known his all he gave away;
Bread, tables, tressels, all are gone.
Gallants, of him this Roundel say.

ROUNDEL

Aeternam Requiem dona,
Lord God, and everlasting light,
To him who never had, poor wight,
Platter, or aught thereon to lay!
Hair, eyebrows, beard all fallen away,
Like a peeled turnip was his plight.
Aeternam Requiem dona.

Exile compelled him many a day
And death at last his breech did smite,
Though, "I appeal," with all his might
The man in good plain speech did say.
Aeternam Requiem dona.

Item, I will they toll for me
The "Belfry" Bell, that is so great
Of voice, that all astonied be
When he is tolled, early or late.
Many a good city, of old date,
He saved, as every one doth know;
Thunder or war, all ills abate
When through the land his voices go.

Four loaves the ringers' wage shall be:
If that's too little, six (that is
What rich folk wont to give for fee):
But they St. Stephen's loaves, ywis,
Shall be. Let Vollant share in this;
A man that earns his living hard:
'Twill furnish forth a week of his.
The other one? Jehan de la Garde.

. . . . . .

Guillaume du Ru, for funeral,
Shall see the chapel duly lit;
And as to who shall bear the pall,
Let my executors order it.
And now, my body every whit
(Groin, eyebrows, hair and beard and all)
Being racked with pain, the time seems fit
To cry folk mercy, great and small.

VI. BALLADS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS. The following are not included in either the *Greater* or the *Lesser Testament.* The first, *The Dispute of the Heart and Body of François Villon,* is given in the excellent translation of Swinburne:

Who is this I hear?—Lo, this is I, thine heart,
That holds on merely now by a slender string.
Strength fails me, shape and sense are rent apart,
The blood in me is turned to a bitter thing,
Seeing thee skulk here like a dog shivering.—
Yea, and for what?—For that thy sense found sweet.—
What irks it thee?—I feel the sting of it.—
Leave me at peace.—Why?—Nay now, leave me at peace;
I will repent when I grow ripe in wit.—
I say no more.—I care not though thou cease.—

What art thou, trow?—A man worth praise perfay.—
This is thy thirtieth year of wayfaring.—
'Tis a mule's age.—Art thou a boy still?—Nay.—
Is it hot lust that spurs thee with its sting,
Grasping thy throat? Know'st thou not anything?—
Yea, black and white, when milk is specked with flies,
I can make out.—No more?—Nay, in no wise.
Shall I begin again the count of these?—
Thou art undone.—I will make shift to rise.—
I say no more.—I care not though thou cease.—

I have the sorrow of it, and thou the smart.
Wert thou a poor mad fool or weak of wit,
Then might'st thou plead this pretext with thine heart;
But if thou know not good from evil a whit,
Either thy head is hard as stone to hit,
Or shame, not honor, gives thee most content.
What canst thou answer to this argument?—
When I am dead I shall be well at ease.—
God! what good luck!—Thou art over eloquent.—
I say no more.—I care not though thou cease.—

Whence is this ill?—From sorrow and not from sin.
When Saturn packed my wallet up for me
I well believe he put these ills therein.—
Fool, wilt thou make thy servant lord of thee?
Hear now the wise king's counsel; thus saith he;
All power upon the stars a wise man hath;
There is no planet that shall do him scathe.—
Nay, as they made me I grow and I decrease.—
What say'st thou?—Truly this is all my faith.—
I say no more.—I care not though thou cease.—

Wouldst thou live still?—God help me that I may!—
Then thou must—What? turn penitent and pray?—
Read always—What?—Grave words and good to say;
Leave off the ways of fools, lest they displease.—
Good; I will do it.—Wilt thou remember?—Yea.—
Abide not till there come an evil day.
I say no more.—I care not though thou cease.

The Epitaph in Form of a Ballad Which Villon Made for Himself and His Comrades, Expecting to be Hanged Along with Them is translated by Swinburne as follows:

Men, brother men, that after us yet live,
Let not your hearts too hard against us be;
For if some pity of us poor men ye give,
The sooner God shall take of you pity.

Here are we five or six strung up, you see,
And here the flesh that all too well we fed
Bit by bit eaten and rotten, rent and shred,
And we the bones grow dust and ash withal;
Let no man laugh at us discomforted,
But pray to God that he forgive us all.

If we call on you, brothers, to forgive,
Ye should not hold our prayer in scorn, though we
Were slain by law; ye know that all alive
Have not wit alway to walk righteously;
Make therefore intercession heartily
With him that of a virgin's womb was bred,
That his grace be not as a dry well-head
For us, nor let hell's thunder on us fall;
We are dead, let no man harry or vex us dead,
But pray to God that he forgive us all.

The rain has washed and laundered us all five,
And the sun dried and blackened; yea, perdie,
Ravens and pies with beaks that rend and rive
Have dug our eyes out, and plucked off for fee
Our beards and eyebrows; never are we free,
Not once, to rest; but here and there still sped,
Drive at its wild will by the wind's change led,
More pecked of birds than fruits on garden-wall;
Men, for God's love, let no gibe here be said,
But pray to God that he forgive us all.

Prince Jesus, that of all art lord and head,
Keep us, that hell be not our bitter bed;
We have nought to do in such a master's hall.
Be not ye therefore of our fellowhead,
But pray to God that he forgive us all.

THE BALLAD OF THINGS KNOWN AND UNKNOWN

Flies in the milk I know full well;
I know men by the clothes they wear;
I know the walnut by the shell;

I know the foul sky from the fair;
I know the pear-tree by the pear;
I know the worker from the drone,
And eke the good wheat from the tare:
I know all save myself alone.

I know the pourpoint by the fell,
And by his gown I know the frère;
Master by varlet I can spell;
Nuns by the veils that hide their hair;
I know the sharper and his snare,
And fools that fat on cates have grown;
Wines by the cask I can compare:
I know all save myself alone.

I know how horse from mule to tell;
I know the load that each can bear;
I know both Beatrice and Belle;
I know the hazards, odd and pair;
I know of visions in the air;
I know the power of Peter's throne,
And how misled Bohemians were:
I know all save myself alone.

Envoi

Prince, I know all things; fat and spare,
Ruddy and pale, to me are known,
And Death that endeth all our care:
I know all save myself alone.

THE BALLAD AGAINST THOSE WHO MISSAY OF FRANCE

Let him meet beasts that breathe out fiery rain,
Even as did Jason hard by Colchis town;
Or seven years changed into a beast remain,
Nebuchadnezzar-like, to earth bowed down;
Or suffer else such teen and mickle bale
As Helen's rape on Trojans did entail;
Or in Hell's marshes fallen let him fare
Like Tantalus and Proserpine, or bear

A grievouser than Job his sufferance,
Prisoned and pent in Daedalus his snare,—
Who would wish ill unto the realm of France.

Four months within a marish let him plain,
Bittern-like, with the mud against his crown;
Or sell him to the Ottoman, to chain
And harness like an ox, the scurvy clown!
Or thirty years, like Maudlin, without veil
Or vesture, let him his misdeeds bewail;
Or with Narcissus death by drowning share;
Or die like Absalom, hanged by the hair;
Or Simon Magus, by his charms' mischance;
Or Judas, mad with horror and despair,—
Who would wish ill unto the realm of France.

If but Octavian's time might come again,
His molten gold should down his throat be thrown,
Or 'twixt two millstones he should grind for grain,
As did St. Victor; or I'd have him drown
Far out to sea, where help and breath should fail,
Like Jonah in the belly of the whale;
Let him be doomed the sunlight to forswear,
Juno her goods and Venus debonair,
And be of Mars oppressed to utterance,—
As was Antiochus the king, whilere,—
Who would wish ill unto the realm of France.

Envoi

Prince, may winds bear him to the wastes of air,
Or to the mid-sea woods and sink him there;
Be all his hopes changed to desesperance:
For he deserves not any fortune fair
Who would wish ill unto the realm of France.

THE BALLAD OF PROVERBS

Goats scratch until they spoil their bed:
Pitcher to well too oft we send:
The iron's heated till it's red

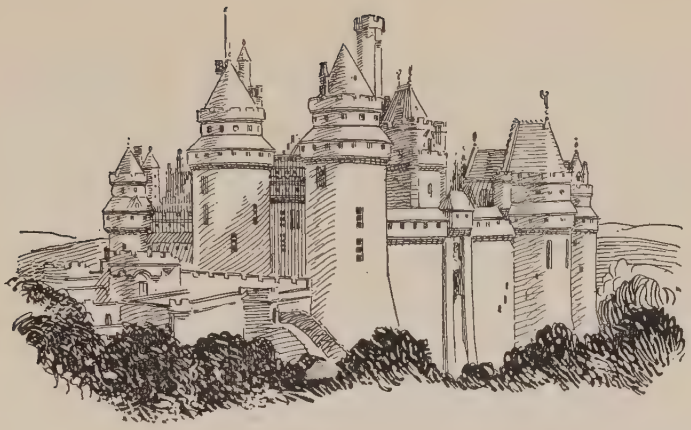
And hammered till in twain it rend:
The tree grows as the twig we bend:
Men journey till they disappear
Even from the memory of a friend:
We shout out "Noël" till it's here.

Some mock until their hearts do bleed:
Some are so frank that they offend:
Some waste until they come to need:
A promised gift is ill to spend:
Some love God till from church they trend:
Wind shifts until to North it veer:
Till forced to borrow do we lend:
We shout out "Noël" till it's here.

Dogs fawn on us till them we feed:
Song's sung until by heart it's kenned:
Fruit's kept until it rot to seed:
The leagured place falls in the end:
Folk linger till the occasion wend:
Haste oft throws all things out of gear:
One clips until the grasp's o'erstrained:
We shout out "Noël" till it's here.

Prince, fools live so long that they mend:
They go so far that they draw near:
They're cozened till they apprehend:
We shout out "Noël" till it's here.

GARGOYLES ON NOTRE DAME



CHAPTER VII

THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY
MARGARET OF NAVARRE: RABELAIS

INTRODUCTORY. We have considered the literature of France to the end of the Middle Ages. Until the beginning of the twelfth century France may be said to have had no real literature or, at the least, we have no surviving examples of any importance. By the end of the fifteenth century, however, she had a well-established literature, excellent in all departments. It was, however, the literature of the Middle Ages, and contained only medieval thoughts expressed in medieval manner. One or two writers, we have seen, had looked forward to better things and were really in advance of their age, but at the beginning of the sixteenth century the new spirit was scarcely in evidence.

When Charles VIII and Louis XII took their armies into Italy they found everywhere

the spirit of the Renaissance, a spirit so youthful, so virile and so enchanting that even the warriors of France caught the infection, and on their return brought with them enhanced ideas of the importance of art, a new appreciation of the beautiful and a recognition of the importance of Greek culture and aesthetics. In the wake of the armies of France followed the scholars and artists of Italy, so that before the first quarter of the sixteenth century had ended the characteristics which had developed during medieval times in the national genius of France were profoundly modified, though never wholly changed.

The enthusiasm of the age can scarcely be realized, and the extent of the changes that were produced is now as wonderful to the thoughtful as it was astonishing to the men of that age. On literature the effect of this general awakening and the force of the new classic literature was enormous, and under the strong and brilliant rule of Francis I there was a great increase in original and vital writing, which differed from that of the Middle Ages in two great particulars, namely, its attitude toward art and its serious conception of thought.

A second profound influence was exerted upon French literature by the Protestant Reformation, which brought with it a study of Christian activity and of Hebraic thought, so that for a time the Renaissance and the Reformation joined hands, only, however, to

MARGARET OF VALOIS

1553–1615

THE FIRST WIFE OF HENRY IV OF FRANCE. HER "MEMOIRS" AND "LETTERS" MIRROR LIFE IN FRANCE DURING THE PERIOD OF HENRY IV.

separate when the sober morality of the one found itself in opposition to the mere humanities of the other. Louis XII had patronized learning, but around Francis I gathered the poets and men of wisdom, who developed and fostered the finer spirit of the Renaissance, although the King himself found satisfaction more in the splendor and ornamental brilliancy of the epoch. However, the great scholar Bude, whom Louis had brought to France, recommended the endowment of professors of Hebrew, Latin and Greek, and Francis willingly accepted his advice and added to the chairs mentioned those of medicine, mathematics and philosophy. Thus, the College of France was founded, and the secularization of knowledge was materially advanced.

II. Margaret of Navarre. The accomplished sister of Francis I, Margaret of Navarre, as frequently known as Margaret of Angouleme, learned in Latin, Spanish, German and Hebrew, with ardent heart and a spirit equally moved by the gayeties of the world and the solemnities of religion, typifies the new spirit in France better than any other historic figure. She was the daughter of Charles of Orleans, Count of Angouleme, born in April, 1492, two years earlier than her brother Francis, who came to the throne in February, 1515. Margaret was twice married, first to Charles, Duke of Alençon, in 1509, and after his death to Henry d'Albret, by title King of Navarre, in 1527. She never reigned at

Navarre, but kept court with her husband at Nerac.

Mention should be made of Margaret's rôle as a patroness of men of letters. Her sympathies and interest were directed toward humanistic studies, and it was certainly through her that the influence of Italian writers and those of antiquity began to be felt in France.

Although not a member of the reformed church, yet her sympathies were certainly with the reformers, and she incurred a great deal of criticism on account of her generous protection of them and the liberal opinions she often expressed. Her devotion to her brother was remarkable, and at the time of his capture and imprisonment she labored for his release and encouraged the Queen Regent to make heavy sacrifices to bring him back. Her efforts to induce Francis to favor the Reformation might have succeeded had he not been offended by the extravagance of some hot-headed Protestant leaders, who so exasperated him that he became a violent persecutor of Lutheranism, a name then given in France to what has since been called Calvinism. A writer says that, "Out of respect to her brother, who loved her entirely, and always called her his darling, she never made any profession or appearance of it; and if she believed it, she always kept it to herself with very great secrecy, because the King violently hated it, declaring that this and every new sect tended more to the destruction of kingdoms, monarchies and dominions than

to the edification of souls." It is asserted by Catholic writers that some years before her death the Queen of Navarre acknowledged her errors and returned to the orthodox faith.

During the latter years of her brother's life she was entirely devoted to him and never weary of sacrificing her own interests to his. It is probable that many, if not all, of the stories which appear in the *Heptameron* were written to relieve his melancholy. Francis died in 1547, and his death was a great blow to the loving sister, who survived him but two brief years, that were spent either in religious abstraction or in the revision and final composition of her book of tales. Her death occurred December 21, 1549.

III. The Poetry of Margaret. Margaret wrote a great many poems and a number of dramatic pieces, in all of which she shows the spirit of the Renaissance more or less under bondage to medievalism. Hers was an uncommon spirit, which seemed to mingle with its mysticism a constant gay humor in proportions never twice the same. Recently her work has become more honored in France than it was even in her own day, when the loveliness of her nature, her sunny disposition and friendly ways endeared her to her people. The following fragment is an example of her more serious work:

Grief has given me such a wound
By an unbearable sorrow,
That almost my body dies

From the pain it feels in secret.
My spirit is in torment,
But it leans
On Him who gives the pain;
Who, causing the pain, comforts it.
My heart, which lived on love alone,
Is by sorrow wasted.
It resisted not since the fatal day
That it felt the stroke of death;
For of its life
From it was ravished,
The more than half
Joined to it in perfect friendship. . . .
Lord, who knowest me,
I have no voice to cry to Thee,
Nor can find words
Worthy to pray Thee with.
Thyself, O Lord,
May it please Thee Thyself to say
To Thyself what I would say.
Speak Thou, pray Thou,
And answer Thou for me.

The two ten-line stanzas which follow show another side of her character:

Or near, so near that in one bed our bodies lie,
And our wills become as one,
And our two hearts, if may be, touch,
And all is common to us both;
Or far, so far that importuning Love
May never tidings of you tell to me,
Who see you not, nor hear your voice, nor write,
So that for you my heart may cease to ache;
Thus it is that my desire is toward you,
For between these two, save dead, I cannot be.

Not near, so near that you could lie
Within my bed, shall ever be,

Or by love my heart or body touch,
Nor weight my honor by a whit.
If far, very far you go, I promise you
To hinder nowise your long wandering;
For neither near nor far have I the heart to love
Save with that love we all are fain to feel.
To be so near or far is no desire of a sage:
Please you, be loved between the two.

IV. THE "HEPTAMERON." But the fame of Margaret of Navarre rests not so much upon her poetry as upon the tales, written in imitation of Boccaccio, which are known now under the name of the *Heptameron.*

The frame of this series is similar to that of the *Arabian Nights,* and modeled very closely on the *Decameron.* In fact, it was the intention of the author to call it the *Decameron,* but as she died when she had written seventy stories and but two belonging to the eighth day, a subsequent editor gave it the name of *Heptameron* (*Seven Parts*). This is the best-known and most popular of all the early collections of tales in the French language and has had a great many admirers among scholarly men, who have confessed their indebtedness to it for the source of their plots; but the book has had its bitter enemies, and it has been particularly obnoxious to the Church, not only because of its licentiousness, but because of the known feeling of the author and its severe criticisms of the monks and the cruel, deceitful and immoral practices attributed to them, especially the Cordeliers.

One noticeable difference between this collection and the *Decameron* is the greater length of the conversations which follow the telling of each story and the moralizing tone of the author and many of the contributors in their comments upon the stories. Defense of the questionable morality of the book has been made because of these discussions, but probably the best that can be said of the work is that its vulgarity is not greater than that of the court before which it was produced, and that the author was simply in harmony with good society as it was then known. However, in many editions grossly improper passages were interpolated by the editors.

The introduction to the *Heptameron* tells us that in September, when the baths in the Pyrenees have their greatest efficacy, a number of gentlemen and ladies gathered at Cauterets, some to drink the waters, some to bathe in them and others to be treated with mud. When the time came to leave, excessive rains had washed out the roads and destroyed the bridges across rivers, so that many visitors were unable to reach home, and five ladies and five gentlemen of the nobility finally found themselves detained together in a hospitable abbey. There they whiled away the time as best they could, but on the second day they became impatient and requested the elderly widow, who goes by the name of Dame Oisille, "to think of some pastime to sweeten the gloom that our long delay here causes us." She said:

You ask a thing of me, my children, which I find very difficult. You want me to invent an amusement which shall dissipate your ennui. I have been in search of such a remedy all my life long, and I have never found but one, which is the reading of Holy Writ. It is in such reading that the mind finds its true and perfect joy, whence proceed the repose and the health of the body. If you ask me what I do to be so cheerful and so healthy at so advanced an age, it is, that as soon as I rise I read the Holy Scriptures. I see and contemplate the will of God, who sent his Son on earth to announce to us that holy word and that good news which promises the pardon of all sins, and the payment of all debts, by the gift he has made us of his love, passion, and merits. This idea affords me such joy, that I take my psalter, and sing with my heart and pronounce with my lips, as humbly as I can, the beautiful canticles with which the Holy Spirit inspired David and other sacred authors. The pleasure I derive from them is so ravishing, that I regard as blessings the evils which befall me every day, because I have in my heart through faith Him who has suffered all these evils for me. Before supper I retire in like manner to feed my soul with reading. In the evening I review all I have done in the day; I ask pardon for my faults; I thank God for his graces, and lie down in his love, fear, and peace, assured against all evils. This, my children, is what has long been my amusement, after having searched well, and found none more solid and more satisfying. It seems to me, then, that if you will give yourselves every morning for an hour to reading, and say your prayers devoutly during mass, you will find in this solitude all the charms which cities could afford. In fact, he who knows God finds all things fair in him, and without him everything ugly and disagreeable. Take my advice, therefore, I entreat you, if you wish to find happiness in life.

Her pious intentions, however, are frustrated by the others, who remind her of the

amusements they have at home and declare that they need something to take the place of all these. Finally, they decide that in the morning Madame Oisille shall read to them from the life of Christ, but in the afternoon they would tell tales like those of Boccaccio. It was understood at the beginning that only true tales were to be told, but, as a matter of fact, truthfulness cannot be claimed for many of them, and the greater part are not original, but may be found in earlier publications, particularly in the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles* and the works of foreign writers. However, a few are undoubtedly true and fell under the observation of the relators. It would be interesting to trace the effect that some of these tales have had upon modern literature and to show how they entered into the plots of later writers, but we have not space for such an investigation.

It is difficult to reproduce any of the stories that will give a fair idea of the work, but a few may be summarized and some notion given of the conversations which followed the telling of the stories.

1. *An Anecdote of King Francis:*

A German Count named Guillaume, of the House of Saxe, to which that of Savoy is so closely allied that anciently the two made but one, came to Dijon, in Burgundy, and entered the service of King Francis. This Count, who was considered one of the finest men in Germany, and also one of the bravest, was so well received by the King, that he not only took him into his service, but placed him near his person, as one of the gentlemen of his chamber. The Seigneur de la Tre-

mouille, Governor of Burgundy, an old knight and a faithful servant of the King, being naturally suspicious and attentive to his master's interests, had always a good number of spies among his enemies to discover their intrigues; and he conducted himself with such wariness that little escaped his notice. One day he received a letter, informing him among other things that Count Guillaume had already received certain sums of money, with promises of more, provided he would have the King put to death in any way in which it could be done. The Seigneur de la Tremouille instantly communicated the intelligence to the King, and made no secret of it to Madame Louise, of Savoy, his mother, who, putting out of consideration that she was related to the German, begged the King to dismiss him forthwith. Instead of doing so, the King begged Madame Louise to say no more about it, declaring it impossible that so gallant a man could be guilty of so villainous an act.

Some time after a second dispatch was received, confirmatory of the former one. The Governor, burning with zeal for the preservation of his master's life, begged permission of him either to expel the Count from the realm, or to take precautionary measures against him; but the King expressly commanded him to make no stir in the matter, doubting not that he should come at the truth by some other means.

One day the King went to the chase, armed with no other weapon than a very choice sword, and took Count Guillaume with him, desiring him to keep close up with him. After having hunted the stag for some time, the King, finding himself alone with Count Guillaume, and far from his suite, turned aside, and rode into the thick of the forest. When they had advanced some way he drew his sword, and said to the Count, "What think you? Is not this an excellent sword?" The Count, taking it by the point, replied that he did not think he had ever seen a better. "You are right," rejoined the King; "and it strikes me that if a gentleman had conceived the design of killing me, and knew the strength

of my arm, the boldness of my heart, and the temper of this good sword, he would think twice of it before he attacked me; nevertheless, I should regard him as a great villain, if, being alone with me, man to man, he durst not attempt to execute what he had dared to undertake."

"The villainy of the design would be very great, sire," replied the astounded Count; "but not less would be the folly of attempting to put it in execution."

The King sheathed his sword with a laugh, and hearing the sound of the chase, set spurs to the horse, and galloped in the direction from which the sound came.

When he rejoined his suite he said not a word of what had passed, satisfied in his own mind that Count Guillaume, for all his vigor and bravery, was not the man to strike so daring a blow. The Count, however, making no doubt that he was suspected, and greatly fearing a discovery, went the next day to Robertet, the Secretary of Finance, and told him that, on considering the profits and appointments the King had proposed to make him for remaining in his service, he found they would not be sufficient to maintain him for half the year; and that unless his majesty would be pleased to double them, he should be under the necessity of retiring. He concluded by begging that Robertet would ascertain the King's pleasure in the matter, and make him acquainted with it as soon as possible. Robertet said he would lose no time, for he would go that instant to the King: a commission which he undertook the more readily, as he had seen the information obtained by La Tremouille. As soon as the King was awake, Robertet laid his business before him, in presence of Monsieur de la Tremouille and Admiral de Bonnivet, who were not aware of what the King had done the day before.

"You want to dismiss Count Guillaume," said the King, laughing, "and you see he dismisses himself. You may tell him, then, that if he is not satisfied with the terms he accepted when he entered my service, and which many a man of good family would think himself

fortunate in having, he may see if he can do better elsewhere. Far from wishing to hinder him, I shall be very glad to have him find as good a position as he deserves."

Robertet was as prompt in carrying this reply to the Count as he had been in laying the latter's proposals before the King. "That being the case, I must retire from his majesty's service," said the Count. Fear made him so eager to be gone, that twenty-four hours sufficed for the rest. He took leave of his majesty as he was sitting down to table, and affected extreme regret at the necessity which compelled him to quit that gracious presence. He also took leave of the King's mother, who let him go with no less gladness than she had welcomed him as a kinsman and friend. The King, seeing his mother and his courtiers surprised at the Count's sudden departure, made known to them the alarm he had given the Count, adding, that even if he were innocent of what was laid to his charge, he had had a fright sufficient to make him quit a master whose temper he did not yet know.

2. *The Fright of Two Inquisitive Monks.* Two Cordeliers, who arrived late in a village one night, took up their quarters with a butcher, and after they retired they heard the man and his wife talking in the adjoining room. Growing inquisitive, one of the monks put his ear to the partition and distinctly heard the butcher tell the wife that he must get up early in the morning and kill his cordeliers, as one was very fat and considerable money could be made out of him. In reality, the butcher was talking about his pigs, but the monks thought otherwise and lay all night in deadly terror, for they were shut into the room and could not get out by the door. About day-

light, however, they tried the window, and the lean monk was able to jump out easily, while the fat one fell and injured his leg so severely that he could only drag himself to the pig sty and shut himself up, after he had driven the pigs into the yard. When the butcher had eaten his breakfast, he came to the sty and called out, "Come out of here, my cordelier. I will have your chitterlings for dinner today." The Cordelier, who could not stand on his lame leg, crawled out on his hands and knees and begged for mercy. The butcher, thinking that St. Francis was punishing him for naming his pigs cordeliers, was equally excited, and the two stood on opposite sides of the fence, bawling for mercy. Explanation gave place to laughter, except on the part of the fat man, whose leg was paining him terribly. In the meantime the lean Cordelier had run to town, roused the lord and asked for help, saying that the butcher was killing his companion. When the officers came in force to arrest the butcher, they found abundant food for laughter.

3. The anecdote of *The Thrifty Widow* appears as follows:

There was at Saragossa a merchant who, feeling his end approach, and seeing that he must quit his possessions, which he had, perhaps, acquired with bad faith, thought to make satisfaction in part for his sins after his death by giving some little present to God, as if God gave his grace for money. After giving orders respecting his house, he desired that a fine Spanish horse, which constituted nearly the whole of his wealth, should be

sold, and the money bestowed on the poor Mendicants; and he charged his wife to do this without fail immediately after his death.

The burial being over, and the first tears shed, the wife, who was no more of a simpleton than Spanish women are in general, said to the man-servant, who, like her, had heard her husband deliver his last will, "Methinks I lose enough in losing my husband, whom I so tenderly loved, without losing, also, the rest of my property. I would by no means, however, contravene the orders he laid upon me, but would rather improve upon his intentions. The poor man, beguiled by the avarice of the priests, thought to make a sacrifice to God, in giving away after his death a sum, one crown of which he would not have given in his lifetime, however pressing might be the need, as you very well know; it has occurred to me, then, that we will do what he ordered us much better than he could have done it himself had he lived a few days longer, but no one in the world must know a word about it."

The man having promised to keep the secret, she continued: "You will take the horse to the market, and when you are asked the price you will say one ducat. But I have a very good cat which I want to sell also. You will sell it along with the horse, and charge for it ninety-nine ducats, making of the two one hundred ducats, which is the price at which my husband wished to sell the horse alone."

The man promptly obeyed his mistress's orders. As he was walking the horse about in the market-place, carrying the cat under his arm, a gentleman who knew the horse, and had before wished to buy it, came up and asked what he would take for it at a word. "A ducat," said the man.

"I would thank you not to make game of me," said the gentleman.

"I assure you, sir," said the man, "it will not cost you more. It is true you must buy this cat at the same time, and I want ninety-nine ducats for it."

The gentleman, who thought it a pretty good bargain, paid him forthwith a ducat for the horse, and then the remainder for the cat, and had his two purchases taken home. The man on his side went off with the money to his mistress, who was delighted to get it, and failed not to bestow on the poor Mendicants, according to her husband's intentions, the ducat for which the horse had been sold, and kept the rest to provide for her own wants and those of her family.

"In your opinion," asks Namerfide in conclusion, "was not this woman much wiser than her husband? and should she have cared as much for his conscience as for the good of her household?"—"I think," said Parlamente, "that she loved her husband well, but seeing that most men are not of sound mind on their deathbeds, she, who knew his intention, chose to interpret it for the profit of his children, which I think very wise."—"But," said Gebaron, "don't you think it a great fault to fail to carry out the wills of dead friends?"—"Indeed I do," said Parlamente, "provided the testator is of good sense and of sound mind."—"Do you call it not being of sound mind to give our goods to the Church and the Mendicant Friars?"—"I don't call it wanting in sound-mindedness," said Parlamente, "when a man distributes among the poor what God has put in his power; but to give alms with what belongs to others I do not consider high wisdom, for you will see constantly the greatest usurers there are, build the most beautiful and sumptuous chapels that can be seen, wishing to appease God for a hundred thousand ducats' worth of robbery by ten thousand ducats' worth of buildings, as if God did not know how to count."

"Truly I have often marveled at this," said Oisille; "how do they think to appease God by the things that he himself, when on earth, reprobated, such as great buildings, gildings, decorations, and paintings? But, if they rightly understood what God has said in one passage, that for all sacrifice he asks of us a contrite and humble heart, and in another St. Paul says we are the

temple of God in which he desires to dwell, they would have taken pains to adorn their consciences while they were alive; not waiting for the hour when a man can no longer do either well or ill, and even what is worse, burdening those who survive them with giving their alms to those they would not have deigned to look at while they were alive. But He who knows the heart cannot be deceived, and will judge them, not only according to their works, but according to the faith and charity they have had in Him." "Why is it then," said Gebaron, "that these Gray Friars and Mendicant Friars sing no other song to us on our death-beds save that we should give much wealth to their monasteries, assuring us that that will carry us to Paradise, willy-nilly?" "Ah! Gebaron," said Hircan, "have you forgotten the wickedness that you yourself have related to us of the Gray Friars, that you ask how it is possible for such people to lie? I declare to you that I do not think that there can be in the world greater lies than theirs. And yet those men cannot be blamed who speak for the good of the whole community, but there are those who forget their vow of poverty to satisfy their avarice." "It seems to me, Hircan," said Namerfide, "that you know something about such a one; I pray you, if it be worthy of this company, that you will be pleased to tell it to us." "I am willing," said Hircan, "although I dislike to speak of this sort of people, for it seems to me that they are of the same kind as those of whom Vergil said to Dante, 'Pass on, and heed them not.' "

4. *The Lord and the Lady's Glove.* When Monsieur de Montmorency was sent as ambassador to the court of England by Louis XI, he met an English Lord who wore upon his doublet a small glove such as women wear. The ambassador noticed that while the glove itself was of little value, it was fastened with hooks of gold and adorned along the seams with a

great quantity of diamonds, rubies, emeralds and pearls, so that the value of the trinket was something extraordinary. The English Lord noticed the curious attention with which Monsieur de Montmorency was regarding the glove, and explained to him its significance:

I perceive, monsieur, that you are surprised I have so much enriched this poor glove; but I will tell you the reason. I look upon you as a gallant man, and I am sure you know what love is. You must know that I have all my life loved a lady whom I still love and shall love even after I am dead. As my heart was bolder to make a good choice than my tongue to declare it, I remained for seven years without daring even to show any signs of loving her, for fear, if she perceived them, I should lose the opportunities I had of being frequently with her—a thought which terrified me more than death. But one day, being in a meadow and gazing upon her, I was seized with such a palpitation of the heart that I lost all color and countenance. She having noticed this, and asked me what was the matter, I replied that I felt intolerably sick at heart. Thinking that this sickness was one in which love had no share, she expressed her pity for it; and that made me to entreat that she would put her hand on my heart, and see how it beat. She did so, more from charity than affection, and as I held her gloved hand on my heart, its motions became so violent that she perceived I had spoken the truth. Then I pressed her hand on my bosom, and said to her, "Receive this heart, madam, which struggles to escape from my bosom and put itself in the hands of her from whom I hope for grace, life, and pity. It is this heart, madam, which now constrains me to declare the love I have long cherished for you in secret, for neither my heart nor I, madam, can longer withstand so potent a god." Surprised at so unexpected a declaration, she would have withdrawn her hand, but I held it so fast

that her glove remained with me instead of that cruel hand. As I never had before or since any other approach to nearer intimacy with her, I placed this glove over my heart as the fittest plaister I could apply to it. I have enriched it with all the finest jewels in my possession; but what is dearer to me than all of them is the glove itself, which I would not give for the realm of England, for there is nothing I prize in the world so much as to feel it on my bosom.

Naturally, the Frenchman felt that the English Lord's action was ridiculous, and he took pains to make some caustic remarks, the drift of which was lost, however, upon the slow-witted but devoted Englishman.

5. *The Wife's Recovery.* A drunken saddler who worked for the Queen of Navarre married a worthy woman, who managed his house excellently and took good care of his children. One day, while he was at work, he was told that his wife was very ill, and, running home, he found her in the last throes of death. Having given all the aid he could and brought her the cross when she asked for it, he felt beside himself with grief and called aloud for help in his misfortune. A rather good-looking servant girl came into the room, and the grief-stricken man begged her to take the keys that hung at his side, look after the house and do the best she could for the children and everybody else. The maiden came near and tried to comfort him, but the man exclaimed: "I know I am dying. See how cold my face is. Put your cheeks to mine to warm them." When the thoughtless girl obeyed,

the man kissed her. The confusion that followed attracted the attention of his wife, who was in the room left alone to her own devices with the cross and holy water, and though she had not spoken for two days, she was not as near death as was thought, for she called out in her feeble voice, "I am not dead yet, wicked wretches, I am not dead yet." Her anger was so great that it overcame the disease which was killing her and from that moment she began to mend; but her husband was often compelled to endure her reproaches for what she had seen.

6. *Three Quotations.* The following extracts are from the conversations which follow stories:

"It seems to me, since the passage from one life to another is inevitable, that the shortest death is the best. I consider fortunate those who do not dwell in the suburbs of death, and who from that felicity which alone in this world can be called felicity pass suddenly to that which is eternal."—"What do you call the suburbs of death?" said Simortault.—"I mean that those who have many tribulations, and those also who have long been sick, those who by extremity of bodily or mental pain, have come to hold death in contempt and to find its hour too tardy,—all these have wandered in the suburbs of death, and will tell you the hostelries where they have more wept than slept."

. . . . . .

I think that one who loves perfectly, with a love in harmony with the commands of God, knows neither shame nor dishonor save when the perfection of her love fails or is diminished; for the glory of true love knows not shame: and as to the imprisonment of her body, I

believe that through the freedom of her heart which was united with God and with her husband, she did not feel it, but considered its solitude very great liberty; for to one who cannot see the beloved, there is no greater good than to think incessantly of him, and the prison is never narrow where the thought can range at will.

. . . . . .

In good faith I am astonished at the diversity in the nature of women's love: and I see clearly that those who have most love have most virtue; but those who have less love, dissimulate, wishing to feign virtue.

"It is true," said Parlamente, "that a heart pure towards God and man, loves more strongly than one that is vicious, and it fears not to have its very thoughts known."

V. Rabelais. The most eminent literary figure of the Renaissance in France was François Rabelais, a learned physician and philosopher, whose fame now is chiefly that of a humorist. He was born at Chinon, but the years of his birth and death are matters of conjecture, though he must have lived from about 1490 to 1553. Many legends surround his early years, and it is difficult to separate truth from myth. That he entered the priesthood is certain, and having studied everything in the new learning under liberal and wise patronage, he abandoned the Franciscan brotherhood for the more scholarly Benedictine. Again restlessness seized him, and he went as a secular priest to Paris. In November, 1531, we find him a practicing physician, though he did not take his doctor's degree till about six years later.

He began publishing articles on law and

medicine as early as 1530; his humorous ideas, mocking the astrologers, were at the same time given to the almanacs of the day, and he re-edited an old Touranian legend of the giant Gargantua, which became the germ of the introduction to his masterpiece. Twice at least he visited Rome and studied and wrote upon horticulture, surgery and politics, but it seems that the chief purpose of his visits was to get from the Pope a dispensation to again resume his Benedictine dress and engage in the practice of medicine. His request was granted by Paul III, on account of the author's "zeal for religion, knowledge of literature and probity of life and morals." *The Book* was published at intervals in four parts, the last in 1552, while under royal favor. But he must have anticipated the disapproval of the authorities, for he resigned the curacies to which he had been appointed and in which he had served before the book came out. After this time his life is buried in obscurity.

The great work of Rabelais, so popular that it was known to the King, his court, and readers everywhere as *The Book,* is in five parts, the last of which was published after the death of the author and may not have been written by him, although the style is so similar and the spirit so much the same that he must have inspired it, even if other hands penned the words. The first part is "The Inestimable Life of the Great Gargantua, Father of Pantagruel, Heretofore Composed by an Abstractor of the

Quintessence, a Book Full of Pantagruelism." The purpose is set forth in the lines with which Rabelais introduces it:

> Kind readers, who vouchsafe to cast an eye
> On what ensues, lay all prevention by.
> Let not my book your indignation raise:
> It means no harm, no poison it conveys.
> Except in point of laughing, it is true,
> 'Twont teach you much: It being all my view
> To inspire with mirth the hearts of those that moan,
> And change to laughter the afflictive groan:
> For laughter is man's property alone.

However, the real purpose of *Gargantua* and its more extensive and greater successor, *Pantagruel,* is vastly greater than the modesty or timidity of its author allows him to claim. Written in a suspicious and intolerant age, it was only under the cloak of mirth that a man could utter the daring things that fill the book of the philosopher, and even then he incurred hatred and persecution—not for the coarseness and vulgarity of his writings, but because of their reflections upon religion. Rabelais was a free thinker, a cautious heretic, neither a Catholic nor a Protestant, but a hanger-on to what was then the established Church of France.

Originally, the title of the second part was "Pantagruel, King of the Drunkards, Portrayed According to Life, with His Amazing Deeds and Feats of Prowess." The remaining books are "Of the Heroic Sayings and Doings of the Good (or Noble) Pantagruel." The

chief character in the second and third books is Panurge, the shrewd, accomplished, but utterly unmoral friend of Pantagruel. Friar John, the fighting, swaggering, drinking monk, impersonates the rebellion of the active man against the restraints of the holy life, and the author's irreverence and vulgarity properly enough gave great offense to the clergy.

The purpose of Rabelais was to ridicule especially crooked politics, the vices of the clergy, popular superstitions, religious controversies, extravagant tales, the absurd language of philosophy and the pedantry of his age. For the times his satire was keen and effective; but few writers have lost more by the passage of years than Rabelais, both on account of the local and temporary nature of the subjects which he chose and the necessity which compelled him to write with ambiguity in an age when persecution was so rife.

The fourth and fifth books have suffered less in this respect than the others, as the satire is more general and obvious. Panurge and Pantagruel are engaged in a voyage to consult the oracle, and from time to time land upon islands, each of which gives a new opportunity for ridicule. Thus, the first island is that of *Nowhere,* and here in the rarities that prevail the author finds the means of satirizing the fictions of travelers; the last place at which they stop is *Lanternland,* inhabited by professors of the various arts and sciences, all of whom come in for their share of caustic treatment.

Finally, the Queen of this Land of Learning gives them a lantern by which they are guided to the Holy Bottle, the oracle they wish to consult. In a beautiful temple they find the object of their search, and when the priestess throws something into the fountain the oracular bottle is heard to utter the word *Trinc,* which, as the priestess explains, means *Drink,* the most satisfactory response the bottle has made in some time. The seekers follow the advice, and the book closes amid their obscene revelry.

Rabelais is in literature the incarnate spirit of the Renaissance, expansive, rebellious against the tyranny of ignorance and superstition, powerful, bold and, more than anything else, alive to the finger tips. His book is a history of giants, and it is itself gigantic, a huge creation of the early morning of the modern world, teeming with the vulgarity which was quite to the taste of his time and in keeping with the old wit's idea that everything is of interest, nothing worth concealment. His grossness is so very gross that many have said it is difficult to see how he could be called a corruptor of morals, although immorality peers everywhere from his pages. Usually the reader who can control his disgust realizes that Rabelais is a lover of goodness and truth, of charity and of mirth; that he is a bitter critic of wrong and of oppressive institutions, and that he believes in the right of every man to live strongly and joyously. It is to the writ-

ings of such men that we owe much of the freedom and comfort of modern intellectual life, for Rabelais hated to be bound; he despised fetters of every sort, and struggled to free himself from them. It took power to break the bands that time and superstition had forged, and if in breaking them he used implements that shock us, we may remember that his ideal was noble and proceeded from a spirit both sane and sweet.

Rabelais was a literary artist beyond comparison; he created types of men that shall endure in language, and pictured them so vividly that their lineaments can never fade:—the succession of good and wise kings, Grangousier, Gargantua and Pantagruel; the skillful teacher Ponocrates; the good monk, Brother Jean des Entommeures.

Finally, the French of Rabelais is the French of his successors: for more than any other one man he furnished the words and structure of the language to succeeding writers. His style is exuberant to a degree, and words flow from his pen in an unending stream —a riotous vocabulary which can nowhere else be seen, and which is still a mine for artists. Time and again he fills a page with the adjectives that his fertile imagination tells him might be applicable, but these words and his cumbersome sentences, complex and Latinized, still are purely Latin and Romance, the very elements of the refined French of later years. Despite the serious elements in Rabelais the

spirit of his books is mainly comic. He is of the lineage of Moliere.

VI. Extracts from Rabelais. 1. *The Childhood of Gargantua.* The giant King Grangousier's giant son Gargantua, who, instead of babyish wailing at his birth, shouted aloud, "Drink, drink, drink," for whose sustenance the milk of seventeen thousand nine hundred thirteen cows was required, whose doublet required eight hundred thirteen ells of white satin, whose shoes took four hundred six ells of blue and crimson velvet, and around whose neck was cast a chain weighing twenty-five thousand sixty-three marks of gold, spent his time till he was five years old "like the other little children of the country, that is, in drinking, eating and sleeping; in eating, sleeping and drinking, and in sleeping, drinking and eating."

He was continually wallowing, and rolling up and down in the mire and dirt; he blurred and sullied his nose with filth; he blotted and smutted his face with any kind of nasty stuff; he trod down his shoes in the heel, lay with his mouth open to catch gnats, and ran a-hawking after the butterflies, the empire whereof belonged to his father. He wiped his nose on his sleeve; he dabbled, paddled and slabbered everywhere. He would drink in his slipper, pick his teeth with a wooden shoe, wash his hands in his broth, and comb his head with a broken ladle. He would sit down betwixt two stools, and his back to the ground; would cover himself with a wet sack, drink in his pottage, gnaw the bone he could not swallow, eat his cake without bread, bite laughing, and laugh biting, spit in the dish, and hide himself in the water for fear of rain; he would strike before the iron

was hot, would blow in the dust till it filled his eyes; be often in the dumps; he would flay the fox, say the Apes' *Paternoster,* would run at mutton, and turn the hogs to the hay; he would beat the dogs before the lion; put the plow before the oxen, and claw where it did not itch; he would leap before he looked; by griping all, would hold fast nothing, and always eat his white bread first; he would tear the paper, erase the records, then trust his heels for his security; he would beat the bushes without catching the birds; thought the moon was made of green cheese, and that everything was gold that glitters. He would sooner go to the mill than to the mass; took a bit in the morning to be better than nothing all day; would eat his cake and have his cake; and was better fed than taught; he always looked a given horse in the mouth; when the steed was stolen would shut the stable-door, and bring his hogs to a fair market; by robbing Peter he paid Paul; he kept the moon from wolves, and was ready to catch larks if ever the heavens should fall; he did make of necessity virtue; of such bread such pottage; his father's little dogs eat out of the dish with him, and he with them; he would bite their ears, and they would scratch his nose.

King Grangousier, considering the marvelous understanding of his young son, said to his nurse:

"Philip, King of Macedon, knew the wit of his son Alexander, by his skillful managing of a horse; for Bucephalus was so fierce and unruly that none durst adventure to ride him, because he gave a fall to all his riders, breaking the neck of this man, the leg of that, the brain of one, and the jawbone of another. This by Alexander being considered, one day in the hippodrome (which was a place appointed for the walking and running of horses) he perceived that the fury of the horse proceeded merely from the fear he had of his own shadow; whereupon, getting on his back he ran him against

the sun, so that the shadow fell behind, and by that means tamed the horse and brought him to his hand. Whereby his father recognized the divine judgment that was in him, and caused him most carefully to be instructed by Aristotle, who at that time was highly renowned above all the philosophers of Greece. After the same manner I tell you, that as regards my son Gargantua, I know that his understanding doth participate of some divinity, and if he be well taught, he will attain to a supreme degree of wisdom. Therefore will I commit him to some learned man, to have him indoctrinated according to his capacity, and will spare no cost.''

Whereupon they appointed him a great sophister-doctor, called Maître Tubal Holophernes, who taught him his A B C so well that he could say it by heart backwards; and about this he was five years and three months. Then read he to him Donat, Facet, Theodolet, and Alanus *in parabolis.* About this he was thirteen years, six months, and two weeks. But you must remark that in the meantime he did learn to write in Gothic characters, and that he wrote all his books,—for the art of printing was not then in use. After that he read unto him the book *De Modis Significandi,* with the commentaries of Hurtebise and a rabble of others; and herein he spent more than eighteen years and eleven months, and was so well versed in it that at the examination he would recite it by heart backwards. Then did he read to him the *Compost,* on which he spent sixteen years and two months, and that just at the time his said preceptor died, which was in the year one thousand four hundred twenty. Afterwards he got another old fellow with a cough to teach him, named Maître Jobelin Bridé, who read unto him such stuff, by reading whereof he became as wise as any we have baked in an oven.

At last his father perceived that indeed he studied hard, and that although he spent all his time in it, he did nevertheless profit nothing, but which is worse, grew thereby foolish, simple, doted, and blockish: whereof

making a heavy regret to Don Philip des Marays, Viceroy of Papeligosse, he found that it were better for his son to learn nothing at all than to be taught such-like books under such schoolmasters; because their knowledge was nothing but brutishness, and their wisdom but toys, bastardizing good and noble spirits and corrupting the flower of youth. "That it is so, take," said he, "any young boy of the present time, who hath only studied two years: if he have not a better judgment, a better discourse, and that expressed in better terms, than your son, with a completer carriage and civility to all manner of persons, account me forever a chawbacon of La Brène."

This pleased Grangousier very well, and he commanded that it should be done. At night at supper, the said Philip brought in a young page of his, called Eudemon, so well-combed, so well-dressed, so well-brushed, so sweet in his behavior, that he resembled a little angel more than a human creature. Then he said to Grangousier, "Do you see this child? He is not as yet full twelve years old. Let us try, if it pleaseth you, what difference there is betwixt the knowledge of the doting dreamers of old time and the young lads that are now."

The trial pleased Grangousier, and he commanded the page to begin. Then Eudemon, asking leave of the viceroy, his master, so to do, with his cap in his hand, a clear and open countenance, ruddy lips, his eyes steady, and his looks fixed upon Gargantua, with a youthful modesty, stood up straight on his feet and began to commend and magnify him, first, for his virtue and good manners; secondly, for his knowledge; thirdly, for his nobility; fourthly, for his bodily beauty; and in the fifth place, sweetly exhorted him to reverence his father with all observancy, who was so careful to have him well brought up. In the end he prayed him that he would vouchsafe to admit of him amongst the least of his servants; for other favor at that time desired he none of heaven, but that he might do him some grateful and acceptable service.

All this was by him delivered with gestures so proper, pronunciation so distinct, a voice so eloquent, language so well turned, and in such good Latin, that he seemed rather a Gracchus, a Cicero, an Aemilius of the time past, than a youth of his age. But all the countenance that Gargantua kept was, that he fell crying like a cow, and cast down his face, hiding it with his cap; nor could they possibly draw one word from him. Whereat his father was so grievously vexed that he would have killed Master Jobelin; but the said Don Philip withheld him from it by fair persuasions, so that at length he pacified his wrath.

Master Jobelin being gone out of the house, Grangousier consulted with the viceroy what tutor they should choose for Gargantua; and it was betwixt them resolved that Ponocrates, the tutor of Eudemon, should have the charge, and that they should all go together to Paris, to know what was the study of the young men of France at that time.

2. *The Education of Gargantua.* The horse on which Gargantua rode to Paris was "as big as six elephants, and had her feet cloven into toes like Julius Caesar's horse, with slouch-hanging ears, like the goats in Languedoc. She was of a burnt-sorrel hue, with a little mixture of dapple-gray spots; but, above all, she had a horrible tail; for it was little more or less than every whit as great as the steeple of Saint Mark beside Langes, and squared as that is, with tuffs and hair-pleats, wrought within one another, no otherwise than as the beards upon the ears of corn."

"Some few days after that they had refreshed themselves, he went to see the city, and was beheld of everybody there with great admira-

tion: for the people of Paris are such fools, such puppies, and naturals, that a juggler, a carrier of indulgencies, a sumpter-horse, a mule with his bells, a blind fiddler in the middle of a cross lane, shall draw a greater confluence of people together than an evangelical preacher."

After stealing the bells of Notre Dame to hang upon his horse's neck and being pursued and overtaken by a learned commission, he listened to an absurd display of poor Latin in the arguments delivered by his learned pursuers and returned the bells. It is interesting to note that in perhaps the best part of the book, the description of Gargantua's education, the great giant has become apparently an ordinary young man who gets the best training that can be given at that time. The sane training of both mind and body is the contribution of Rabelais to the cause of education:

Ponocrates first of all appointed that he should do as he was accustomed, to the end it might be understood by what means, in so long time, his old masters had made him such a sot and puppy. He disposed therefore of his time in such fashion, that ordinarily he did awake betwixt eight or nine o'clock, whether it was day or night (for so had his ancient governors ordained), alleging that which David saith; *Vanum est vobis ante lucem surgere.* Then did he tumble and toss, wag his legs, and wallow in the bed some time, the better to stir up and rouse his vital spirits, and apparelled himself according to the season; but willingly he would wear a great long gown of thick frieze, furred with fox skins. Afterwards he combed his head with the four fingers and the thumb, for his preceptors had said that to comb

himself otherways, to wash and make himself neat, was to lose time in this world. To fortify against the fog and bad air, he went to breakfast, having some good fried tripes, fair rashers on the coals, good gammons of bacon, store of good minced meat, and a great deal of sippet-brewis, made up of the fat of the beef-pot, laid upon bread, cheese and chopped parsley strewed together.

Ponocrates showed him that he ought not to eat so soon after rising out of his bed, unless he had performed some exercise beforehand. Gargantua answered, "What! have not I sufficiently well exercised myself? I have wallowed and rolled myself six or seven turns in my bed, before I rose; is not that enough? Pope Alexander did so, by the advice of a Jew, his physician, and lived till his dying day in despite of his enemies. My first masters have used me to it, saying, that to eat breakfast made a good memory; and therefore they drank first. I am very well after it, and dine but the better. And Master Tubal (who was the first licentiate at Paris) told me, that it was not enough to run apace, but to set forth betimes. So the total welfare of our humidity doth not depend upon drinking, switter-swatter like ducks, but in being at it early in the morning;

> To rise betimes is good for nothing,
> To drink betimes is meat and clothing."

After a good breakfast he went to church, and they carried to him in a great basket a huge breviary, weighing, what in grease, clasps, parchment, and cover, little more or less than eleven hundred and six pounds: There he heard six and twenty or thirty masses: This while, to the same place came his matin-mumbler, muffled up about the chin, round as a hoop, and his breath pretty well antidoted with the vine-tree sirrup: with him he mumbled all his *kiriels,* which he so curiously thumbed and fingered, that there fell not so much as one bead of them to the ground. As he went from the church, they brought him, upon a dray drawn with oxen, a confused heap of *patinotres* of Saint Claude, every one of the

bigness of a hat-block; and sauntering along through the cloisters, galleries, or garden, he riddled over more of them than sixteen hermits would have done. Then did he study some paltry half hour with his eyes fixed upon his book; but (as the comedy has it) his mind was in the kitchen. Then he sat down at table; and because he was naturally phlegmatic, he began his meal with some dozens of gammons, dried neats' tongues, sausages, and such other fore-runners of wine; in the meanwhile, four of his folks did cast into his mouth, one after another continually, mustard by the whole shovels full. Immediately after that, he drank a horrible draught of white wine for the comfort of his kidneys. When that was done, he ate according to the season, meat agreeable to his appetite; and then left off eating when he was like to crack for fullness. As for his drinking, he had in that neither end nor rule; for he was wont to say that the limits and bounds of drinking were, that a man might drink till the cork of his shoes swells up half a foot high.

Then with a starched phiz mumbling over some scraps of a scurvy grace, he washed his hands in fresh wine, picked his teeth with the foot of a hog, and talked merrily with the people; then the carpet being spread, they brought plenty of cards, many dice, with great store and abundance of checkers and chess-boards. There he played. [Here follows a list of games and amusements.]

After he had thus well played, shuffled, clogged, and thrown away his time, it was thought fit to drink a little, and that was every man eleven bumpers; and afterwards make much of himself, and stretch upon a fair bench, or a good large bed, and there sleep for two or three hours together, without thinking or speaking any hurt: After he was awakened, he would shake his ears a little, and then they brought him fresh wine, and he drank better than ever. Ponocrates showed him, that it was an ill diet to drink after sleeping. "It is," answered Gargantua, "the very life of the Patriarchs and holy Fathers. For naturally I sleep; Salt and sleep to me is so much bacon."

Then began he to study a little, and out came the *patenotres;* which the more formally to despatch, he got upon an old mule, which had served nine kings; and so mumbling with his mouth, nodding and doddling his head, would go and see a coney ferreted or caught in a net. At his return he went into the kitchen, to know what roast meat was on the spit, and supped very well, upon my conscience; and commonly did invite some of his neighbors that were good drinkers, with whom, carousing merrily, they told stories of all sorts, from the old to the new. After supper, were brought into the room, the fair wooden gospels, and the books of the four kings; that is to say, the tables and cards, and then after little collations and suppers to sleep without control till eight o'clock the next morning.

When Ponocrates knew Gargantua's vicious manner of living, he resolved to bring him up in another guise way; but for a while bore with him, considering that Nature cannot endure a sudden change without great violence. Therefore, to begin his work the better he requested a learned physician of that time, called Master Theodore, seriously to perpend, if it were possible, how to bring Gargantua unto a better course; the said physician purged him canonically with Anticyrian hellebore, by which medicine he cleansed all that foulness and perverse habit of his brain. By this means, also, Ponocrates made him forget all that he had learned under his ancient preceptors, as Timotheus did to his scholars who had been instructed under other musicians; to do this the better they brought him into the company of learned men, which stirred in him an emulation and desire to whet his wit and improve his parts, and to bend his study another way; so as that the world might have a value for him. And afterwards he put himself into such a road, that he lost not any one hour in the day, but employed all his time in learning and honest knowledge.

Gargantua awaked about four o'clock in the morning. Whilst they were in rubbing of him, there was read unto him some chapter of the Holy Scripture aloud and clear-

ly, with a pronunciation fit for the matter; and hereunto was appointed a young page, born in Basché, named Anagnostes. According to the purpose and argument of that lesson, he oftentimes gave himself to worship, adore, pray, and send up his supplications to that good God, whose word did show his majesty and marvelous judgment.

Then they considered the face of the sky, if it were such as they had observed it the night before, and into what signs the sun was entering, as also the moon for that day. This done he was appareled, combed, curled, trimmed, and perfumed, during which time they repeated to him the lessons of the day before; he himself said them by heart, and upon them would ground some practical cases concerning the estate of man, which he would prosecute sometimes two or three hours, but ordinarily they ceased as soon as he was fully clothed.

Then for three good hours he had a lecture read unto him: this done they went forth, still conferring on the substance of the lecture, either unto a field near the University, called the Brack, or unto the meadows, where they played at the ball, tennis, and at the *pelitrigone*, most gallantly exercising their bodies, as before they had done their minds: all their play was but in liberty, for they left off when they pleased, and that was commonly when they did sweat over all their body, or were otherwise weary. Then were they very well wiped and rubbed, shifted their shirts, and walking soberly, went to see if dinner was ready. Whilst they stayed for that, they did clearly and eloquently pronounce some sentences that they had retained of the lecture. In the meantime Master Appetite came, and then very orderly sat they down at table. At the beginning of the meal, there was read some pleasant history of the warlike actions of former times, until he had taken a glass of wine. Then (if they thought good) they continued reading, or began to discourse merrily together; speaking first of the virtue, propriety, efficacy, and nature of all that was served in at the table: of bread, of wine, of water, of salt, of fleshes, fishes, fruits,

herbs, roots, and of their dressing; by means whereof he learned, in a little time, all the passages competent for this, that were to be found in the classic writers. Whilst they talked of these things many times, to be more certain they caused the very books to be brought to the table. And so well and perfectly did he in his memory retain the things above said, that in those days there was not a physician that knew half so much as he did.

Afterwards they conferred of the lessons read in the morning, and ending their repast with some conserve or marmalade of quinces, he picked his teeth with mastic tooth-pickers; washed his hands and eyes with fair fresh water, and gave thanks unto God in some neat hymn, made in the praise of the divine bounty and munificence. This done they brought in cards, not to play, but to learn a thousand pretty tricks and new inventions, which were all grounded upon arithmetic. By this means he fell in love with that numerical science, and every day after dinner and supper he passed his time in it as pleasantly as he was wont to do at cards and dice; so that at last he understood so well both the theory and practical part thereof, that Tunstal, the Englishman, who had written very largely to that purpose, confessed that verily, in comparison of him, he understood no more High Dutch. And not only in that, but in the other mathematical sciences, as geometry, astronomy, and music. For, in waiting on the concoction, and attending the digestion of his food, they made a thousand pretty instruments and geometrical figures, and did in some measure practice the astronomical canons.

After this they recreated themselves with singing musically, in four or five parts, or upon a set theme or ground at random, as it best pleased them; in matter of musical instruments he learned to play upon the lute, the virginals, the harp, the all-man flute with nine holes, the viol, and the sackbut. This hour thus spent, and digestion finished, he betook himself to his principal study for three hours together or more, as well to repeat his morning lectures, as to proceed in the book he had in

hand, as also to write handsomely, to draw and form the antique and Roman letters.

This being done they went abroad, and with them a young gentleman of Tourain, named the Esquire Gymnast, who taught him the art of riding. Changing then his clothes, he rode a Naples courser, a Dutch roussin, a Spanish gennet, a barded, or trapped steed, then a light fleet horse, unto whom he gave a hundred carieres, made him go the high saults, bounding in the air, free the ditch with a skip, leap over a stile or pale, turn short in a ring both to the right and left hand. There he broke not his lance; for it is the greatest foolery in the world to say "I have broken ten lances at tilt, or in fight;" a carpenter can do even as much; but it is a glorious and praiseworthy action, with one lance to break and overthrow ten enemies: therefore with a sharp, stiff, strong, and well steeled lance would he usually force up a door, pierce a harness, beat down a tree, carry away the ring, lift up a cuirassier saddle, with the mail coat and gauntlet; all this he did in complete armor from head to foot. As for the prancing flourishes, and smacking poppisms, for the better cherishing of the horse commonly used in riding, none did them better than he. The great vaulter of Ferrara was but an ape compared to him. He was singularly skillful in leaping nimbly from one horse to another, without putting foot to ground, and these horses were called *desultories;* he could likewise, from either side, with a lance in his hand, leap on horseback without stirrups, and rule the horse at his pleasure, without a bridle, for such things are useful in military engagements. Another day he exercised the battle-ax, which he so dexterously wielded both in the nimble, strong, and smooth management of that weapon, and that in all the feats practicable by it, that he passed knight of arms in the field, and at all essays.

Then tossed he the pike, played with the two-handed sword, with the back-sword, with the Spanish tuck, the dagger, poniard, armed or unarmed, with a buckler, with a cloak, with a target.

Then would he hunt the hart, the roe-buck, the bear, the fallow deer, the wild boar, the hare, the pheasant, the partridge, and the bustard. He played at the balloon, and made it bound in the air, both with fist and foot.

He wrestled, ran, jumped, not at three steps and a leap, nor at the hare's leap, nor yet at the *almanes;* "for" said Gymnast, "these jumps are for the wars altogether unprofitable, and of no use;" but at one leap he would skip over a ditch, spring over a hedge, mount six paces upon a wall, ramp and grapple after this fashion up against a window, of the full height of a lance. He did swim in deep waters on his belly, on his back, sideways, with all his body, with his feet only, with one hand in the air, wherein he held a book, crossing thus the breadth of the River Seine without wetting it, and dragged along his cloak with his teeth, as did Julius Caesar; then, with the help of one hand he entered forcibly into a boat, from whence he cast himself again headlong into the water, sounded the depths, hollowed the rocks, and plunged into the pits and gulphs. Then turned he the boat about, governed it, led it swiftly or slowly with the stream and against the stream, stopped it in its course, guided it with one hand, and with the other laid hard about him with a huge great oar, hoisted the sail, hied up along the mast by the shrowds, ran upon the edge of the decks, set the compass in order, tackled the bow-lines, and steered the helm. Coming out of the water, he ran furiously up against a hill, and with the same alacrity and swiftness ran down again; he climbed up trees like a cat, and leaped from one to the other like a squirrel; he did pull down the great boughs and branches like another Milo; then with two sharp, well steeled daggers, and two tried bodkins, would he run up by the wall to the very top of a house, like a rat; then suddenly came down from the top to the bottom, with such an even composition of members, that by the fall he would catch no harm.

He did cast the dart, throw the bar, put the stone, practice the javelin, the boar-spear, or partisan, and the

halbert; he broke the strongest bows in drawing, bended against his breast the greatest cross-bows of steel, took his aim by the eye with the hand-gun, and shot well, traversed, and planted the cannon, shot at butmarks, at the papgay from below upwards, from above downwards, then before him, sideways, and behind him, like the Parthians.

They tied a cable rope to the top of a high tower, by one end whereof hanging near the ground he wrought himself with his hands to the very top: then upon the same track came down so sturdily and firm, that they could not, on a plain meadow, have run with more assurance. They set up a great pole, fixed upon two trees, there would he hang by his hands, and with them alone, his feet touching at nothing, would go back and fore along the aforesaid rope, with so great swiftness that hardly could one overtake him with running; and then, to exercise his breast and lungs, he would shout like all the devils in hell: I heard him once call Eudemon, from St. Victor's gate to Monmertre; Stentor had never such a voice at the siege of Troy.

Then, for the strengthening of his nerves or sinews, they made him two great sows of lead, each of them weighing eight thousand and seven hundred kintals, which they called *alteres;* those he took up from the ground, in each hand one, then lifted them up over his head, and held them without stirring, three-quarters of an hour or more, which was an inimitable force.

He fought at barriers with the stoutest and most vigorous champions; and when it came to the cope, he stood so sturdily on his feet that he abandoned himself to the strongest, in case they could remove him from his place, as Milo was wont to do of old; in whose imitation likewise he held a pomegranate in his hand, to give it unto him that could take it from him. The time being thus bestowed, and himself rubbed, cleansed, wiped, and refreshed with other clothes, he returned fair and softly, and passing through certain meadows, or other grassy places, beheld the trees and plants, comparing them with

what is written of them in the books of the ancients, and carried home to the house great handfuls of them, whereof a young page, called Rhizotomos, had charge; together with little mattocks, pickaxes, grubbing hooks, cabbies, pruning knives, and other instruments requisite for gardening.

Being come to their lodging whilst supper was making ready, they repeated certain passages of that which had been read, and then sat down at table. Here remark, that his dinner was sober and thrifty, for he did then eat only to prevent the gnawings of his stomach, but his supper was copious and large, for he took then as much as was fit to maintain and nourish him; which, indeed, is the true diet prescribed by the art of good and sound physic; although a rabble of logger-headed physicians, nuzzeled in the brabbling shop of Sophisters, counsel the contrary. During that repast, was continued the lesson read at dinner, as long as they thought good; the rest was spent in good discourse, learned and profitable. After they had given thanks, he set himself to sing vocally, and play upon harmonious instruments, or otherwise passed his time at some pretty sports, made with cards or dice, or in practicing the feats of legerdemain, with cups and balls. There they stayed some nights in frolicking thus, and making themselves merry till it was time to go to bed; and, on other nights they would go make visits unto learned men, or to such as had been travelers in strange and remote countries. When it was full night, before they retired themselves, they went unto the most open place of the house, to see the face of the sky, and there beheld the comets, if any were, as likewise the figures, situations, aspects, opposition, and conjunctions, of both fixed stars and planets.

Then with his master did he briefly recapitulate, after the manner of the Pythagoreans, that which he had read, seen, learned, done and understood, in the whole course of that day.

Then prayed they unto God the Creator, in falling down before him, and strengthening their faith towards

him, and glorifying him for his boundless bounty; and giving thanks to him for the time that was past, they recommended themselves to his divine clemency for the future, which being done they went to bed, and betook themselves to their repose.

If it happened that the weather was anything cloudy, foul, and rainy, all the forenoon was employed as before specified, according to custom, with this difference only, that they had a good clear fire lighted, to correct the distempers of the air; but, after dinner, instead of their wonted exercitations, they did abide within, and by way of *Apotherapie,* did recreate themselves in bottling of hay, in cleaving and sawing of wood, and in threshing sheaves of corn at the barn. Then they studied the art of painting or carving, or brought into use the ancient play of hunckleboncs, as Leonicus has written of it; and as our good friend Lascaris playeth at it. In playing, they examined the passages of ancient authors, wherein the said play is mentioned, or any metaphor drawn from it. They went likewise to see the drawing of metals, or the casting of great ordnance; how the lapidaries did work, as also the goldsmiths, and cutters of precious stones: nor did they omit to visit the alchymists, money-coiners, upholsterers, weavers, velvet-workers, watch-makers, looking-glass framers, printers, organists, dyers, and other such kind of artificers, and everywhere giving them somewhat to drink, did learn and consider the industry and invention of the trade.

They went also to hear the public lectures, the solemn commencements, the repetitions, the acclamations, the pleadings of the lawyers, and sermons of evangelical preachers.

He went through the halls and places appointed for fencing, and there played against the masters themselves at all weapons, and showed them by experience, that he knew as much in it as (yea more than) they: and, instead of botanizing, they visited the shops of druggists, herbalists, and apothecaries, and diligently considered the fruits, roots, leaves, gums, seeds, the grease and oint-

ments of some foreign parts, as also how they did adulterate them (*i. e.*, all the said drugs). He went to see the jugglers, tumblers, mountebanks, and quack-salvers; and considered their cunning, their shifts, their somersaults, and smooth tongue, especially of those of Chauny in Picardy, who are naturally great praters, and will banter and lie as fast as a dog can trot.

Being returned home, they did eat at supper more soberly than at other times, that they might not receive any prejudice for want of their ordinary bodily exercise.

Thus was Gargantua governed, and kept on in this course of education from day to day profiting, as you understand such a young man of his age and good sense, so kept to his exercise, may well do; which although at the beginning seemed difficult, became a little after so sweet, so easy, and so delightful, that it seemed rather the recreation of a king, than the study of a scholar. Nevertheless, Ponocrates, to divert him from this vehement intension of the spirits, thought fit, once in a month, upon some fair and clear day, to go out in the city betimes in the morning, either towards Gentilly or Boulogne, or to Montrouge, or Charentonbridge, or to Vanves, or St. Clou, and there spend all the day long in making the greatest cheer that could be devised, sporting, making merry, drinking healths, playing, singing, dancing, tumbling in some fair meadow, unnestling of sparrows, taking of quails, and fishing for frogs and crabs.

But, although that day was passed without books or lecture, yet was it not spent without profit; for, in the said meadows they usually repeated certain pleasant verses of Vergil's Argiculture, of Hesiod, and of Politian's Husbandry, would set abroach some witty Latin Epigrams, then immediately turned them into roundelays and songs in the French language. In their feasting, they would sometimes separate the water from the wine that was therewith mixed, as Cato teacheth *de re rustica*, and Pliny, with an ivy cup, would wash the wine in a basin full of water, then take it out again with a funnel as pure as ever. They made the water go from

one glass to another, and contrived a thousand little automatic engines, that is to say, moving of themselves.

3. *Frozen Words.* No extracts which can be made from Rabelais will give much conception of his humor, but the following whimsical idea is interesting in itself:

When we were at sea, junketing, tippling, discoursing, and telling stories, Pantagruel rose and stood up to look out: then asked us, "Do you hear nothing, gentlemen? Methink I hear some people talking in the air, yet I can see nobody. Hark!" According to his command we listened, and with full ears sucked in the air, as some of you suck oysters, to find if we could hear some sound scattered through the sky; and to lose none of it, like the Emperor Antoninus, some of us laid their hands hollow next to their ears: but all this would not do, nor could we hear any voice. Yet Pantagruel continued to assure us he heard various voices in the air, some of men and some of women.

At last we begun to fancy that we also heard something, or at least that our ears tingled; and the more we listened, the plainer we discerned the voices, so as to distinguish articulate sounds. This mightily frightened us, and not without cause; since we could see nothing, yet heard such various sounds and voices of men, women, children, horses, etc., insomuch that Panurge cried out, "There's no fooling with the devil; let's fly. There's some ambuscade hereabouts. Friar John, art thou here, my love? I pr'ythee stay by me, old boy. We are undone. Hark! They are guns, gad judge me; let's fly. I do not say with hands and feet, as Brutus said at the battle of Pharsalia; I say, with sails and oars: let's whip it away: I never find myself to have a bit of courage at sea; in cellars, and elsewhere, I have more than enough. Let's fly and save our bacon. I do not say this for any fear that I have; for I dread nothing but danger, that I don't; I always say it, that should not. Let's hazard

nothing therefore, I say, lest we come off bluely. Tack about, helm a lee, thou son of a bachelor. Would I were now well in Quinquenois, tho' I were never to marry. Haste away, let's make all the sail we can; they'll be too hard for us; we are not able to cope with them; they are ten to our one, I'll warrant you. They'll be the death of us. We'll lose no honor by flying: Demosthenes saith, that the man that runs away, may fight another day. At least, let us retreat to the leeward. Helm a lee; bring the main tack board, haul the bowlins, hoist the top-gallants; we are all dead men; get off, in the devil's name, get off."

Pantagruel, hearing the sad outcry which Panurge made, said, "Who talks of flying? Let's first see who they are; perhaps they may be friends: I can discover nobody yet, tho' I can see a hundred miles round me. But let's consider a little: I have read that a philosopher, named Perron, was of opinion that there were several worlds that touched each other in an equilateral triangle; in whose center, he said, was the dwelling of truth: and that the words, ideas, copies and images of all things past, and to come, resided there; round which was the age; and that with success of time part of them used to fall on mankind, like rheums and mildews; just as the dew fell on Gideon's fleece, till the age was fulfilled.

"I also remember," continued he, "that Aristotle affirms Homer's words to be flying, moving, and consequently animated. Besides, Antiphanes said, that Plato's philosophy was like words, which, being spoken in some country during a hard winter, are immediately congealed, frozen up, and not heard. Now," continued he, "we should philosophize and search whether this be not the place where those words are thawed.

"You'd wonder very much, should this be the head and lyre of Orpheus. When the Thracian women had torn him to pieces, they threw his head and lyre into the river Hebrus; down which they floated to the Euxine Sea, as far as the island of Lesbos; the head continually uttering a doleful song, as it were, lamenting the death of

Orpheus, and the lyre, with the wind's impulse, moving its strings, and harmoniously accompanying the voice. Let's see if we cannot discover them hereabouts."

The skipper made answer: "Be not afraid, my lord, we are on the confines of the Frozen Sea, on which, about the beginning of last winter, happened a great and bloody fight between the Arimaspians and the Nephelibates. Then the words and cries of men and women, the hacking, slashing, and hewing of battle-axes, the shocking, knocking, and jolting of armors and harnesses, the neighing of horses, and all other martial din and noise, froze in the air; and now the rigor of the winter being over, by the succeeding serenity and warmth of the weather, they melt and are heard."

"By jingo," quoth Panurge, "the man talks somewhat like; I believe him; but cou'dn't we see some of 'em? I think I have read, that, on the edge of the mountain on which Moses received the Judaic law, the people saw the voices sensibly."—"Here, here," said Pantagruel, "here are some that are not yet thawed." He then threw us on the deck whole handfuls of frozen words, which seemed to us like your rough sugar plums, of many colors, like those used in heraldry; some words gules (this means also jests and merry sayings), some vert, some azur, some black, some or (this means fine fair words); and when we had somewhat warmed them between our hands, they melted like snow, and we really heard them, but could not understand them, for it was a barbarous gibberish. One of them only, that was pretty big, having been warmed between Friar John's hands, gave a sound much like that of chestnuts when they are thrown into the fire, without being first cut, which made us all start. "This was the report of a fieldpiece in its time," cried Friar John.

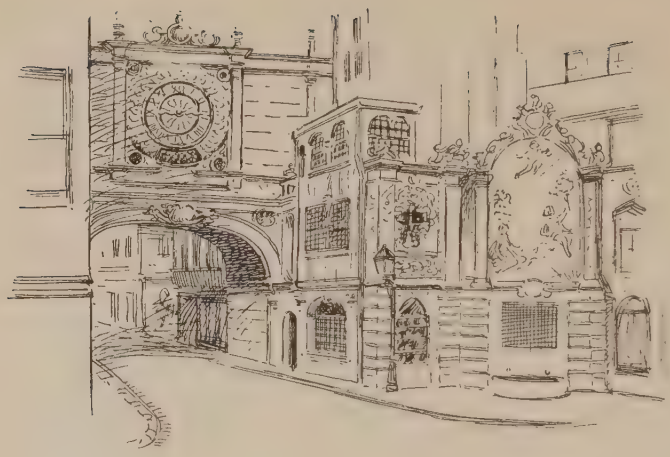
Panurge prayed Pantagruel to give him some more: but Pantagruel told him, that to give words was the part of a lover. "Sell me some then, I pray you." cried Panurge. "That's the part of a lawyer," returned Pantagruel. "I would sooner sell you silence, though

at a dearer rate; as Demosthenes formerly sold it." However, he threw three or four handfuls of them on the deck; among which I perceived some very sharp words, and some bloody words, which, the pilot said, used sometimes to go back, and recoil to the place whence they came, but 'twas with a slit weesand: we also saw some terrible words, and some others not very pleasant to the eye.

When they had been all melted together, we heard a strange noise, hin, hin, hin, hin, his, tick, tock, taack, brededin, brededack, frr, frr, frr, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, track, track, trr, trr, trr, trrr, trrrrrr; on, on, on, on, on, on, ououououon, gog, magog, and I do not know what other barbarous words; which, the pilot said, were the noise made by the charging squadrons, the shock and neighing of horses.

Then we heard some large ones go off like drums and fifes, and others like clarions and trumpets. Believe me, we had very good sport with them. I would fain have saved some merry odd words, and have preserved them in oil, as ice and snow are kept, and between clean straw. But Pantagruel would not let me, saying, that 'tis a folly to hoard up what we are never like to want, or have always at hand, odd, quaint, merry, and fat words of gules, never being scarce among all good and jovial Pantagruelists.

BUST OF VICTOR HUGO



CHAPTER VIII

THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY (CONTINUED)
MONTAIGNE; CALVIN

MONTAIGNE. Michel Eyquem, Seigneur de Montaigne, was born in 1533 at the Chateau of Montaigne, near Bordeaux. His father, who was mayor of Bordeaux, was a man of original ideas and great probity, who exercised extreme care in the practical education of his children. In consequence, when his son Michel was baptized he had him held at the font by persons of the meanest position, then put him out to nurse with a poor villager, and in a later time made him accustom himself to the commonest kind of living, always taking care, however, that the child was not put to undue restraint or made

to suffer from rigorous treatment. Michel, whose love for his father was one of the two passions of his life, gives us a charming account of how he was awakened in the morning by the sound of agreeable music, taught Latin before French without the use of the rod or at the cost of a tear, and addressed by his tutor only in the language of Vergil and Cicero.

At six years of age the boy was in the College of Guienne at Bordeaux, in the hands of the most eminent scholars of the sixteenth century; at thirteen he had passed through all the classes and left school to study law; at the age of twenty-one he was made counselor at Bordeaux; at twenty-six he was with the court of Francis II; and from then till his thirty-eighth year he was engaged in the practice of law, although his tastes naturally led him into literature.

When Michel was in his thirty-eighth year his father died, and the son, resolving to dedicate the remainder of his life to study and contemplation, retired to his chateau for that purpose. Here he remained until the time of his death, except for those periods when he was called away by business or left for the purpose of travel. At one time, while in Italy, he was elected mayor of Bordeaux, and under the strict injunction of the King, though much against his own wish, Montaigne returned to the city and took upon himself the duties of his office. For many years he was an intense sufferer from a disease then difficult and

dangerous in treatment, but he survived numerous attacks, and finally, in his sixtieth year, died at his castle, in September, 1592.

Montaigne's fame rests upon the three books of his essays which are among the most charming ever written and which always find their way to the heart of the reader, so simple, whole-hearted and garrulous are they. Always one of the most egotistic men, his writings are never free from himself, and it is more the charm of his frank, lovable character than his great skill as a writer that has given him his wonderful popularity. Those who try to make of Montaigne a philosopher will be disappointed; those who criticize him as a skeptic will justify themselves by saying that the whole course of his writings is critical and that he was constantly engaged in the process of tearing down without giving anything as a substitute. Such criticism is unfair, to a certain extent, for Montaigne's skepticism is of the comparatively harmless type that merely queries and never undermines one's faith in goodness.

The essays are the man, and the reader needs no written account of his life, for on every page Montaigne exhibits himself, sometimes with a frankness that is more than startling to our modern sensibilities. The introduction to the first book of his essays is a frank statement of what the book contains, and it is so characteristic that we cannot forbear to quote it at length:

Reader, loe here a well-meaning Booke. It doth at the first entrance forewarne thee, that in contriving the same, I have proposed unto my selfe no other than a familiar and private end: I have no respect or consideration at all, either to thy service, or to my glory; my forces are not capable of any such desseigne. I have vowed the same to the particular commodity of my kinsfolks and friends: to the end, that losing me (which they are likely to do ere long) they may therein find some lineaments of my conditions and humors, and by that meanes reserve more whole, and more lively foster, the knowledge and acquaintance they have had of me. Had my intention beene to forestal and purchase the world's opinion and favor, I would surely have adorned my selfe more quaintly, or kept a more grave and solemne march. I desire therein to be delineated in mine owne genuine, simple and ordinarie fashion, without contention, art or study; for it is my selfe I pourtray. My imperfections shall therein be read to the life, and my naturall forme discerned, so farre-forth as publike reverence hath permitted me. For if my fortune had beene to have lived among those nations, which yet are said to live under the sweet liberty of Nature's first and uncorrupted lawes, I assure thee, I would most willingly have pourtrayed my selfe fully and naked. Thus, gentle Reader, my selfe am the groundworke of my booke: It is then no reason thou shouldest employ thy time about so frivolous and vaine a Subject. Therefore farewell.

That he carried out his purpose to the letter no reader of the essays will at any time be inclined to doubt. As a result, we see before us the contented and happy lover of solitude, a man who preferred lively friends rather than sad ones, loyal to his friends, a hater of falsehood and hypocrisy, an ardent and devoted searcher for truth, one who despised ceremony very heartily, whose wish was to interpret

everything to the best, who was careful, trustful, kind, indulgent and lovable.

His friendship for Etienne de la Boëtie, whom he met by chance at a festive celebration, was an irresistible attraction of two congenial spirits, and Montaigne's grief when death broke the friendship after six years was the deepest of his life. His tributes to his friend are numerous and glowing. The later years of his life were made pleasant by another friend, this time of the other sex—Mademoiselle de Gournay, a young lady of remarkable attainments, scholarly, enthusiastic and noble, who allied herself closely to Montaigne and was by him adopted as a daughter.

II. Extracts from Montaigne. 1. The following extract from Montaigne's essay *Of Friendship* is taken from Cotton's translation, published in 1685:

For the rest, which we commonly call Friends, and Friendships, are nothing but Acquaintance, and Familiarities, either occasionally contracted, or upon some design, by means of which, there happens some little intercourse betwixt our Souls: but in the Friendship I speak of, they mix and work themselves into one piece, with so universal a mixture, that there is no more sign of the Seame by which they were first conjoin'd. If a Man should importune me to give a reason why I lov'd him [Etienne de la Boëtie]; I find it could no otherwise be exprest, than by making answer, because it was he, because it was I. There is, beyond I am able to say, I know not what inexplicable and fatal power that brought on this Union. We sought one another long before we meet, and by the Characters we heard of one another, which wrought more upon our Affections, than in reason,

mere reports should do, I think by some secret appointment of Heaven, we embraced in our Names; and at our first meeting, which was accidentally at a great City entertainment, we found ourselves so mutually taken with one another, so acquainted, and so endear'd betwixt our selves, that from thenceforward nothing was so near to us as one another. He writ an excellent Latin Satyr, which I since Printed, wherein he excuses the precipitation of our intelligence, so suddenly come to perfection, saying, that being to have so short a continuance, as being begun so late (for we were both full grown Men, and he some Years the older), there was no time to lose; nor was ti'd to conform it self to the example of those slow and regular Friendships, that require so many precautions of a long praeliminary Conversation. This has no other Idea, than that of its self; this is no one particular consideration, nor two, nor three, nor four, nor a thousand: 'tis I know not what quintessence of all this mixture, which, seizing my whole Will, carried it to plunge and lose it self in his, and that having seiz'd his whole Will, brought it back with equal concurrence and appetite, to plunge and lose it self in mine. I may truly say, lose, reserving nothing to our selves, that was either his or mine.

2. The following is from Hazlitt's translation of the essay *Of Repentance:*

Others form man: I only report him; and represent a particular one, ill fashioned enough, and whom, if I had to model him anew, I should certainly make something else than what he is: but that's past recalling. Now, though the features of my picture alter and change, 'tis not, however, unlike: the world eternally turns round; all things therein are incessantly moving,—the earth, the rocks of Caucasus, and the Pyramids of Egypt, both by the public motion and their own. Even constancy itself is no other but a slower and more languishing motion. . . . I must accommodate my history to the hour: I

may presently change, not only by fortune, but also by intention. . . . Could my soul once take footing, I would not essay but resolve; but it is always learning and making trial.

I propose a life ordinary and without luster; 'tis all one: all moral philosophy may as well be applied to a common and private life, as to one of richer composition; every man carries the entire form of human condition. Authors communicate themselves to the people by some especial and extrinsic mark: I, the first of any, by my universal being; as Michel de Montaigne, not as a grammarian, a poet, or a lawyer. If the world find fault that I speak too much of myself, I find fault that they do not so much as think of themselves. . . . I have this, at least, according to discipline, that never any man treated of a subject he better understood and knew, than I what I have undertaken, and that in this I am the most understanding man alive: secondly, that never any man penetrated farther into his matter, nor better and more distinctly sifted the parts and sequences of it, nor ever more exactly and fully arrived at the end he proposed to himself. To perfect it, I need bring nothing but fidelity to the work; and that is there, and the most pure and sincere that is anywhere to be found. I speak truth, not so much as I would, but as much as I dare: and I dare a little the more, as I grow older; for methinks custom allows to age more liberty of prating, and more indiscretion of talking of a man's self. . . . My book and I go hand in hand together. Elsewhere men may commend or censure the work, without reference to the workman; here they cannot: who touches the one, touches the other. . . . I shall be happy beyond my desert, if I can obtain only thus much from the public approbation, as to make men of understanding perceive that I was capable of profiting by knowledge, had I had it; and that I deserved to have been assisted by a better memory.

Be pleased here to excuse what I often repeat, that I very rarely repent, and that my conscience is satisfied

with itself, not as the conscience of an angel, or that of a horse, but as the conscience of a man; always adding this clause,—not one of ceremony, but a true and real submission,—that I speak inquiring and doubting. purely and simply referring myself to the common and accepted beliefs for the resolution. I do not teach, I only relate.

3. In an essay addressed to Madame Diane de Foix, Comtesse de Gurson, Montaigne sets forth his ideas on the subject of education. It is one of his longer essays, and while it shows some of the pedantry which in a preceding essay he has criticized in teachers, it is a work that has exerted a decided influence upon methods in education ever since its first appearance. A careful perusal of the essay should convince of their error those who regard Montaigne as merely a skeptical and destructive critic, because he offers a complete scheme for the education of mind, body and soul, a scheme far in advance of anything previously propounded. We have not space to quote the whole of it, and considerable of it might not prove interesting to the general reader, but the following extracts, taken in the order of their appearance in the essay, give the substance of it and at the same time offer a view of Montaigne's more serious work:

a. To know by rote, is no knowledge, and signifies no more but only to retain what one has intrusted to our memory. That which a man rightly knows and understands, he is the free disposer of at his own full liberty, without any regard to the author from whence he had it or fumbling over the leaves of his book.

b. I would that a boy should be sent abroad very young, and first, so as to kill two birds with one stone, into those neighboring nations whose language is most differing from our own, and to which, if it be not formed betimes, the tongue will grow too stiff to bend.

And also 'tis the general opinion of all, that a child should not be brought up in his mother's lap. Mothers are too tender, and their natural affection is apt to make the most discreet of them all so overfond, that they can neither find in their hearts to give them due correction for the faults they commit, nor suffer them to be inured to hardships and hazards, as they ought to be. They will not endure to see them return all dust and sweat from their exercise, to drink cold drink when they are hot, nor see them mount an unruly horse, nor take a foil in hand against a rude fencer, or so much as to discharge a carbine. And yet there is no remedy; whoever will breed a boy to be good for anything when he comes to be a man, must by no means spare him when young, and must very often transgress the rules of physic:—

> "Vitamque sud dio, et trepidis agat
> In rebus."

It is not enough to fortify his soul; you are also to make his sinews strong; for the soul will be oppressed if not assisted by the members, and would have too hard a task to discharge two offices alone.

c. A boy is to be broken in to the toil and roughness of exercise, so as to be trained up to the pain and suffering of dislocations, cholics, cauteries, and even imprisonment and the rack itself; for he may come, by misfortune, to be reduced to the worst of these, which (as this world goes) is sometimes inflicted on the good as well as the bad. As for proof, in our present civil war whoever draws his sword against the laws, threatens the honestest men with the whip and the halter.

d. Silence, therefore, and modesty are very advantageous qualities in conversation. One should, therefore, train up this boy to be sparing and a husband of his

knowledge when he has acquired it; and to forbear taking exceptions at or reproving every idle saying or ridiculous story that is said or told in his presence; for it is a very unbecoming rudeness to carp at everything that is not agreeable to our own palate. Let him be satisfied with correcting himself, and not seem to condemn everything in another he would not do himself, nor dispute it as against common customs.

e. Let him be instructed not to engage in discourse or dispute but with a champion worthy of him, and, even there, not to make use of all the little subtleties that may seem pat for his purpose, but only such arguments as may best serve him. Let him be taught to be curious in the election and choice of his reasons, to abominate impertinence, and, consequently, to affect brevity; but, above all, let him be lessoned to acquiesce and submit to truth so soon as ever he shall discover it, whether in his opponent's argument, or upon better consideration of his own.

f. Let his conscience and virtue be eminently manifest in his speaking, and have only reason for their guide. Make him understand, that to acknowledge the error he shall discover in his own argument, though only found out by himself, is an effect of judgment and sincerity, which are the principal things he is to seek after; that obstinacy and contention are common qualities, most appearing in mean souls; that to revise and correct himself, to forsake an unjust argument in the height and heat of dispute, are rare, great, and philosophical qualities.

g. Let him examine every man's talent; a peasant, a bricklayer, a passenger: one may learn something from every one of these in their several capacities, and something will be picked out of their discourse whereof some use may be made at one time or another; nay, even the folly and impertinence of others will contribute to his instruction. By observing the graces and manners of all he sees, he will create to himself an emulation of the good, and a contempt of the bad.

h. After having taught him what will make him more wise and good, you may then entertain him with the elements of logic, physics, geometry, rhetoric, and the science which he shall then himself most incline to, his judgment being beforehand formed and fit to choose, he will quickly make his own. The way of instructing him ought to be sometimes by discourse, and sometimes by reading; sometimes his governor shall put the author himself, which he shall think most proper for him, into his hands, and sometimes only the marrow and substance of it; and if himself be not conversant enough in books to turn to all the fine discourses the books contain for his purpose, there may some man of learning be joined to him, that upon every occasion shall supply him with what he stands in need of, to furnish it to his pupil.

i. The boy we would breed has a great deal less time to spare; he owes but the first fifteen or sixteen years of his life to education; the remainder is due to action. Let us, therefore, employ that short time in necessary instruction. Away with the thorny subtleties of dialectics, they are abuses, things by which our lives can never be amended: take the plain philosophical discourses, learn how rightly to choose, and then rightly to apply them; they are more easy to be understood than one of Boccaccio's novels; a child from nurse is much more capable of them, than of learning to read or to write. Philosophy has discourses proper for childhood, as well as for the decrepit age of men.

j. And yet, for all that, I would not have this pupil of ours imprisoned and made a slave to his book; nor would I have him given up to the morosity and melancholic humor of a sour, ill-natured pedant; I would not have his spirit cowed and subdued, by applying him to the rack, and tormenting him, as some do, fourteen or fifteen hours a day, and so make a pack-horse of him. Neither should I think it good, when, by reason of a solitary and melancholic complexion, he is discovered to be overmuch addicted to his book, to nourish that humor in him; for that renders him unfit for civil

conversation, and diverts him from better employments.

k. I would have his outward fashion and mien, and the disposition of his limbs, formed at the same time with his mind. 'Tis not a soul, 'tis not a body that we are training up, but a man, and we ought not to divide him. And, as Plato says, we are not to fashion one without the other, but make them draw together like two horses harnessed to a coach.

l. As to the rest, this method of education ought to be carried on with a severe sweetness, quite contrary to the practice of our pedants, who, instead of tempting and alluring children to letters by apt and gentle ways, do in truth present nothing before them but rods and ferrules, horror and cruelty. Away with this violence! away with this compulsion! than which, I certainly believe nothing more dulls and degenerates a well-descended nature. If you would have him apprehend shame and chastisement, do not harden him to them: inure him to heat and cold, to wind and sun, and to dangers that he ought to despise; wean him from all effeminacy and delicacy in clothes and lodging, eating and drinking; accustom him to everything, that he may not be a Sir Paris, a carpet-knight, but a sinewy, hardy, and vigorous young man.

m. Where their profit is, let them there have their pleasure too. Such viands as are proper and wholesome for children, should be sweetened with sugar, and such as are dangerous to them, embittered with gall.

n. Young bodies are supple; one should, therefore, in that age bend and ply them to all fashions and customs.

o. The lad will not so much get his lesson by heart as he will practice it: he will repeat it in his actions. We shall discover if there be prudence in his exercises, if there be sincerity and justice in his deportment, if there be grace and judgment in his speaking; if there be constancy in his sickness; if there be modesty in his mirth, temperance in his pleasures, order in his domestic economy, indifference in his palate, whether what he eats or drinks be flesh or fish, wine or water.

p. Let it go before, or come after, a good sentence or a thing well said, is always in season; if it neither suit well with what went before, nor has much coherence with what follows after, it is good in itself. I am none of those who think that good rhyme makes a good poem. Let him make short long, and long short if he will, 'tis no great matter; if there be invention, and that the wit and judgment have well performed their offices, I will say, here's a good poet, but an ill rhymer.

q. The way of speaking that I love, is natural and plain, the same in writing as in speaking, and a sinewy and muscular way of expressing a man's self, short and pithy, not so elegant and artificial as prompt and vehement; rather hard than wearisome; free from affectation; irregular, incontinuous, and bold; where every piece makes up an entire body; not like a pedant, a preacher, or a pleader, but rather a soldier-like style, as Suetonius calls that of Julius Caesar.

r. To return to my subject, there is nothing like alluring the appetite and affections; otherwise you make nothing but so many asses laden with books; by dint of the lash, you give them their pocketful of learning to keep; whereas, to do well, you should not only lodge it with them, but make them espouse it.

III. JOHN CALVIN. As Rabelais was the great figure in the French Renaissance, so was Calvin the embodiment in France of the Reformation. Born at Noyon in Picardy, in 1509, he was by his father dedicated to the Church and began his education for that purpose. However, he soon resolved not to take monastic orders, but to devote himself to the study of the law. He went to the college at Orleans, where he fell under the influence of the teachings of Luther, and in 1533, on his return to Paris, he began to speak openly

against the Catholic faith. Calvin was soon obliged to leave France, and he took up his residence at Basel, whence he issued in 1536 his remarkable work, *The Institutes of the Christian Religion,* with its famous preface addressed to Francis I, exhorting him to take up the cause of the Reformation. The *Institutes* is the more noteworthy as it is the first attempt to present in completeness a logical definition and defense of Protestantism.

After visits to Italy and France, he settled at Geneva; there and at Strasburg he threw himself into the cause of the new faith and began the active career that terminated only with his death. He was married in 1639, but his only son died in childhood. Against the strictness and severity of his creed heresies arose, and he became involved in bitter controversies, the most noted of which was with Michael Servetus, who was finally, largely by the instrumentality of Calvin, convicted and burned to death, though it is only fair to say that Calvin did his utmost to change the manner of the martyr's execution. Calvin died in 1564.

Few books by a young man of twenty-seven have had so great an influence on the world as the *Institutes,* with its four parts; *Of God, Of Jesus as a Mediator, Of the Effects of His Mediation,* and *Of the Exterior Forms of the Church.* Possibly Calvin was the greatest writer of the sixteenth century, for he wrote for a definite austere purpose and accom-

plished his purpose in a great measure among all classes of readers. Grace, imagination and sensibility may be lacking in his writings, but there is clearness, precision, intellectual energy and convincing reasoning when but the premises are granted.

As an example of his style, take the following passages from the *Introduction* above mentioned:

I am aware indeed how, in order to render our cause as hateful to your Majesty as possible, they have filled your ears and mind with atrocious insinuations; but you will be pleased of your clemency to reflect that neither in word nor deed could there be any innocence, were it sufficient merely to accuse. When any one, with the view of exciting prejudice, observes that this doctrine of which I am endeavoring to give your Majesty an account has been condemned by the suffrages of all the estates, and was long ago stabbed again and again by partial sentences of courts of law, he undoubtedly says nothing more than that it has sometimes been violently oppressed by the power and faction of adversaries, and sometimes fraudulently and insidiously overwhelmed by lies, cavils, and calumny. While a cause is unheard, it is violence to pass sanguinary sentences against it; it is fraud to charge it, contrary to its deserts, with sedition and mischief.

That no one may suppose we are unjust in thus complaining, you yourself, most illustrious Sovereign, can bear us witness with what lying calumnies it is daily traduced in your presence; as aiming at nothing else than to wrest the scepters of kings out of their hands, to overturn all tribunals and seats of justice, to subvert all order and government, to disturb the peace and quiet of society, to abolish all laws, destroy the distinctions of rank and property, and in short turn all things upside down. And yet that which you hear is but the smallest

portion of what is said; for among the common people are disseminated certain horrible insinuations—insinuations which, if well founded, would justify the whole world in condemning the doctrine with its authors to a thousand fires and gibbets. Who can wonder that the popular hatred is inflamed against it, when credit is given to those most iniquitous accusations? See why all ranks unite with one accord in condemning our persons and our doctrine!

Carried away by this feeling, those who sit in judgment merely give utterance to the prejudices which they have imbibed at home, and think they have duly performed their part if they do not order punishment to be inflicted on any one until convicted, either on his own confession, or on legal evidence. But of what crime convicted? "Of that condemned doctrine," is the answer. But with what justice condemned? The very evidence of the defense was not to abjure the doctrine itself, but to maintain its truth. On this subject, however, not a whisper is allowed. . . .

It is plain indeed that we fear God sincerely and worship him in truth, since, whether by life or by death, we desire his name to be hallowed; and hatred herself has been forced to bear testimony to the innocence and civil integrity of some of our people, on whom death was inflicted for the very thing which deserved the highest praise. But if any, under pretext of the gospel, excite tumults (none such have as yet been detected in your realm), if any use the liberty of the grace of God as a cloak for licentiousness (I know of numbers who do), there are laws and legal punishments by which they may be punished up to the measure of their deserts; only in the meantime let not the gospel of God be evil spoken of because of the iniquities of evil men.

Sire, that you may not lend too credulous an ear to the accusations of our enemies, their virulent injustice has been set before you at sufficient length: I fear even more than sufficient, since this preface has grown almost to the bulk of a full apology. My object however was not

to frame a defense, but only with a view to the hearing of our cause, to mollify your mind, now indeed turned away and estranged from us,—I add, even inflamed against us,—but whose good will, we are confident, we should regain, would you but once with calmness and composure read this our Confession, which we desire your Majesty to accept instead of a defense. But if the whispers of the malevolent so possess your ear that the accused are to have no opportunity of pleading their cause; if those vindictive furies, with your connivance, are always to rage with bonds, scourgings, tortures, maimings, and burnings—we indeed, like sheep doomed to slaughter, shall be reduced to every extremity; yet so that in our patience we will possess our souls, and wait for the strong hand of the Lord, which doubtless will appear in its own time, and show itself armed, both to rescue the poor from affliction and also take vengeance on the despisers, who are now exulting so securely.

CHAPEL AT LE PUY ON ROCK 270 FEET HIGH

The
WRITINGS
of
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PACIFIC
OCEAN
ATLANTIC
OCEAN

NORWAY
SWEDEN
RUSSIA
EUROPE
GERMANY
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FRANCE
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